

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1892.

NO. 6.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

III.—ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

By C. Stuart Johnson.

AMONG the French artists of the generation now passing away—the generation that reached its prime in the days of the second empire—Cabanel ranks with Meissonier, Bouguereau, and Gérôme as one of the most famous leaders. Of this great quartette of figure painters the two latter alone survive to represent the achievements and traditions of what may be termed, in opposition to the somewhat empirical departures of their younger successors, the classical school. A close parallel

may be drawn between the artistic careers of the four. All of them came to the French capital from the provinces some fifty years ago, to learn their art from the foremost masters of the historical style then dominant in Parisian art. Meissonier studied under Leon Cogniet, Bouguereau and Cabanel under François Picot, Gérôme under Paul Delaroche. Meissonier, who was the eldest of the four, although he outlived Cabanel by two years, was the first to become a Salon exhibitor and a prize-



"A FLORENTINE POET."

man, but his advance to reputation and success was closely followed by the other young painters.

Cabanel is an artist whose history is written in his works. His life was eventful only in his triumphs with the brush. Born at Montpellier on the 28th of September, 1824, he entered the great governmental school of the Beaux Arts three days after his seventeenth birthday. In 1845 he obtained that much coveted scholarship, the Prix de Rome, which gave him the opportunity of continuing his studies in Italy. After his return he won a long series of medals and decorations, receiving special *medailles d'honneur* at the Paris

expositions of 1867 and 1878, and becoming successively a member, an officer, and in 1884 a commander of the Legion of Honor. In 1863 he was elected a member of the French Institute, succeeding to the *fauteuil* in that famous body previously occupied by Horace Vernet, and before him by Jacques Louis David. In the same year three classes of drawing and painting were organized at the Beaux Arts, and of two of them Cabanel and Gérôme were appointed instructors—posts that both held for many years.

Cabanel's life was one of quiet devotion to his art. He had few recorded idiosyncrasies, and none

of the eccentricities that mark some orders of genius. "Cabanel," says a contemporary observer, "in his neat dress, with head *bien soignée*, cold smile, and courtly manner, might from his appearance be an ambassador." His studio, during his later years, was in the Rue de Vigny, overlooking the Parc Monceau, a center around which the leading artists of Paris have clustered, and where among his neighbors were Meissonier, Detaille, De Neuville, and Bastien Lepage. Henry Bacon, who was a pupil of Cabanel's, thus describes a reception at the painter's house: "The Patron's Salon—where the pupils wait for their professor, who receives them every Sunday morning, or after five o'clock during the week—is not only filled with those who have brought their compositions for his criticism, but also with those who have finished



"FLORA."

their pupilage, and now come to show their appreciation of their old time friend and master. With a canvas or portfolio under his arm, the pupil rings at the Rue de Vigny. The door is opened by a dignified servant, to whom he gives his name, and who ushers him into a small reception room on the first floor. He

white, and his mustache is waxed to points. He wears a small black velvet cap, which shows strongly by contrast the whiteness of his hair. All rise, and he takes each in turn by the hand, calling him by name. To many he has a word to say about a picture he has seen by them, or an inquiry to make as to the progress



"AGLAIA."

finds a number of his acquaintances already assembled. They are of all ages, from the beardless 'nouveau' of the master's class at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, to the grizzly 'ancien.' The youth brings a crayon sketch of a picture—largely ideal, something heroic—while the decorated pupil will pray Monsieur Cabanel to come and see the *plafond* he is about finishing for some palace. There is a sound in the hall; conversation ceases, and the door slowly opening admits the patron, a well preserved and finely formed man of about fifty years. He carries himself as one in authority; his hair and beard are

of their present work. Each thus has his interview with the patron and an opportunity of asking a favor. Another shake of the hand, thanks for encouragement or advice, and the pupil takes his leave."

The list of Cabanel's works is a long one. Of his early paintings the most notable are the "Agony of Christ in the Garden of Olives," exhibited at the Salon of 1844; the "Death of Moses" (1852) now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington; and "Michelangelo in his Studio" (1857) a striking canvas whose subject is the Italian sculptor, chisel and mallet in hand, contemplating



"A PATRICIAN OF VENICE."

his statue of Moses, to which he is putting the finishing touches. Behind him the arras is swung aside and his patron Pope Julius II—easily recognized from Raffaele's famous portrait—enters the workroom. Another canvas of the same year as the last is "Aglæa"—the Grace of Grecian fable seated in a balcony overlooking the blue sea of Hellas, and by her side, distinguished by the wine cup and garland of vine leaves, the youthful Dionysus.

In these earlier works Cabanel followed closely the lines of his artistic instructors. From them he imbibed the spirit of that classical and historical school of which the regicide painter David was the founder and

leader. His aims were high to ambitiousness. His subjects—chosen from the Bible, from history, and from mythology—were for the most part of the grand order. His conceptions sometimes outran his capacity of execution. His methods were decidedly conventional. As his technical abilities developed to their full maturity, as he gained a more thorough self knowledge of his powers and of his limitations, there came a marked advance in composition and in coloring. His pictures became stronger and more complete. But it may be doubted whether the artistic aims of his later career were as lofty, and whether he may not be charged with sharing and perhaps initiating some of the less desirable proclivities of contemporary French art. His canvases have the decorative smoothness of Bouguereau, without retaining the unfailing grace and charm of that painter's designs. To please may not always be the true mission of art, but that mission is certainly not to horrify or disgust. And though Cabanel never went to the excesses of realistic

sensationalism achieved by younger and lesser men, yet in the selection of some of his themes he displays tendencies like those which at recent Salon exhibitions have covered the walls of the Palais de l' Industrie with pictured nightmares of nudity and gore.

There are many of his canvases to which this criticism does not apply. Such are two famous works executed in 1863—the "Paradise Lost," painted to the order of King Ludwig I of Bavaria, and exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1867, and the "Birth of Venus," once the property of Napoleon III, and now in the galleries of the Luxembourg. The latter, of which there are two replicas

in private collections in America, shows the new born goddess undulating on the foam whence she arose. Her eyes, dazzled by the golden light, are shaded by her right arm, while above her hover conch blowing genii. The canvas is a large one, as are most of Cabanel's; "Tamar," for instance, measures six by eight feet, and the dimensions of "Francesca da Rimini" are the same.

Besides the "Birth of Venus," several of Cabanel's masterpieces are hung in the Luxembourg, the museum of modern art to which it is the great ambition of young French painters to secure admission. Here are the "Apotheosis of St. Louis," painted in 1855, and the "Rape of the Nymph," another picture that at one time belonged to the Emperor Napoleon. Here, too, is the "Francesca da Rimini," or to give it its full title, the "Death of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta." Both Dante and Boccaccio tell the tragedy of Francesca, who was the wife of Giovanni Malatesta, nicknamed Lanciotto, the lame. In

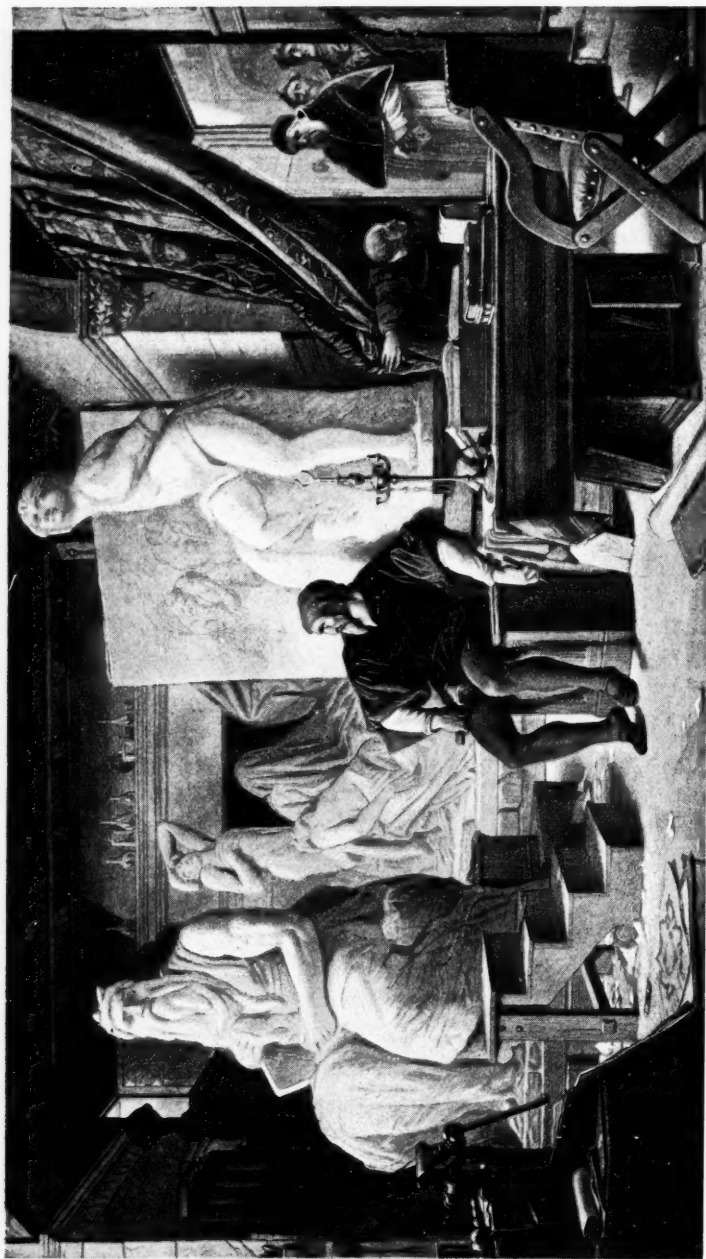
Cabanel's painting she lies stretched dead upon a couch, her head on the shoulder of her dead lover—Paolo, her husband's brother. They have been reading of the guilty love of Launcelot and Guinevere, and the book has fallen to the marble floor. From behind the curtains in the background peers the misshapen form of Lanciotto, who gazes at his victims with the bloody sword still in his hand. Of this picture, which was first shown at the Salon of 1870, there is a small replica in New York.

Equally striking in the terrible nature of its subject is "Tamar," also in the Luxembourg, for which it was purchased after exhibition in the Salon of 1875. The theme is one of the darkest in Old Testament history. Tamar, daughter of David, wronged by Amnon, a son of the king, seeks the aid of her brother Absalom, who vows a murderous vengeance. The Hebrew prince, clad in a white tunic embroidered with gold and a green and red turban, is a figure of wonderful force.

"A Patrician of Venice," exhibited



"TAMAR."



MICHELANGELO IN HIS STUDIO.
From the painting by Alexandre Cabanel

at the Salon of 1882, shows a stately beauty with flowing locks, attired in the fashion of the sixteenth century. Another of the artist's later works is "Phædra," a composition comparable to "Tamar," which it excels in grace though not in strength. The scene is the suicide of the wife of Theseus, overwhelmed with shame at the Athenian hero's discovery that she is guilty of the death of his son, her stepson, Hippolytus. Other notable paintings are "Portia" (1881), "Tarquin and Lucretia" (1877) and "Ruth and Boaz"—a scene from the third chapter of the book of Ruth, where Boaz at early dawn sleeps on his threshing floor, under a shelter of blankets stretched over young trees, while Ruth reclines at his feet, her head resting on a sheaf of barley. Mention should be made, too, of his series of decorative designs for the Hôtel de Ville, the headquarters of the Parisian municipal government. These consist of twelve medallions representing the twelve months of the year.

Cabanel's paintings have always been popular in America, and some of the best of them are owned here. The "Death of Moses" has been mentioned as belonging to the Corcoran gallery at Washington. "Phædra" is the property of a Brooklyn

amateur, "Ophelia" of Senator Brice, and there are others in private collections in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has two fine and characteristic examples. One, first exhibited at the Salon of 1876, is the "Shulamite Woman," the "fair one" of the Song of Solomon, life size and brilliant of color; the other, a full length portrait of Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, who gave both paintings to the museum.

As a portrait painter Cabanel ranked first among the Frenchmen of his time. Among those who sat to him were Napoleon III, Rouher, the imperial Minister of State; Mr. John W. Mackay of mining and cable fame, and many of the leaders of Parisian society. All his portraits have a high artistic value. They are perfect in finish and execution, and have an air of dignity and distinction that commands attention. To dignity, indeed, vivacity is more or less sacrificed. Every subject of Cabanel, says Charles Blanc, wears his "physionomie du dimanche"—a rather serious criticism upon a branch of art where naturalness is a quality of such supreme importance.

Cabanel died on the 23d of January, 1889.

SECRETS.

My flowers she wears at the dance tonight—

A cluster of roses red.

They nestle so close to her bosom white

That my heart is filled with a strange delight,

A mixture of hope and dread.

I cannot help wishing that I might be

A rose on her bosom white,

To feel her heart throbbing, and know that she

Would whisper her secrets, fair rose, to me,

Instead of to you, tonight.

S. S. Stinson.

THE GERMAN STUDENT DUEL.

By W. Thornton Parker, M. D. (Munich.)

THE term "duel," as applied to the more or less bloody encounter between the students of German universities, is misleading. The popular idea of a duel is an encounter in which the object sought is the death of the duelist's antagonist. The motive in the student duel is entirely different. It may sometimes be to give a disfiguring cut upon the adversary's face, or to prove superior prowess with the famous *schläger*; but not infrequently the chief desire of the swordsman is to receive a mark of the blade upon his own countenance. Such scars are regarded as honorable tokens of courage, and are often a source of no little pride to their bearer.

The real duel in Germany is fought either with sharpened swords or dueling pistols. The officers' duel is fought stripped to the waist, with sharp blades, and is always a desperate and dangerous affair. It is known as the "buff and steel duel." But these duels in earnest are by no means common in Germany, and among men well known for courage and honor they are becoming more and more unpopular. They are discountenanced by the Emperor, who is known to approve of the *mensur*, or college duel.

Every student in Germany has the opportunity to become a member of a corps, *burschenschaft*, or *verein*. In all university towns the *mensur* is well known. But the place where the institution may be found in its most perfect development is Heidelberg. The Hirschgasse, in that historic and picturesque town, is the most famous resort for students in all Deutschland, and in its famous *mensur halle* the blades of some of the most expert swordsmen in the world have

crossed in almost deadly combat. To witness the duel for the first time is thrilling, but to deck for the fight, and march forward to meet a skilled antagonist whose *schläger* is as sharp as a razor, and whose determination to leave his mark on his foe is quite evident—this is an experience indeed never to be forgotten. The novice cannot help thinking that in spite of guards and bands, the sharp blade may cut through—as it has done in some sad cases; and it is not to be forgotten that the temporal artery is quite exposed, and liable to be cut within the first ten seconds of the encounter. Then the prognosis of a scalp wound is not always encouraging—a fact of which the deaths of four promising students from blood poisoning, during the writer's student days, gave ample testimony. The Hirschgasse is the duel place *par excellence*, although in *sommer zeit* the students bent on a duel in the open can find many a shady nook not far from Heidelberg's old castle, on the wooded slope that rises steeply above the rushing Neckar, in which to measure their skill with the weapons of their corps.

The *schläger* is a basket hilt sword, with a blade, about forty inches long, of the best steel. There is no point, but for about eight inches from the end the edge of the blade is as sharp as a razor. The hilt bears the colors of the corps to which its owner belongs. For a good illustration of a *mensur*, the incidents of the last meeting in the Hirschgasse attended by the writer may be recounted. It was on a Saturday, the great dueling day, and there were to be several encounters, but one especially interested him. In this a friend who belonged to the Rhenania Corps, of

which he was an honorary member, was to meet a Westphalian who had shown considerable desire to leave his mark on the writer's own countenance, as yet free from the *schläger* cut. We enter the room in the second story, where the combatants dress for the battle. It is a plain but comfortable apartment. In it are *schlägers* without number, and all the habiliments of the coming encounter. The students strip to don the regulation outfit. The face and head will be left unprotected. The blows will fall heaviest on the top and back of the scalp, but some well directed cut may leave its mark upon the face. Over the heart is fastened a strong, thick leather pad. Another of the same material, placed over the axillary arteries, guards that vital region from a death blow. The thick linen shirt is next put on, and then the strong leather breeches, fashioned somewhat like medieval armor, guarding the abdomen, the arteries of the groin, and the legs above the knees. These breeches are cut away so that the entire back of the body and legs is free and unprotected. The straps afford a grip for the left hand during the duel, keeping it and the left arm out of reach of the opponent's sword.

Bandaging for the fight consists in winding yard after yard of strips of black silk round the cuff of the long, thick, padded gauntlet of the fighting arm. The long cuff and its reinforcement of silk reach from wrist to shoulder, and the arm in which the weapon is held is thus securely protected against any blow that may fall upon it. These silken bandages are the best possible protection, being comparatively light, and at the same time less readily cut through than any other material. An extra yard or two is wound around the wrist to give additional security. When this is complete the arm looks more like a gouty leg than the sword arm of a duelist, and its weight is so increased that it must always be supported on the shoulder of a brother corpsman except during the moments of actual fighting.

The throat receives similar pro-

tection, many strips of the same material being wound about it with great care and skill in order to guard the carotid arteries and jugular veins. A pair of leather spectacle frames, with thick iron rims, are so arranged that eyeglasses can be fitted in for those who use them. Without this protection the eye has, as the records of the *mensur* bear witness, been whisked out of its socket by the quick blow of a sharp *schläger*.

The seconds for the *mensur*, too, are furnished with suitable protective clothing of leather, to stay any stray blows to which they are so frequently exposed. On the sword arm they carry a thick, padded gauntlet; around the throat a silken or leathern guard, and about the body and thighs a strong leathern apron. Their duties are not only important in the highest degree, as concerning the safety and honor of their principals, but also involve exposure and often very great danger. They have at heart not only the deep and true affection that students feel for comrades, but also the cherished honor of their corps. They are quite as much interested in the outcome of the battle as the combatants themselves, and they are equally determined, if skill and bravery can win, to give their best efforts for the honor of the corps whose colors they so proudly wear.

We have seen how our warriors are made ready for the fight; let us now enter the veritable arena. We discover a fine, large room, high studded and peculiarly adapted for the bloody work we are soon to witness. Turning to the right as we enter, we notice that the Rhenania and Guestphalia corps are well represented. There are also many students present, members of other corps in Heidelberg, and from corps of Munich, Bonn, Göttingen, and other universities. This is no *fuchs* play, but a *mensur* worth seeing, and two of Heidelberg's best swordsmen will try their good *schlägers* this morning. The combatants are healthy, fine looking fel-

lows, full of hope and courage. They are experts in their art, and intend to make an honorable record for their respective corps on the sawdust strewn arena of combat.

The gleaming *schläger* of Guest-phalia shows the colors black, white, and green. This corps was founded in 1818. From the hilt of the good weapon of our friend of the Rhenania, whose corps dates back only to 1849, shines out the dear old red, white, and blue, with which, of course, the writer's sympathies are most earnestly enlisted. The doctor, pipe in hand, takes a seat, his back to the wall. The umpire, holding his watch, stands in front of him, and on the space strewn with fresh sawdust to cover the blood stains of a combat just ended, our warriors place themselves in position. We find a convenient place to the right of my friend of the Rhenania, where we can see the effect of every blow. All is now ready, and the corps caps of the combatants are put upon their heads, while the seconds take their places, sword in hand, beside their men. The umpire calls, "Silence for a *schläger* fight with caps and seconds!" These latter words are used in order that in case of accident the umpire may be able to declare to the university authorities that the duel was given out as being "with caps and seconds"—a mode of fighting that is supposed to be less dangerous, and is therefore less heavily punished than duels of other kinds. The caps act as a certain protection to the skull, while the seconds in the olden time had the right of warding off any of the more serious blows leveled at their principals.

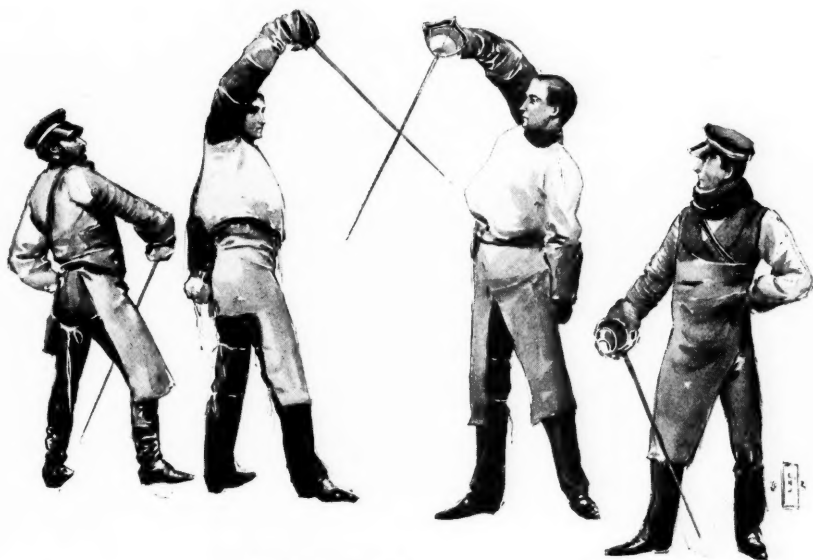
As a matter of fact, this custom on the part of the seconds has now ceased, and their duty is at present limited to knocking up the swords of the assailants after the word "Halt!" has been called. Nevertheless, a duel "with seconds" is still regarded by the college senate as being of a less serious character.

The umpire repeats, "I request

silence for a *schläger* bout with caps and seconds," and thereafter not a word is heard in the room. Then the second of the challenger says to the umpire once more, "*Unpartei-scher, bitte um's Commando.*" (Umpire, I request the command.) Whereupon the umpire exclaims, "*Auf die Mensur!*" (To the duel!) and no sooner are the words uttered than the second of the challenger cries, "*Bindet die Klingen!*" (Join the blades!) The other second cries in answer, "*Gebunden sind!*" (They are bound!)

As these words are spoken the combatants and seconds all stand with their swords raised and stretched out, so that the tips of the four blades meet in the middle of the room, waiting for the command "*Loos!*" (Let go!) to be given. Immediately this is pronounced, the seconds draw back a step or two, while the principals prepare either to strike or guard as the case may be.

But before there is time for either to give a blow, a cry of "Halt!" is raised by the seconds, and the colored caps are then removed from the heads of the duelists, after which the command to "bind the weapons" is given once more, the same answer returned, followed by the same cry of "*Loos!*" and instantly the two assailants fall to striking at one another, till their blades whistle in the air like whiplash, and the blows fall on the bandaged arm of either so thick and fast that a spectator who shut his eyes might think he was in a barracks where the soldiers were busy beating their jackets. The seconds keep dodging about to watch the men, with swords ready to arrest their blades at the shortest notice. Our good friend's sword is drinking blood at almost every blow, and a long, deep gash makes a sickening sight of the face of the proud Westphalian. The battle goes bravely on, but not a scratch mars the face of the bearer of the red, white, and blue, although great tufts of hair have more than once been clipped from his head by his adversary's keen *schläger*.



"A SCHLÄGER BOUT WITH CAPS AND SECONDS."

If the duelists are both expert fighters, so that neither receives a wound at the outset, and if the blades are of good stuff, the *mensur* goes on uninterruptedly for thirty seconds, or perhaps a minute, and no cry of "Halt!" stays the battle. The fight is much like a horsewhipping encounter, so furious is the assault, so rapid and incessant the falling of the blows.

Should a blade become bent, "Halt!" is at once called, for a blow from a bent blade is especially dangerous. At the command of either combatant or umpire, the seconds rush in with raised swords and prevent the striking of another blow. During the pause sword blades are straightened, or fresh weapons supplied. The palms of the gloves are carefully chalked, a sip of beer is given to the duelists, and fresh sawdust is sprinkled over the bloody floor.

Pauses take place every few minutes until the umpire cries out, "*Silentium, sieben und halb Minuten ist gepaukt.*" (Silence, seven and a half minutes have been fought.) "*Die Corona mögen während der Pause abtre-*

ten." (The spectators can rest during the pause.) The brother members now congratulate their corps fighters, and offer all possible refreshment, bathing their faces, and providing them with beer. The rest lasts five minutes.

The fighters are suffering beneath the burden of their heavy padded clothing in the warm room. No one who has not fought can imagine the difficulty of their task, or the strain upon the muscles of the arm. Sometimes it seems almost impossible to hold the sword another second, from sheer weariness; and when much bleeding has taken place, it requires all the fortitude and physical courage that the stoutest duelist can muster to come forward for the last half of the *mensur*.

The umpire calls out at the end of the recess, "*Silentium, die Suite geht weiter,*" (the duel proceeds farther.) Then, as before, is heard, "*Auf die Mensur — fertig — loos!*" (To the duel—ready—go or let loose!) Finally the umpire cries out, "*Silentium, fünfzehn Minuten ist gepaukt.*" (Fifteen minutes have been fought out.) "*Die Suite is ex.*" (The duel is ended.)



BANDAGING FOR THE FIGHT.

When the combatants are led off, the fighting gear removed, and their wounds attended to by the corps surgeon, the cry is "Victoria, Rhennania!" For the champion of the red, white, and blue has had by far the best of the battle. He has come out of it almost unscathed, while his opponent will wear marks of his defeat for some time to come.

Sometimes during the combat, after ten minutes' fighting, one duelist will call out, "*Ich biete Ihnen Satisfaction.*" (I ask whether you have had satisfaction.) If to this the other replies, "*Angenommen,*" (accepted), the *mensur* may be closed without further fighting. If either combatant is blinded with blood, or if the doctor pronounces a wound dangerous, the fighting must cease at once.

The dressing room, and the ordeal of the surgeon's treatment, often bring out more heroic bearing and indifference to pain than the duel

itself. Here one seldom witnesses a single exhibition of acknowledged suffering, and the bravery with which the students endure the sewing up of their wounds would please the most stolid and uncomplaining warrior of a North American Indian tribe.

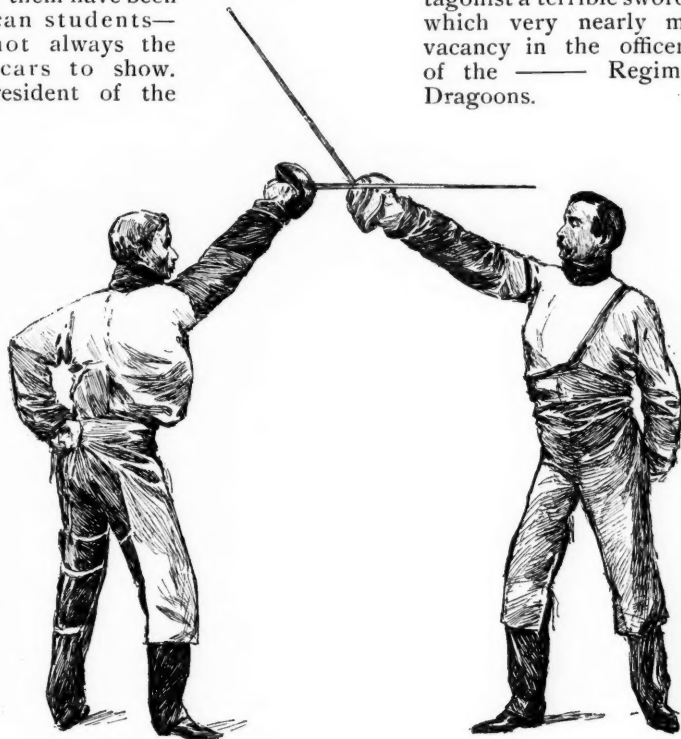
When all is over the students return to their homes or cafés, where they relate the incidents of the morning, and drink the healths of the gallant champions in mugs of foaming beer.

So the German college life goes on. Those who are friends of the *echt studenten leben* do little hard study. A real worker has little time or money to waste in beer drinking and duels, but an occasional spree for Saturday or Sunday is almost a universal indulgence. He who has never been a member of a corps, or fought a duel, or joined in the famous *kneipe*, has a dull remembrance of student life. *Wer niemals hat ein*

Rauch gehabt, der ist kein braver Mann, (Who never has been on a spree, is no true man) is a common saying amongst German collegians, and one highly characteristic of their prevailing disposition.

The best *schläger* wielders—and many of them have been American students—have not always the most scars to show. The president of the

self a record of honor as a courageous and expert swordsman. He received no wound until he fought a duel in earnest—"buff and steel"—with a Bavarian officer, and then received only a slight cut in the left eyebrow. In return he gave his antagonist a terrible sword slash, which very nearly made a vacancy in the officers' list of the _____ Regiment of Dragoons.



THRUST AND PARRY.

Niebelungen Verein in Vienna, undoubtedly one of the most expert swordsmen in Austria, had not a single scar to bear witness to the many *mensurs* in which he had gallantly held his own. Prince Bismarck, once a member of the Hannovera Corps, fought twenty one *mensurs* and received only one scar, and that by the carelessness of his second, who neglected to give a perfect parry after the command to halt had been called.

A well known captain in the Third United States Cavalry, when a student in Germany, won for him-

Most of the blows from the *schläger* strike the hair of the scalp just behind the right ear, and seldom penetrate the skin, although the blows upon the top of the head usually cut deeply—often to the bone. The temporal and facial arteries are sometimes severed, and the face wounds may be three or four inches in length. I have never witnessed a bloodless duel; one or the other of the combatants, and frequently both, are likely—indeed almost certain—to bleed freely before the *mensur* is completed.

While to us Americans the *schläger*

duel may seem ghastly work, and may receive, perhaps, more than its share of condemnation, the German regards with even greater horror the duels that are still not entirely unknown in our Western and Southern States, whose murderous weapons are



TRYING THE SCHLÄGER'S EDGE.

the bowie knife, the shotgun, and the pistol. In the North, too, we have the "duel of words," which may be fully as discreditable as a resort to physical force. Indeed, an honorable man would rather settle his quarrels by the arbitrament of battle than by a recourse to cowardly slander, backbiting, and unavenged insult.

And after all, it may reasonably be questioned whether the *mensur* is a more brutal form of exercise than football, as that game has often been played on American college grounds. Football, it must be remembered, has its death roll, and its list—not a very short one—of maimed victims. The sword play of the duel sheds more blood than the charging and tackling of the football field, but it breaks no

limbs and dislocates no joints or muscles. And though the use of the keen steel may be condemned by some who do not disapprove of a resort to the weapons of nature, still there is something to be said on the other side of the question. Armed violence is not necessarily less excusable than unarmed violence. The thrust and parry of skilled fencers surely form as civilized a type of combat as the fisticuffs and rough and tumble wrestling of the rush line.

When we consider that Germany is preeminently a warlike nation, it is not strange that a custom that supplies hundreds of excellent swordsmen, strong of arm and quick of eye, is popular. An education that fits men to face danger and death without flinching, and makes them experts in the use of weapons not unlike those they may some day have to use on the field of battle, is worth a great deal to an armed empire, surrounded as Germany is by jealous neighbors eager for her downfall.

Among such a people, fond of military glory, the duel is naturally esteemed as a manly art. Skill in the *mensur* is fostered and highly regarded by men of gallant aspirations as the true badge of good birth and noble training. As German traditions and customs are understood at the present time, the discontinuance of the student duel would unquestionably be undesirable, and there is strong probability that harm might result from such a radical change. "Other countries, other customs," is a German proverb, and one that should be remembered by those who criticise national characteristics and institutions.

Reforms in the present methods of the student duel might be brought about, but only after overcoming great difficulties. That there is need for such reforms no one who thoroughly understands the system can doubt. At present there is too much of the duel, and on pretexts far too trivial. If the university authorities could control the whole system without attempting its abo-



AFTER THE BATTLE.

lition, or pretending to oppose the custom in the spasmodic and undignified methods at present obtaining, there is no doubt that real and practical good might be found in a moderate use of the *schläger* in the *studenten mensur*.

The beer glass, the *kneipe*, the *mensur*, the laugh, the song, the challenge, the grip of friendship and the keen zest of battle—these will make up the salient points of student life for many a year yet in old Deutschland.

SMILE AND TEAR.

TWIN weapons they,
Which in the fray
Have never known defeat.
A smile or tear
Alike I fear,
And always beat retreat.

A woman's smile
Will oft beguile
The sterner sex austere.
But should that prove
A faulty move
Just let her drop a tear!

John W. Ewell.

THE REFORMED CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

By Richard H. Titherington.

THE ancient and important ecclesiastical organization formerly known in common parlance as the Dutch Reformed, or by its more formal title of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, now bears as its proper designation the name of the Reformed Church in America. Its origin is shown by the racial epithet to which it clung for more than two centuries after its plantation on this side of the Atlantic, and for a hundred years after its separation from the parent church in the Netherlands and the adoption of the English language in its worship.

In the establishment of civilization on the American continent the part played by Holland was not an unimportant one. That country's contribution to our subsequent growth, however, has been overshadowed by those of other European nations. The Dutch settlers who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty four dollars, and founded on it their trading post of New Amsterdam, could not stem the tide of Anglo-Saxon colonization. Their descendants have been numerically overwhelmed by later accessions to our composite stock. Their native land, small in area and peopled by a race less migratory than the Germans, the English, or the Irish, sends us each year a handful of immigrants insignificant in comparison with the armies that flock hither from its neighbors. But though its influence upon our political and social evolution has been slight, we owe to Holland, in the American offshoot of its national church, a potent factor in the development of religious life and thought.

The beginning of Dutch Protestantism is impressive. It dates back

to almost the earliest days of the great movement that swept over Europe in the sixteenth century and crystallized into history as the Reformation. It was baptized in the blood of a hundred thousand martyrs, shed by the persecuting sword of the execrated Alva. It was maintained by the same enduring quality of sturdy virility that had helped the Hollanders to defend their native land, a sunken tract originally wrested from the billows of ocean, against all assailants from the ancient Roman to the mediæval Spaniard.

The long and desperate struggle against the pretensions of Spain was practically ended in the year 1609, when the third Philip made a twelve years' truce with the burghers whose liberties he found himself unable to extinguish. In that same year—which may be said to mark the culmination of Holland's greatness; at an era when she had successfully defied the most powerful antagonists, when in wealth and in learning she was the foremost nation of Europe—Hendrik Hudson sailed forth to found the short lived Dutch dominion in America. Manhattan Island, discovered by him, was colonized twelve years later by Peter Minuit, under the auspices of the West India Company. With him came two "zieken troosters," or deacons of the church, whose duty it was to teach the young and—as is still the especial duty of the deacons of this organization—to care for the sick and needy. The first ordained minister in the colony was Jonas Michaelius, who landed in 1628 and established the earliest recorded Protestant church in America. It had two elders—one of them Director Minuit himself—and some fifty communi-



DR. THOMAS E. VERMILYE.

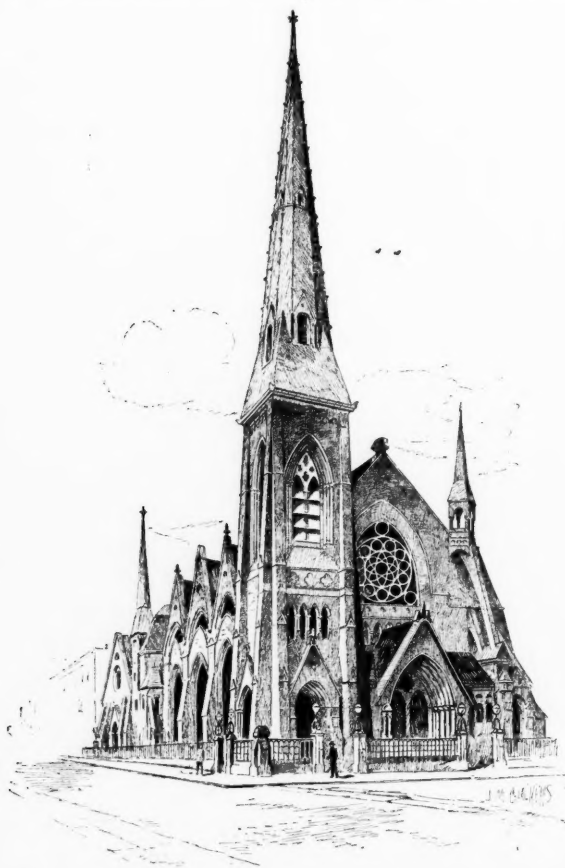
From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.

cants. Its meeting place was a large upper room over a horse mill. In 1633, when Dominie Michaelius was succeeded by the Rev. Everardus Bogardus, the congregation built a little wooden church close to the East River and near what is now Broad Street. Nine years later this was superseded by a stone edifice within the limits of the Battery fortification, dedicated to St. Nicholas, the tutelary saint of Holland. Then, in 1664, came the cession of Manhattan Island to the British, and the establishment of the English communion side by side—on terms of friendly fellowship—with that of Holland.

The Dutch church was too firmly founded, too instinct with vital principles, to perish under the loss of its original supremacy. It continued to live and to gain gradually in strength and numbers. With char-

acteristic conservatism it clung to the use of its native tongue in all its ceremonies up to the year 1763, and to its allegiance to the parent church until 1771. In that year an independent organization was effected, mainly through the agency of Dr. John Livingston—a member of the family famous in New York annals, and fourth in descent from its founder, the John Livingston who fled from Scotland to the Netherlands for religious freedom's sake. Dr. Livingston was one of the early presidents of the church's training school at New Brunswick, chartered in 1770, and then known as Queen's College. In 1825 this name was changed to Rutgers, and later the university was severed from its close connection with the theological seminary.

The present status of the Reformed



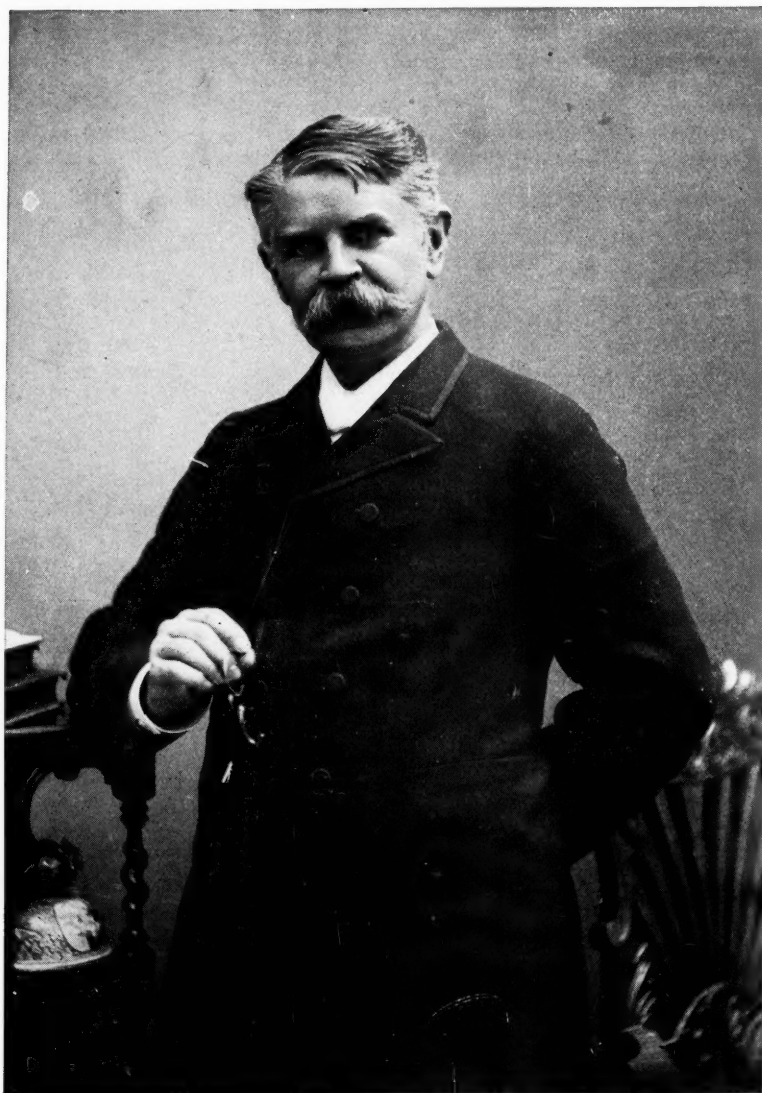
THE COLLEGIATE REFORMED CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY EIGHTH STREET.

Church in America may be thus summed up. Affiliated to the General Synod, the governing body of the denomination, are the four Particular Synods of New York, New Brunswick, Albany, and Chicago. Subordinate to each of these are from seven to nine Classes—divisions that correspond to the dioceses of Episcopal communions. The most recent year book gives the following statistics: churches, 570; ministers and licentiates, 592; communicants and baptized members, 133,281; revenue from contributions, \$1,323,000.

The government of its individual congregations is of the presbyterian type. The supervising power is vested in the pastor, the elders, and

the deacons, who are termed collectively the consistory. Elders and deacons are elected from among the members and serve two years. The ritual is liturgical, but the prescribed forms are imperative only for baptism, the communion, and ordinations.

Of the two great schools into which early Protestantism was divided—those of Luther and of Calvin—the Dutch church adhered steadfastly to the latter. Its established doctrinal standards, both in Holland and in America, are the Belgic Confession and the Heidelberg Catechism—two landmarks of sixteenth century Calvinism, to which in 1619 were added the canons formulated



DR. EDWARD B. COE.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

by the historic Synod of Dort. But the bitterness of the old controversies that raged within the evangelical camp only less fiercely than between that camp and the armies of Rome, has long since passed away. Barneveldt, the champion of the Arminian minority whose tenets

were condemned at Dort, lost his head at the demand of his victorious opponents. Calvin himself sent Servetus to the stake for daring to disagree with his doctrines. But in the American settlements a kindlier and better spirit prevailed. Toleration for all sects was the rule in the

Dutch plantations. When New Amsterdam was occupied by the English, their regimental chaplain was invited to hold services in the little church of St. Nicholas. The same courtesy was extended to William Vesey, the first rector of Trinity, and in the

testant Episcopal by the bonds of ancient association and intimate social intercourse. It is worthy of remark that of the descendants of the New Amsterdam pioneers—the so called Knickerbocker families of the metropolis—more are to be



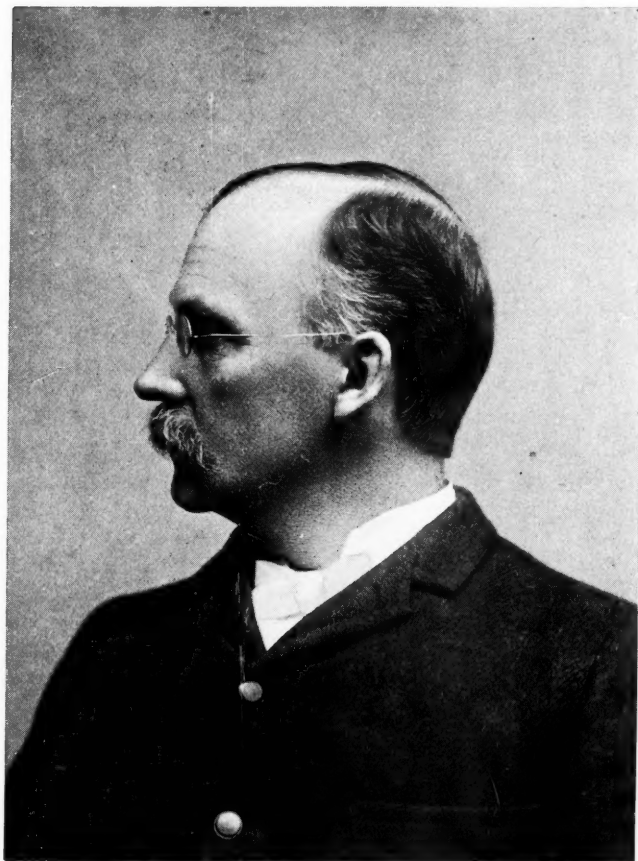
THE COLLEGIATE REFORMED CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY NINTH STREET.

ceremony of his induction two ministers of the Collegiate Reformed body, which was incorporated the year before, took part. It was the custom of the old time Episcopal clergymen to attend the Sunday evening services at the Dutch meeting house, where they sat in the elders' pew.

Thus it came about that the Reformed Church, which holds out the hand of fellowship to all evangelical communions, is bound by especially close ties to two—to the Presbyterian, by an identity of teaching and practice that has led to many ministerial interchanges, and to the Pro-

found in the Episcopal church than in that of their ancestors.

Of the comparatively slow growth of the church the fact last cited is an indication; the causes, or some of them, are not hard to assign. It has partaken strongly of the national characteristics of the people whence it sprang—cautious, conservative, tenacious, rather than militant and aggressive. The changes needed to bring it into closer accord with the spirit of the times have been introduced only at the cost of serious internal dissensions. When, after much contention, the English language was at last introduced into its



DR. DAVID J. BURRELL.

From a photograph by Nye, Minneapolis.

services, many of the older members, who had strenuously opposed the innovation, left the church, and with more obstinacy than logic went over to the English establishment. It was after another long controversy that the American body asserted its independence of foreign allegiance. The greater adaptability, the more fervent proselyting energy that other denominations have displayed, have enabled them numerically to outstrip a church that has never trimmed her sails to catch the wind of popular favor.

The strength of the Reformed Church in America centers about the

spot where it was first planted—the city of New York. Of its four subordinate synods one is assigned to the metropolis, two to territory more or less closely adjacent, while the fourth includes the scattered congregations of the West. Its chief seminary—that of New Brunswick—is almost in the suburbs, and in membership and revenue the Classis of New York is the foremost among the subdivisions of the church. Its great bulwark is the Collegiate corporation, a religious organization second only to Trinity in strength and importance. Chartered in 1696 by William III of England, the



DR. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE.

From a photograph by Bogardus, New York.

Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church—to give it its full title—has for almost two hundred years grown with the development of the metropolis. Its large revenues are chiefly derived from the lands—then pasturage, but now covered with offices and stores—bequeathed to it in the last century by John Harpendinck. Its earliest building—the successor of the old stone church in the Fort—stood in Garden Street, now Exchange Place. For thirty years this was the only meeting house of the Dutch congregation, and an upper room in its square brick steeple was the office of the

Consistory. In 1729 a much larger edifice was erected in Nassau Street, between Cedar and Liberty. This had more than a century of interesting history as the Middle Dutch Church. In its wooden steeple Franklin made some of his first experiments in electricity. During the Revolution, the British invaders tore out the pews and used the building first as a prison and then as a riding school. It was afterwards refitted as a place of worship, but as the northward march of New York's population drew away its congregation it was sold to the government, and was for thirty years the city post

office. After the opening of the present postal headquarters in 1875, it was again sold and demolished, the site being now occupied by business buildings.

It is somewhat singular that not one of the existing churches of the historic Collegiate corporation is forty years old. None of its old edifices in the lower part of the city remains. That in Garden Street was at the beginning of the present century rebuilt and established on an independent basis, but was destroyed by fire in 1835 and never restored. Another that has yielded to changed conditions is the North Church, built in 1769 on William Street (then known as Horse and Cart Lane), of which Dr. Laidlie, the pioneer of English preaching, was the first minister, and above whose pulpit hung the hatchment of John Harpendinck. The same fate overtook the old Ninth Street Church, demolished to make room for the late A. T. Stewart's retail store; and, more recently, the Middle Church on Lafayette Place, whose congregation now meet in a house near the former site of their granite temple.

Meanwhile, however, the Collegiate Church has splendidly established itself in the upper part of the city—not only among the residences of the wealthy, but in quarters where it can minister to the needs of the crowded poor. Its two chief edifices, at Twenty Ninth and Forty Eighth Streets, are familiar landmarks of Fifth Avenue. Besides these and the Middle Church it maintains four chapels. Three—the Knox Memorial, the De Witt, and the Vermilye—are scattered between Sixth and Tenth Avenues. The fourth, officially des-

ignated as the North Church Chapel, but much more widely known as the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, is a link with the old North Church, being quartered in the office building that adjoins its former site. A fifth chapel, founded in 1869 at Seventh Avenue and Fifty Fourth Street, is now well established as an independent body under the name of Grace Reformed Church.

In former times, the ministers of the Collegiate body served in rotation at each of its churches. Now each has his special charge—Dr. Chambers at the Middle Church, Dr. Burrell and Dr. Coe at the two churches on Fifth Avenue. Senior to all of these three pastors is Dr. Vermilye, who has retired from the pulpit after more than half a century of active service. Dr. Vermilye is

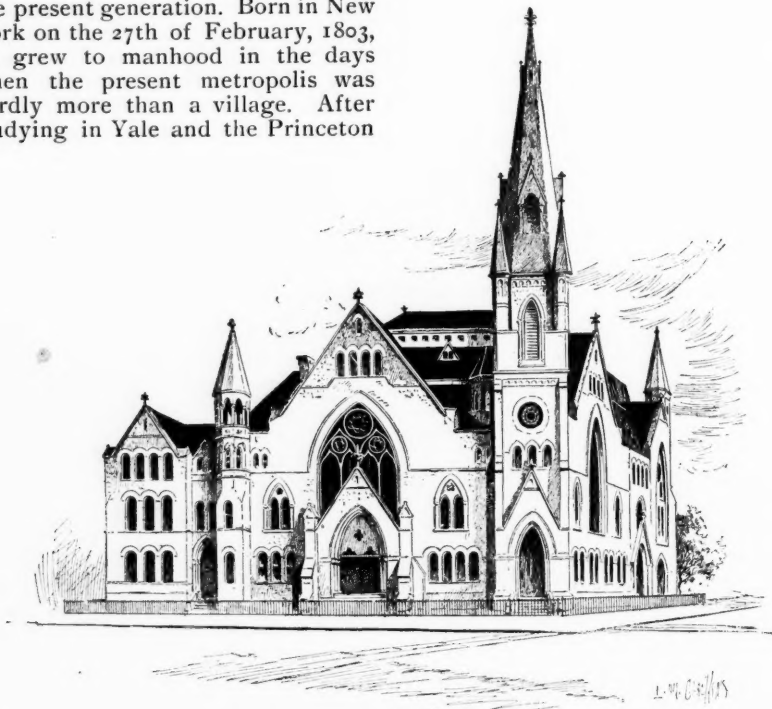


DR. PETER STRYKER.

From a photograph by Van Dyke, New York.

a notable figure among the clergy of New York. Belonging to a family several of whose members have won distinction in the ministry, he has retained far beyond the scriptural limit of fourscore years the powers that made his name known among the fathers and the grandfathers of the present generation. Born in New York on the 27th of February, 1803, he grew to manhood in the days when the present metropolis was hardly more than a village. After studying in Yale and the Princeton

1819, and graduated at Rutgers in 1834. After a post graduate course at Princeton he was licensed to preach at Clinton, Mississippi, but came North two years later to be ordained to a Reformed church in Somerville, New Jersey. In 1849 he



THE BLOOMINGDALE REFORMED CHURCH.

theological school, in 1826 he was ordained as pastor of the Presbyterian church in Vandewater Street, from which he was called to a Congregational church at Springfield, Massachusetts, and thence to the Reformed Church in Albany. He returned to New York in 1839, and was installed in the old Middle Church on Nassau Street as junior minister of the Collegiate body.

Dr. Talbot Wilson Chambers, pastor of the Middle Reformed Church, is next in seniority to Dr. Vermilye, and also a veteran in the service of the Collegiate corporation. He was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in

was transferred to his present post. As has been mentioned, the Middle Church is now in temporary quarters in a private house on Lafayette Place. Its congregation, although comparatively small in numbers, is active in good works, and maintains several well established charitable organizations.

Dr. Chambers is widely known as a writer, a speaker, and especially as a Hebrew scholar. He served as a member of the American Bible revision committee, and published a "Companion to the Revised Version of the Old Testament." He was a contributor to Lange's Commentary.

He is a trustee of both Rutgers and Columbia Colleges.

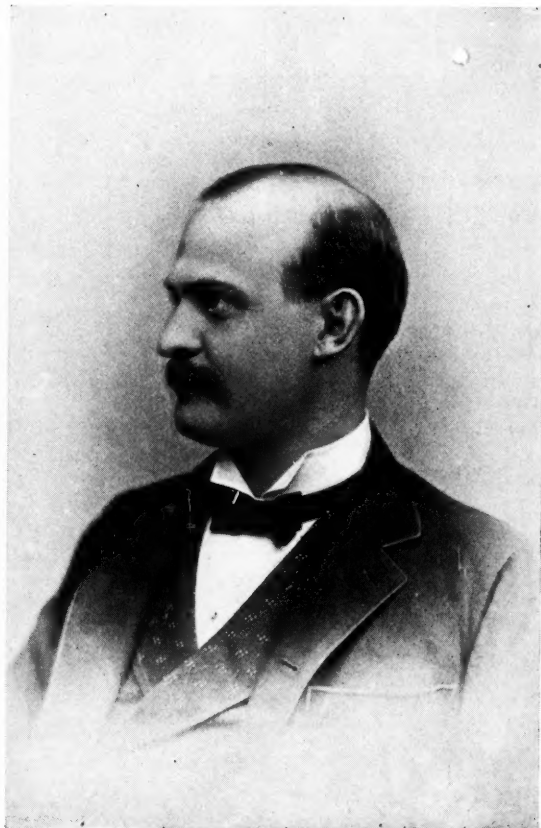
The brown stone Gothic edifice at Fifth Avenue and Forty Eighth Street is the handsomest and most important of the Collegiate churches, and one of the finest houses of worship in New York. Its pastor, Dr. Edward Benton Coe, is an able leader and an eloquent preacher. He is the son of Dr. David Coe, who has for forty years acted as Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society. He was born in 1842 at Milford, Connecticut, graduated at Yale, and was for fifteen years professor of modern languages at the New Haven university. He then entered a Congregational pulpit, but in 1879 was ordained and installed in the service of the Collegiate Church.

Dr. David Burrell was last year called to the Marble Church at Twenty Ninth Street, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Dr. Ormiston. His ministerial experience has been in the West. As pastor for eleven years of the Second Presbyterian Church of Dubuque, Iowa, and for four years of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, he built up two of the largest and most influential congregations in the North western States. He is a graduate of Yale, and was born at Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania, forty seven years ago.

Perhaps the most important of the Reformed churches in New York independent of the Collegiate body is the Madison Avenue, of which Dr. Abbott Kittredge is pastor. Dr. Kittredge came to his present charge, five years ago, from Chicago, where in sixteen years' ministry at the Third

Presbyterian Church he had won a wide popularity and reputation. He was born in 1834 at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and graduated at Williams and Andover. His first church was the Winthrop Congregational in Charlestown, but after four years' service broken health forced him to resign. He went to the Pacific coast, and returned thence in 1865 to the Eleventh—now called the Madison Avenue—Presbyterian Church in New York. This he left in 1870 to enter upon his remarkably successful pastorate in Chicago.

Dr. Kittredge's church, which stands at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street, is a plain structure of Ohio stone, built twenty years



THE REV. MADISON PETERS.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

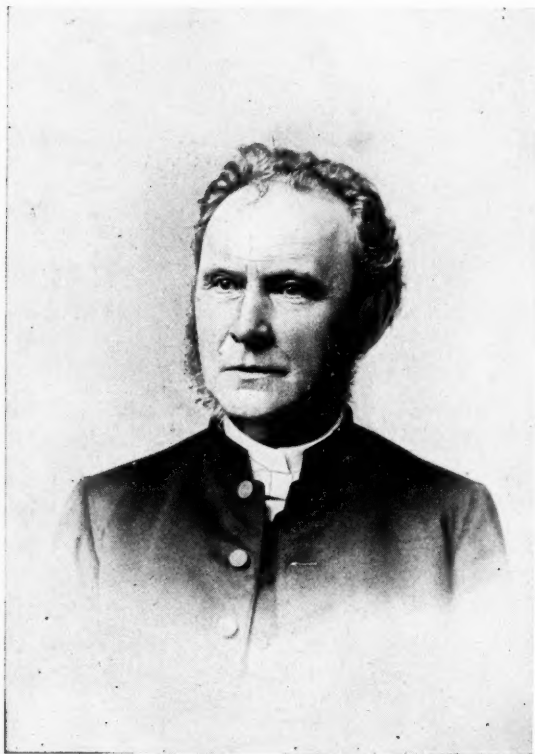
ago. Its seating capacity, though not small, is severely taxed by the growing numbers of the congregation. Connected with it, and supported by the members, is a mission on East Fifty Seventh Street that is a valuable center of organized beneficent work.

The South Church, now at Madison Avenue and Thirty Eighth Street, has had a long history. It is the lineal descendant of the old Collegiate church in Garden Street, whose destruction by fire in 1835 has been mentioned. In 1837 it was re-established in Murray Street. Thence, twelve years later, it made another northward migration to Fifth Avenue and Twenty First Street, where its white spire rose opposite the Union Club's building. Two years ago this third site was abandoned, and the

present site acquired from the Zion Episcopal parish. Dr. Terry, the pastor, who succeeded Dr. Rogers in that capacity eleven years ago, is like so many of his Reformed colleagues a recruit from the Presbyterian body. He was born in Brooklyn forty three years ago, graduated at Yale, and after eighteen months of travel in Europe and the East entered the Union Theological Seminary. His course completed, he was assigned to a Presbyterian church in Peekskill, but six years later accepted the call of the South Reformed Church. Here he has been successful not only as the leader of a congregation active in mission work but as chairman of the church extension committee of the New York Classis.

The Thirty Fourth Street Reformed Church dates back to 1823,

when it was established as the Broome Street Church, at the corner of Broome and Greene Streets. Dr. Stryker, its present pastor, was at its head at the time of its removal up town, having in the interim served in Presbyterian pulpits at Philadelphia, Rome, Saratoga, and Minneapolis. He was born in Fairfield, New Jersey, in 1826, graduated at Rutgers and the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and—following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather—entered the ministry of the Reformed communion. His first charge was at Rhinebeck, his second the Broome Street Church, which under his leadership prospered in the possession of numbers and influence, and had a Sunday school notable as one of the largest in the metropolis. His second pastorate of the church began with the year 1890. Besides the duties of the pulpit



DR. JOACHIM ELMENDORF.

From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.

and local missions, he is actively interested in a wide range of church work. He was one of the original board of managers of the National Temperance Society in 1865, and has ever since been prominent in the movement against intemperance. During his connection with the Presbyterian ministry he was moderator of three synods. He has done much literary and journalistic work, belongs to the Holland Society, the Alpha Sigma, and other similar associations, and even finds time to lecture.

The Bloomingdale Reformed Church, at Sixty Eighth Street and the Boulevard, is notable for the appropriate architecture of its spacious building and the rapid development of its congregational strength. Its pastor, Madison Peters, may be said to represent the aggressive element of the Reformed clergy. He has the force of eloquence and originality and the fire and enthusiasm of youth—for it was only thirty two years ago that he was born in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. He was brought up in the German Reformed Church, graduated from its theological seminary at Tiffin, Ohio, in 1881, and entered its ministry in Indiana. After serving in the West for three years, he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. Here and at the Academy of Music he preached and lectured to the largest audiences in the Quaker City. The same success has attended him since his summons to the Bloomingdale Church, whose membership has been multiplied threefold during his two years of leadership.

The Collegiate Reformed Church of Harlem is wholly distinct from the Collegiate organization whose history and status have already been outlined. The title that both these bodies bear is used simply in its derivational sense, to designate an alliance of two or more congrega-

tions under a common consistory. The Harlem churches thus united are two—the First, at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty First Street, and the Second, on Lenox Avenue. The latter is temporarily without a pastor. Dr. Elmendorf, of the former, came to New York in 1886 from Poughkeepsie, where he had been stationed for fourteen years. The membership and influence of the church has grown largely under his ministry. He is a graduate of Rutgers, and a trustee both of that college and Vassar. He has been for nearly forty years in the service of the Reformed Church, and acted as the President of its General Synod almost twenty years ago. He was born in Ulster County, New York, whither his ancestors came from Holland in the seventeenth century.

The First Church was some seven years ago the subject of an engineering operation rare in the history of metropolitan houses of worship. To lessen the annoyance caused by the rattle and roar of the elevated railroad on Third Avenue, the building was raised bodily from its foundations, and turned so as to face the side street.

In concluding this brief sketch of a great religious body as it exists at the scene of its first establishment and the center of its present strength, the general attitude of the Reformed Church in America may be summed up as one of practical and doctrinal conservatism. It views with little favor the so called "higher criticism" that has well nigh rent the Presbyterian communion in twain. It has not partaken of the ritual extension characteristic of latterday Episcopalianism. Its services are weekly, its sacraments are quarterly, as of old; its pastors wear the black Geneva gown as did their ancient predecessors. Its standards are those of the founders of Christianity and of Protestantism.

PIERRE'S STORY.

By Hinton McMillan.

YES. I am Canadian French. Good English I speak? Why not? It is years I have journeyed through the different English speaking countries. I talk the Spanish quite as well—this I learned in the West Indies and South America, where in winters I convey myself with my wheel for grinding the knife and scissor. A scissor grinder? Nay, it is but an easy diversion I take up occasional. For they call me the Jack of many trade, as well as a wandering Bohemian. I have travel in youth with the dancing bear. I drive the wagon of monkeys for a menagerie. A hundred other things I have turned to my hand that I shall not weary you to speak.

The cold I like not at all. As I say, mostly of winters I go to the land of warm weather. But the year of which I speak, wages to sailors on the great lakes were of an amount uncommon, and I remain in one large schooner—the Alice—till far into the autumn.

It was curious that I—Pierre Fleury, who have almost forty years—should cherish an affection for a boy of age about sixteen, who was with us before the mast. His name was on the vessel's papers as John Smit', and we call him Jack, which it was not his name. This much we know, that he have left his home in Boston to follow the sea, and in some way had drifted up to the lakes.

"First I will try the water fresh, and if I like then I sail on the salt sea, by and by," so he tells me after we became friendly by reason that I show him to learn the ropes and steer, with the other duties.

He had much ability, and soon is ordinary seaman. And let me say for all the pay for the sailor upon

the great lakes is high, if he be ordinary or able seaman he must have much of strength and courage. Though the timber schooners have tonnage equal to the largest ship (the Alice was two thousand ton), the men in number are but half those which the ship carry. And the big fore and aft sail have so much of weight—in especial when wet or icy—that to reef or furl with but five and six men is almost to break the heart with fatigue.

But Jack complained not. He attend to his duty like a man, and we all grow to like him. He will not swear or join in the vile language one sometimes hears in the fore-castle. And though one or two laugh and sneer, Jack read in the small Bible not infrequently. "I promise the mother who is dead that so I would do," he say, and we have respect for him still more.

It was the last trip before the schooner shall lay up at Erie for the winter. It blow up thick and fast, with snow from the north and west, coming continually colder, so that the gear of the head and bows are soon heavy with ice. The mate command two of our watch to go out to the flying jib, which have come from the gasket adrift. On the lakes sailors have more of independence than in ships, and both refuse, for fear they be washed off.

It was as I came from the wheel that I shall see Jack himself go to the jib boom end. Then the schooner give one plunge terrific—and he is gone! There comes the cry of "man overboard," and the schooner is brought quick to the wind. I have one look as Jack drift astern, and over I go. Not that I claim courage more than another. But I have the

affection for Jack as to a younger brother.

Ah, but it was bitterly cold, and before I reached the side of Jack, who kick off his shoes as he swim, I almost perished ! But some one has thrown from the deck load a plank, to which we both cling. Then comes down the snow squall with thick darkness, and we know the boat from the schooner will not find us.

It was a big smack for fishing that pick us both up after two hours, and in a little we are both stripped and between blankets, with coffee hot as much as each could drink. Then in the morning we are taken ashore to the house of old Richeau on the lake shore. In the summer, he and his sons fish with the smack. In winter, they go upon the ice for the fishes.

Jack does not at once recover as I who am strong of nature. So long he lay in bed that winter come. I pray him to let me write to his father in Boston, but he refuse.

"He cares not for me, Pierre," he would only say. "I wish not now for any but yourself, who risk his life for mine." And I could not move him, though I say very much more.

When Jack grew better I make my way through the snows to Erie, where the schooner lay up. The captain receive me as one from the dead, and after I tell the story he pay my wages with Jack's in full, so that we are able to recompense old Richeau, and I myself send money to my parents, who are aged, in Montreal. Then Jack and I talk over what we shall do.

"Why shall you not earn good moneys for this remaining winter by capturing the fish upon the ice of the lake as ourselves, my friend ?" Thus old Richeau, who was the same countryman as myself. And when he offered to fit us with the equipments of his son, who was drowned but the year previous, and to give us board, we—Jack and I—decided to try it for a time, as the winter was gone so far.

Well, it was not so bad after all,

and the fish, that were plenty, brought good prices. We send them frozen to the markets of Cleveland and Erie, and even to the distance of Buffalo.

Those who can, have huts of wood, which they convey from the shore upon the ice when it first freeze with solidity. In these are a small stove, while there are those containing a berth for sleeping. A hole is cut through the ice and the fish taken with the hand line, or with a small set net. With plentiful clothes of great warmth we can exist in comfort, and in a day catch many pounds of the white fish and others of the lake.

It was while we fish together thus that Jack tell me how it is he escape from his home. There is nothing of romance or that which is of excitement to the story. His mother was with himself left alone by the death of the father. Then the widow marry a man of great wealth, whose name I may not give, for he had not the feeling of love for his wife. It is not long before she find, as does Jack, that the husband is but a wealthy brute. He intoxicates himself daily at the club or his home. And as one evening the wife remonstrate, the coward strike her, and Jack himself, who hears her fall, rushes to the room.

"Pierre," he said, with eyes that glittered like the sparks of our fire, "I now thank God that I had not a weapon—so terrible was my rage I would have killed the monster. As it was, I had the strength of fury, and for days he had the marks of the beating I gave him, which he never forgave. But the blow my mother received brought on a malady internal, from which she died in less than a year. And the day after she is laid away I am turned from the door."

That he had nothing in life now, since the mother had left him alone, was his continual saying.

"Courage, my friend," often I tell him. "Heaven has some things for each life. In the springtime we will unite our fortunes, and see what we shall see."

But he smile with sadness and shake his head.

So pass the months of winter, till in March many begin to leave the ice. Continually of nights we hear it in the cabin as we sit about the fire—"c-r-r-r-ack"—with the explosion of a gun. But old Richeau only laugh.

"There as yet has been no wind of the southeast to rot the ice; when that comes there is time to give up the fishing," he say, and his boys likewise, as well as many of the fishermen along the shore near us.

It was the night of unlucky Friday we all go out for the last occasion. All the day had been mild, with a mist like fine rain. There was water in pools upon the ice that had melted. But the moon was at the largest, and we hoped for a big catch to finish the season. With Jack and me was Richeau's big St. Bernard dog, who dragged the box of fish upon a sledge. He had much knowledge, this brave animal, and on this night made great show of uneasiness, which we did not understand until later.

I think the hour was of midnight. Jack and I had taken fish in plenty. We were winding our lines for return to the shore.

Jack had been absent in mind, and not given to talk. "I feel as if something would happen," he said, very quiet, as we stood a moment with a look around the great ocean of ice, where were many fishers. There was a breeze soft, and all at once it occurred that it was of the south and east.

Suddenly—and I can give not expression to the terror of the sound—there was cracking in volleys like musketry. The ice under our feet had the surge and sway as an earthquake I have the memory of in Yucatan. There is a great cry on every side. We see the dark forms of men rush with madness toward the shore more than a mile away.

"It has come," Jack cried, but without fear. "Run, Pierre, for your life!"

I shall not forget ever the feeling as the ice where I stood gave way with crashes terrible. I spring over the chasm, but my foot slipped. In a moment I am submerged, but rise to the surface to see Jack run toward me, calling for the dog, which he had cut loose from the sledge.

I had struck my head against the block of ice which would not let me swim. I remember to clutch at the ice as one who is mad. I remember to hear Jack try to force the St. Bernard to my rescue, but the big dog had the frenzy of fear, and would not obey.

Then it was that I saw Jack's face close to my own, white, yet with the look on it I cannot forget ever. He had given the sledge with the box emptied of the fishes to me, and placed my hands upon it.

"For the love of thy mother and father at home cling to this—good by, dear old fellow," he said, but with the blow and the chill of my frame I realize not what it all meant, though I know enough to keep my hold. I recall as in a dream that the black chasm made itself wider, and I cried: "Jack, where art thou?"


Then the voice of Richeau came to my ears, and I heard them force the dog to my aid. It was after that a blank, till I awoke as one from the dead in the cabin ashore.

"Where is my Jack?" was first on my lips, as I looked around at the faces of sadness and saw no Jack there.

There was no one who spoke for a minute. I heard Mother Richeau in the corner sob with hysteric. And then Father Patrick of the little mission chapel on the shore knelt beside me.

"Calm thyself, my son," he said, "and listen to these words of our Blessed Lord, who once said: 'Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

And then I knew, and turned my face from the light. That is all. Receive my thanks, monsieur, for the patience of your listening. *Adieu.*



My... SURRENDER....

I.

I'VE scaled the steepest Alpine heights
That far toward heaven towered,
And from the days of schoolboy fights
Have ne'er been called a coward ;
I've shot the hippopotamus
Upon the tropic Niger,
And faced without the slightest fuss
A savage Hindoo tiger.



II.

I've boasted that I never pale,
And bragged of boldness Roman ;
I oft have said I would not quail
Whoe'er might be my foeman ;
But where is now my vaunted might ?
I feel as limp as vellum ;
Alas, I know not how to fight
In this *Amoris Bellum* !



III.

A "Petticoat" has done it all !
She routed me with glances ;
Who would not falter, fail and fall
When words are keen as lances ?
The fort—my heart—is captured quite,
I've proved a poor defender ;
I must run up a flag of white,
And cry, "complete surrender!"

EMMA EAMES.

By Owen Hackett.

THE function of subsidizing local opera, assumed by the paternal government of a minor German duchy, is performed in the great American metropolis by a few score millionaires, who, besides contributing their regular box subscriptions, as stockholders write their checks for the annual deficit with such unremitting regularity as to constitute, in the estimation of some music lovers, a sort of public philanthropy.

This unfortunate state of operatic finances has had the gratifying result of bringing to the Metropolitan Opera House for the current season, now almost ended, an opera company that includes some of the admittedly unequalled singers of the present day; and among others of wide fame, musical and patriotic Americans have been glad to welcome two talented compatriots in the persons of Miss Emma Eames and Miss Marie Van Zandt, both young yet both of established reputation in European capitals.

Miss Emma Eames (her maiden and professional name) is in private life the wife of Mr. Julian Story, who has won celebrity as a painter of portraits and historical subjects, a Paris and Berlin medallist, and the son of the famous American sculptor and *littérateur*, W. W. Story.

Though an American in fact, Miss Eames has a singularly cosmopolitan history. Her parents were natives of the State of Maine and residents of Boston, where her father was engaged in the practice of the law. It was during a subsequent residence in China that Miss Eames was born, and Shanghai, her birthplace, is the scene of occasional shadowy recollections of certain gorgeously bedecked monstrosities of the joss house, which

seem to have pleased rather than repelled her childish fancy. Be it noted, moreover, that her earliest musical reminiscence is the hearing of a Chinese opera.

When the family returned to Boston Miss Eames commenced her musical studies under the tuition of her mother, whose singing was often applauded in private circles. With the discovery of a voice of extraordinary quality, artistic desire and ambition also took form, and advanced instructors of vocal music and dramatic action were engaged.

Having adopted a serious and settled purpose to engage in a public career, Miss Eames followed of necessity in the footsteps of native talent and went to Europe, where she studied for two years under the eminent Mme. Marchesi, at Paris. Then began the inevitable career of difficulty and disappointment incident to the procuring of a first engagement. Discouragements succeeded each other in rapid succession; but when a manager's pen had finally seemed to spell success, her former trials were found to be only the beginning.

It was in 1888 that Miss Eames signed a first contract for one year with the Opéra Comique of Paris. Parts were assigned and studied, but months rolled by and a first representation was continually deferred. "Presently," was the only answer to her appeals for a *début*. Managerial favoritism was believed to be the reason for this Fabian policy. Be that as it may, to be thus held in check was excruciating to chafing ambition.

While, therefore, this contract was still in force, Miss Eames resolved to take matters into her own hands again. She finally had the triumph



MISS EMMA EAMES.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

of receiving the offer of a two years' engagement at the very goal of her ambition—the Grand Opéra. She hesitated not an instant—a stroke of the pen, and it was done.

She was now in danger of falling between two legal stools; her original contract had yet some months to run, and under either she might be called upon to appear at any moment, to be restrained by the other. With the new indenture in her possession, Miss Eames went directly to the Comique. She relates with much

spirit the details of that momentous interview, wherein she demanded that her contract be instantly canceled. It was only when she fell back on the peculiarly feminine art of obstinacy, and with her most dramatic force declared she would not leave the office until her demand was acceded to, that the administration gave in and canceled the contract.

The spirit exhibited throughout this experience is but one of many striking examples of Miss Eames's notable force of character, of which

another is furnished by the circumstances of her *début* at the Opéra.

"Romeo et Juliette," *maître* Gounod's latest work, was in active preparation at the Grand Opéra, and it was finally produced late in 1888, with Mme. Patti engaged to lend additional *éclat* to the production. It was understood that the Diva was to retire after twelve representations. Her part was therefore assigned to Miss Eames as her substitute; but when Patti had fulfilled her specified term, a hearing was first given to another *débutante*, who suddenly retired into the obscurity of failure

after two performances. On precisely the same plane of opportunity as was her successor, she had been totally eclipsed by the dazzling light of the most famous singer of the world, and it was in the shadow thus cast that Miss Eames was suddenly called upon to make her first entry on any stage. Moreover, as the latest of the *Juliettes* stood in the wings awaiting her cue on the fateful 13th of March, she could not but remember that behind her was an interval of four weeks since her one dress rehearsal had been held.

Even by those unfamiliar with the difficult score of this beautiful work of Gounod's, the exacting nature of the dramatic side of the opera can be readily conceived. Miss Eames relates that she entered and intoned her opening recitative entirely oblivious of her surroundings. Then, with the first pause, came the overwhelming consciousness that the solemn obscurity of the auditorium at rehearsal time had given way to the glare of a hundred lights, and the empty *loges* and the cloth draped stalls were now peopled with a thousand critical auditors intent with ear and eye on her every note and gesture. She gave a gasp, as much of surprise as of relief. "There! I've done it!" was her thought, and not until then did the crucial test begin. Her success was assured—for a novice it was complete.

Another instance of Miss Eames's successful temerity is furnished by her first appearance as *Marguerite*, with no full rehearsal, and but one imperfect orchestral rehearsal without either the *Faust* or the *Mephistophèle*. Still another, by her *début* in "Otello" at Covent Garden, London, in July, 1891. On that occasion Miss Eames mastered her part in two weeks; she had not even an orchestral rehearsal, and was guided solely by her ob-



EMMA EAMES AS JULIETTE.
From a photograph by Downey, London.



EMMA EAMES AS MARGUÉRITE.

From a photograph by Chalot, Paris.

servation of Mme. Albani's three performances of *Desdemona*, with which the production was initiated.

It was six days after this London triumph, on July 29th, that the cable dispatches described how the famous young soprano had proceeded quietly to the Registrar's office in London to be wedded to Mr. Story. Three days later the religious ceremony was performed by the successor of the ditty famed Vicar of Bray.

Miss Eames possesses a soprano voice of the widest range, great power and sterling timbre—qualities

which entitle her to the technical appellation of "dramatic soprano"; but her freshness of voice and manner, her beauty of face and figure, and a certain romance of personality enable her for the present to approach more closely to the ideals of "lyric" parts.

Her singing is invariably true. Her vocalization in stronger or more florid passages is certain and bold, while her beauty of phrasing and delicacy of treatment fulfill every desire. Her dramatic action is impressively strong—above all, sincere. In this, as in all things, Miss Eames

is to a marked degree an exponent of good taste. Only ripe experience is needed to supply that untrammelled breadth and spontaneity of action that distinguish the finished dramatic artist.

Miss Eames herself, with frank modesty, supplies by indirection as just a criticism of herself as it is possible to make :

"With time, my voice will become fuller, richer, more passionate, my action more dramatic. The true artist is never satisfied with himself. Even though the public may see no faults, he himself will always know

where he can improve and perfect. When I feel that I can do no better, when I am at the very apogee of my powers—I retire!" This is artistic conscience—the only true secret of success.

A different phase of this conscientiousness was displayed in an incident of the present season. Two days before the announcement of a particular representation a slight cold seized upon the singer. How easily a physician's certificate is procured the opera going public have reason to suspect, but Miss Eames, rather than disappoint the public and the management, duly presented herself at the opera house. Then only did she learn that the Messrs. de Reszke both had furnished documentary evidences of a similar ailment. The *prima donna* saved the bill, at the trying cost of singing to a tenor with whom she had never rehearsed.

The consideration for the rights and interests of others that was here exhibited sometimes obtrudes itself to the detriment of a very American characteristic—shrewd business talent. The same talent is in truth but a specific form of practical good sense, and of this there is abundant evidence in Miss Eames's composition. To a dauntless determination and courage she unites the valuable quality of caution, on the principle of the historic pioneer: "First I must convince myself that I can master a role—then *nothing* can keep me from singing it!" To exemplify this statement and at the same time to illustrate her versatility, it is only necessary to enumerate some of her leading parts. These are the *Juliette* and the *Marguerite* of the venerable Gounod; *Desdemona*, in the "Otello" of the melodious Verdi; *Colombe*, in the "Ascanio" of that most brilliant of latter day composers, Saint-Saens; the *Zaire* of Veronge de la Nux; *Elsa*, in the early "Lohengrin" of the supreme Wagner, and *Santuzza* in the "Cavalleria Rusticana" of that rising youthful star, Mascagni.

In person Miss Eames is tall of stature, symmetrical of outline, grace-



MISS EMMA EAMES AS SANTUZZA.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.



MISS EMMA EAMES AS ELSA.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

ful and elegant of movement. Her dark hair harmonizes well with brown; her eyes, large and kindling, are of a decided blue, and her complexion is so freshly colored by exuberant health as to court the light of day. Regular features, a mobile countenance, and speaking eyes are all animated with a sparkling vivacity in conversation, which emphasizes the beauty that is so apparent across the footlights.

A significant and altogether perfect picture of Miss Eames is photo-

graphed in memory. It was in her husband's studio, picturesque in itself, with the wife seated before a great pier glass and framed by its gilded molding. As she talked in her own brilliant manner, impetuosity and overmastering spirit were constantly destroying the pose she was endeavoring to keep, while her husband busily blocked out in sepia the foundation of his wife's portrait.

In their little home in the American quarter of Paris there are dogs and birds and various other pets for

master and mistress, and before it there is a garden full of roses. "And if," says Miss Eames, "I stumble over a difficulty, I have only to run to Gounod and say, '*Cher maître*, I am in trouble,' and I have an hour—two, three, if I wish."

It is the picture of this *cher maître* that Miss Eames carries with her everywhere and displays most conspicuously, and upon it is inscribed over the autograph of the great master's name, "*A ma petite charmante Juliette.*"



A RAILROAD INCIDENT

SHE sat beside me on the train ;
Her eyes were shut, her face was fair,
Her lips were red as cherries ripe,
Of soft brown color was her hair.

Her face a look of sadness wore ;
I spied a tear upon her cheek.
Alas ! I too was sad at heart,
And so at last resolved to speak.

"Fair maid," I said, "I, like to thee,
Am suffering from an aching heart ;
My sympathy I'd gladly give,
Then pray thy secret woes impart."

"I thank you kindly, sir," she said,
"I am enduring pain, 'tis true,
But 'tis no trouble with my heart—
It's only that my shoes are new!"

Douglas Hemingway.

TREASURE TROVE.

By William S. Lawrence.

"I DREAMED about that berried treasure agin las' night, Jack," said old skipper Maxwell, resting his oars a bit to draw his sleeve across his weather beaten face, which was moist with perspiration.

"Don't doubt it a bit, Uncle Sol," laughed Jack Belchers, who sat in the stern sheets of the Whitehall boat, sandpapering some mackerel jigs to a proper degree of brightness.

"Oh, you can laugh," responded the old fisherman locally known in Barmouth as Uncle Sol; "but there's more in dreams than folks thinks for, an' everybody in Barmouth knows that Cap'n Kidd hid mor'n one chist full of gold along on this here shore."

"I know some people *say* so," returned Jack, lightly, but Uncle Sol, unheeding the emphasized word, resumed his rowing and went on:

"If you 'n I, now, could only be lucky enough to find it, Jack, think of the good the money'd do us! I wouldn't hev to fish fer a livin', an' you could go ahead an' finish your schoolin' jest the same 's though Squire Belchers had left you his property, as folks always cal'lated he would do."

Jack's bright face clouded a little.

"I never shall understand why my adopted father did not make a will before he died," he responded; "never, for he spoke of doing so very freely the last time I was home on vacation."

"You don't s'pose, Jack," said skipper Maxwell, involuntarily lowering his voice, "that Squire Belchers might a' made one after all, and that air scaly brother of his—lawyer Belchers—got holt of it an' hid it away——"

"Nonsense," rather sharply interrupted Jack. "Lawyer Belchers is too shrewd to commit a crime that would send him to State's prison—no, that sort of thing is done in stories a great deal oftener than in real life."

"I'd believe anything that's bad of Thurston Belchers, or his boy either," the skipper returned persistently. "'Member how mad folks said he was," he continued, with a glance over his shoulder at a distant sail boat, "when the squire took you home after your pa and ma was lost to sea, and made no bones of tellin' here in Barmouth how he cal'lated to adopt you, which he finally did?"

"Yes, I remember hearing something about it," was the careless reply.

The boat having reached its destination just outside the harbor mouth, skipper Maxwell drew in his oars and dropped the killock. A bucketful of chopped clams was used as bait, and very soon they were fingering a line in either hand, one at the bow and the other in the stern, awaiting a bite.

"There they be," muttered Uncle Sol, dropping one line and pulling the other with the swift hand over hand motion peculiar to the mackerel catcher.

"Me too," exclaimed Jack, and for a few moments the fishermen were busy enough pulling in mackerel as fast as their hands could fly.

"Struck off agin," observed skipper Maxwell, as once more the lines trended downward through the intense greenish black water. "There's the Spray bearin' down to us," he added, and Jack involuntarily frowned.

The Spray was the stanchest and

handsomest boat in Barmouth harbor. Squire Belchers had her built for his adopted son only the year before. But after his death no will was found; so his brother Thurston, as next of kin, took out letters of administration, and coolly hinted to Jack that his room in the great old fashioned house, so long his home, was better than his company.

Jack had spoken his mind very freely both to Mr. Belchers and Bradford his son—a young fellow of Jack's age. Then, gathering up his clothing, books, and personal items, Jack shook the dust off his feet, left the old house and took refuge for a few days with Uncle Sol Maxwell, who lived alone in a small one story house on the very edge of the shore.

Rather than be idle while he was laying plans for his future actions, Jack, dressed according to his work, accompanied Uncle Sol down the harbor in his trips for the fresh fish with which the latter supplied the two summer hotels, which were just then full of visitors.

Bradford, or Brad Belchers had at once taken possession of the *Spray*, and it was the sight of the young man in a flannel boating suit steering the swiftly approaching boat, in which was a gay party, that called the frown to Jack's face.

"He's tryin' to show off his boat sailin'," said the skipper contemptuously, as, at the sight of the small boat, Brad hauled his wind and headed directly for them.

"Say, you two fellows, got any fish to sell?" shouted Brad in his most patronizing tone and manner as soon as the *Spray* came within hail.

Jack bit his lip without replying. Suddenly skipper Maxwell sprang to his feet.

"Luff—luff, you thundering fool—do you want to run us down?" he roared.

But the warning came too late. The catboat's sharp stem crashed through the side of the smaller skiff, whose occupants managed to scramble aboard the *Spray*, amid a chorus

of screams from the young ladies of the party.

"I'll be even with you yet fer sinkin' my boat, young feller," wrathfully exclaimed Uncle Sol, turning to Brad, who looked rather ashamed for the moment.

"Why didn't you keep your old boat out of the way?" growled Brad.

Jack's eyes flashed with indignation, but nothing more was said or done till the *Spray* arrived at the wharf.

The loss of his boat was a serious matter for Uncle Sol. And it was in vain that he applied to Brad's father for redress. Mr. Belchers would not even listen to him.

"Now's the time some o' Cap'n Kidd's buried gold would come in handy, eh, Jack?" remarked the old man ruefully, on the following evening, as the two sat on the little porch in front of the house, looking out over the harbor and the sea, which were bathed in the wonderful sheen of moonlight.

"Some of the old Squire's would, too," returned Jack, who was feeling very heavy hearted. It was not alone at the loss of the fortune which should have been his. He had had a deep affection for eccentric Squire Belchers, and it hurt Jack more than he cared to own that his adopted father had left no word or message even to show that he returned his regard.

Uncle Sol made no answer. Like many of his kind he was inclined to superstition. It was the full of the moon, and according to an old legend it was at such a time that the marks on Kidd's Ledge locating the burying place of a pot of gold were visible.

The skipper was thinking of this, as, making some careless excuse, he rose, and strolling down to the shore took his way along the shadows of the beetling ledges, leaving Jack plunged in rather gloomy meditations.

Just before reaching Kidd's Ledge, which was said to be marked by three crosses cut in the stone, a murmur of voices reached his ear. Stopping and crouching low in the

shadow of a great boulder, Uncle Sol peered cautiously out. Two persons, whose backs were toward him, were bending over the sand at the foot of Kidd's Ledge—apparently digging with all their might at the base of the rock.

"By the big horn spoon!" muttered the old skipper excitedly—"somebody's found the place where the treasure's berried and is a diggin' for it!"

The evening was calm and still, with only the gentle swash of the sea waves on the beach to break the silence. Hesitating a moment, Uncle Sol stole along to the further side of Kidd's Ledge, and softly climbed upward till he reached the top. Then worming himself along to the edge, he peeped over.

"What possessed you to run such a tremendous risk, Bradford?" were the first intelligible words that reached the skipper's ear.

"No great risk about it," coolly returned the other. "No one knew that Uncle Josh had made a will, and as I happened to find it in the tin trunk with some other papers, I slipped it away and buried it here."

"Why here?" asked Mr. Belchers, who did not seem so much shocked as might have been expected.

"I knew the house would be ransacked, and I didn't want to carry it home," was the surly reply.

The skipper, who had listened with an amazement too deep for words, felt his heart almost stop beating as the whole truth of the matter flashed across his mind.

Dragging himself still further forward, Uncle Sol craned his neck until he could see what was going on below. Brad had disinterred a small square trunk of japanned tin, which stood open on the sand. His father had taken out one of the papers, and lighting a match was reading the heading.

"Last will and testament of Joshua Belchers, Esquire," he read aloud. "Hum, well, I hardly know what to do about this."

It occurred to Uncle Sol that an honest man would know without

studying such a question for a moment.

"Burn it, of course," tersely responded Brad.

"If I did," said his father, solemnly, "it would only be to—er—save you from the consequences of what you have done."

"Gammon," sneered Brad. "You know you're as anxious to hold on to the property as I am—burn it, I say!"

Mr. Belchers pretended to hesitate. Then, drawing another match from his pocket, he struck it on the rocks, as the two stood close together. Uncle Sol opened his mouth to yell, when suddenly he overbalanced himself, and down he went, the yell escaping as he pitched forward. Rolling down the steep and slippery ledge, he struck heavily on Mr. Belchers's head and Brad's shoulders, throwing them both to the sand.

Neither of them stopped there. Two more frightened individuals never scrambled from a recumbent posture and took to their heels without so much as casting a glance behind.

"Ye couldn't see 'em fer the sand they kicked up behind 'em," chucklingly observed Uncle Sol, as ten minutes later he displayed to Jack's astonished eyes the tin trunk containing the missing will, and told his story with great gusto.

It is almost needless to say that the recovered will was entirely in Jack's favor. Everything was left to him without reservation, lawyer Titcomb being appointed a trustee to hold the property till Jack came of age.

"I knowed I'd git even with them two critters, only I didn't think it would be so soon," said Uncle Sol; "an' now, Jack, don't lose a minute, but hurry up to lawyer Titcomb's and enter a complaint agin' 'em for larcenizin' a man's will with intent to defraud, or whatever you call it."

"What for?" tranquilly interrupted Jack.

"So's to hev 'em both put 'n State's pris'n, of course," returned Uncle Sol with a bewildered stare.

master and mistress, and before it there is a garden full of roses. "And if," says Miss Eames, "I stumble over a difficulty, I have only to run to Gounod and say, '*Cher maître*, I am in trouble,' and I have an hour—two, three, if I wish."

It is the picture of this *cher maître* that Miss Eames carries with her everywhere and displays most conspicuously, and upon it is inscribed over the autograph of the great master's name, "*A ma petite charmante Juliette.*"



A RAILROAD INCIDENT

SHE sat beside me on the train ;
Her eyes were shut, her face was fair,
Her lips were red as cherries ripe,
Of soft brown color was her hair.

Her face a look of sadness wore ;
I spied a tear upon her cheek.
Alas ! I too was sad at heart,
And so at last resolved to speak.

"Fair maid," I said, "I, like to thee,
Am suffering from an aching heart ;
My sympathy I'd gladly give,
Then pray thy secret woes impart."

"I thank you kindly, sir," she said,
"I am enduring pain, 'tis true,
But 'tis no trouble with my heart—
It's only that my shoes are new!"

Douglas Hemingway.

TREASURE TROVE.

By William S. Lawrence.

"I DREAMED about that berried treasure agin las' night, Jack," said old skipper Maxwell, resting his oars a bit to draw his sleeve across his weather beaten face, which was moist with perspiration.

"Don't doubt it a bit, Uncle Sol," laughed Jack Belchers, who sat in the stern sheets of the Whitehall boat, sandpapering some mackerel jigs to a proper degree of brightness.

"Oh, you can laugh," responded the old fisherman locally known in Barmouth as Uncle Sol; "but there's more in dreams than folks thinks for, an' everybody in Barmouth knows that Cap'n Kidd hid mor'n one chist full of gold along on this here shore."

"I know some people *say* so," returned Jack, lightly, but Uncle Sol, unheeding the emphasized word, resumed his rowing and went on:

"If you 'n I, now, could only be lucky enough to find it, Jack, think of the good the money'd do us! I wouldn't hev to fish fer a livin', an' you could go ahead an' finish your schoolin' jest the same 's though Squire Belchers had left you his property, as folks always cal'lated he would do."

Jack's bright face clouded a little.

"I never shall understand why my adopted father did not make a will before he died," he responded; "never, for he spoke of doing so very freely the last time I was home on vacation."

"You don't s'pose, Jack," said skipper Maxwell, involuntarily lowering his voice, "that Squire Belchers might a' made one after all, and that air scaly brother of his—lawyer Belchers—got holt of it an' hid it away——"

"Nonsense," rather sharply interrupted Jack. "Lawyer Belchers is too shrewd to commit a crime that would send him to State's prison—no, that sort of thing is done in stories a great deal oftener than in real life."

"I'd believe anything that's bad of Thurston Belchers, or his boy either," the skipper returned persistently. "'Member how mad folks said he was," he continued, with a glance over his shoulder at a distant sail boat, "when the squire took you home after your pa and ma was lost to sea, and made no bones of tellin' here in Barmouth how he cal'lated to adopt you, which he finally did?"

"Yes, I remember hearing something about it," was the careless reply.

The boat having reached its destination just outside the harbor mouth, skipper Maxwell drew in his oars and dropped the killock. A bucketful of chopped clams was used as bait, and very soon they were fingering a line in either hand, one at the bow and the other in the stern, awaiting a bite.

"There they be," muttered Uncle Sol, dropping one line and pulling the other with the swift hand over hand motion peculiar to the mackerel catcher.

"Me too," exclaimed Jack, and for a few moments the fishermen were busy enough pulling in mackerel as fast as their hands could fly.

"Struck off agin," observed skipper Maxwell, as once more the lines trended downward through the intense greenish-black water. "There's the Spray bearin' down to us," he added, and Jack involuntarily frowned.

The Spray was the stanchest and

handsomest boat in Barmouth harbor. Squire Belchers had her built for his adopted son only the year before. But after his death no will was found; so his brother Thurston, as next of kin, took out letters of administration, and coolly hinted to Jack that his room in the great old fashioned house, so long his home, was better than his company.

Jack had spoken his mind very freely both to Mr. Belchers and Bradford his son—a young fellow of Jack's age. Then, gathering up his clothing, books, and personal items, Jack shook the dust off his feet, left the old house and took refuge for a few days with Uncle Sol Maxwell, who lived alone in a small one story house on the very edge of the shore.

Rather than be idle while he was laying plans for his future actions, Jack, dressed according to his work, accompanied Uncle Sol down the harbor in his trips for the fresh fish with which the latter supplied the two summer hotels, which were just then full of visitors.

Bradford, or Brad Belchers had at once taken possession of the *Spray*, and it was the sight of the young man in a flannel boating suit steering the swiftly approaching boat, in which was a gay party, that called the frown to Jack's face.

"He's tryin' to show off his boat sailin'," said the skipper contemptuously, as, at the sight of the small boat, Brad hauled his wind and headed directly for them.

"Say, you two fellows, got any fish to sell?" shouted Brad in his most patronizing tone and manner as soon as the *Spray* came within hail.

Jack bit his lip without replying. Suddenly skipper Maxwell sprang to his feet.

"Luff—luff, you thundering fool—do you want to run us down?" he roared.

But the warning came too late. The catboat's sharp stem crashed through the side of the smaller skiff, whose occupants managed to scramble aboard the *Spray*, amid a chorus

of screams from the young ladies of the party.

"I'll be even with you yet fer sinkin' my boat, young feller," wrathfully exclaimed Uncle Sol, turning to Brad, who looked rather ashamed for the moment.

"Why didn't you keep your old boat out of the way?" growled Brad.

Jack's eyes flashed with indignation, but nothing more was said or done till the *Spray* arrived at the wharf.

The loss of his boat was a serious matter for Uncle Sol. And it was in vain that he applied to Brad's father for redress. Mr. Belchers would not even listen to him.

"Now's the time some o' Cap'n Kidd's buried gold would come in handy, eh, Jack?" remarked the old man ruefully, on the following evening, as the two sat on the little porch in front of the house, looking out over the harbor and the sea, which were bathed in the wonderful sheen of moonlight.

"Some of the old Squire's would, too," returned Jack, who was feeling very heavy hearted. It was not alone at the loss of the fortune which should have been his. He had had a deep affection for eccentric Squire Belchers, and it hurt Jack more than he cared to own that his adopted father had left no word or message even to show that he returned his regard.

Uncle Sol made no answer. Like many of his kind he was inclined to superstition. It was the full of the moon, and according to an old legend it was at such a time that the marks on Kidd's Ledge locating the burying place of a pot of gold were visible.

The skipper was thinking of this, as, making some careless excuse, he rose, and strolling down to the shore took his way along the shadows of the beetling ledges, leaving Jack plunged in rather gloomy meditations.

Just before reaching Kidd's Ledge, which was said to be marked by three crosses cut in the stone, a murmur of voices reached his ear. Stopping and crouching low in the

shadow of a great boulder, Uncle Sol peered cautiously out. Two persons, whose backs were toward him, were bending over the sand at the foot of Kidd's Ledge—apparently digging with all their might at the base of the rock.

"By the big horn spoon!" muttered the old skipper excitedly—"somebody's found the place where the treasure's berried and is a diggin' for it!"

The evening was calm and still, with only the gentle swash of the sea waves on the beach to break the silence. Hesitating a moment, Uncle Sol stole along to the further side of Kidd's Ledge, and softly climbed upward till he reached the top. Then worming himself along to the edge, he peeped over.

"What possessed you to run such a tremendous risk, Bradford?" were the first intelligible words that reached the skipper's ear.

"No great risk about it," coolly returned the other. "No one knew that Uncle Josh had made a will, and as I happened to find it in the tin trunk with some other papers, I slipped it away and buried it here."

"Why here?" asked Mr. Belchers, who did not seem so much shocked as might have been expected.

"I knew the house would be ransacked, and I didn't want to carry it home," was the surly reply.

The skipper, who had listened with an amazement too deep for words, felt his heart almost stop beating as the whole truth of the matter flashed across his mind.

Dragging himself still further forward, Uncle Sol craned his neck until he could see what was going on below. Brad had disinterred a small square trunk of japanned tin, which stood open on the sand. His father had taken out one of the papers, and lighting a match was reading the heading.

"Last will and testament of Joshua Belchers, Esquire," he read aloud. "Hum, well, I hardly know what to do about this."

It occurred to Uncle Sol that an honest man would know without

studying such a question for a moment.

"Burn it, of course," tersely responded Brad.

"If I did," said his father, solemnly, "it would only be to—er—save you from the consequences of what you have done."

"Gammon," sneered Brad. "You know you're as anxious to hold on to the property as I am—burn it, I say!"

Mr. Belchers pretended to hesitate. Then, drawing another match from his pocket, he struck it on the rocks, as the two stood close together. Uncle Sol opened his mouth to yell, when suddenly he overbalanced himself, and down he went, the yell escaping as he pitched forward. Rolling down the steep and slippery ledge, he struck heavily on Mr. Belchers's head and Brad's shoulders, throwing them both to the sand.

Neither of them stopped there. Two more frightened individuals never scrambled from a recumbent posture and took to their heels without so much as casting a glance behind.

"Ye couldn't see 'em fer the sand they kicked up behind 'em," chucklingly observed Uncle Sol, as ten minutes later he displayed to Jack's astonished eyes the tin trunk containing the missing will, and told his story with great gusto.

It is almost needless to say that the recovered will was entirely in Jack's favor. Everything was left to him without reservation, lawyer Titcomb being appointed a trustee to hold the property till Jack came of age.

"I knowed I'd git even with them two critters, only I didn't think it would be so soon," said Uncle Sol; "an' now, Jack, don't lose a minute, but hurry up to lawyer Titcomb's and enter a complaint agin' 'em for larcenizin' a man's will with intent to defraud, or whatever you call it."

"What for?" tranquilly interrupted Jack.

"So's to hev 'em both put 'n State's pris'n, of course," returned Uncle Sol with a bewildered stare.

"I'll think about it, Uncle Sol," said Jack, quietly. And then, taking the tin trunk, he made his way up town. But instead of stopping at lawyer Titcomb's he kept on till he reached the old homestead where Mr. Belchers and Bradford had taken up their abode.

The lawyer and his son, having recovered from their fright, were about to return to the shore, when Jack appeared. At the sight of the trunk the two grew pale as ashes.

"I will trouble you both to leave my premises," coolly observed Jack. "I happen to have here the will which you, Brad, stole and hid away, and you, Mr. Belchers," turning to the lawyer, "intended to burn."

What could be said to such an accusation? Mr. Belchers stammered something about a mistake, and hurriedly departed.

"I suppose now you've got the

whip hand you'll pay us off in—our own coin," doggedly remarked Brad, who had lingered behind.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

"Why—shove us into State's prison."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," firmly returned Jack, "though you both richly deserve it. No one but Uncle Sol Maxwell and I know what you have done, and I don't intend any one shall."

"You'd orter had your revenge agin' 'em, Jack," grumbled Uncle Sol, who no longer goes fishing for a living. "You orter, for a fac'—it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

"I know *one* that don't," answered Jack.

"What one's that?"

"The golden rule," said Jack, quietly; "for 'whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them.'"

AT LENTENTIDE.

At Lententide my lady Sue
In robes of gloomy, somber hue,
With shyly sacramental air,
Bends low her head in silent prayer
In yonder cushioned, high backed pew.

Soft eyes reveal their tender blue
Bathed in sweet penitential dew,
Where wily Cupid hath his lair
At Lententide.

In vain I seek a glance or two;
She reads the solemn psalter through,
The Litany chants soft with care,
And as she nestles lower there
My worldly heart kneels with her too
At Lententide.

Jean La Rue Burnett.



“IF.”

I.

If trouble were a feather
 A breath might blow away,
 And only sunny weather
 Came to us, day by day,
 We'd laugh away the wrinkles
 That tell of life's decay,
 If trouble were a feather
 A breath might blow away.

II.

If only kindly sinners
 Could rule this world's affairs,
 We'd sit at better dinners
 And spend less time at prayers;
 And at life's sparkling banquet
 We'd drown corroding cares
 If only kindly sinners
 Could rule this world's affairs.

III.

If maids would set the fashion
 Never to answer “nay,”
 When love, the tender passion,
 Spoke in its pleading way;
 Then thro' life's leafy by ways
 In lovers' mood we'd stray,
 If maids would set the fashion
 Never to answer “nay.”

IV.

If fame were worth the striving
 And all were in the race,
 And each of us were driving
 A horse well backed for place;
 Then round life's race course speeding
 We'd set the devil's pace,
 If fame were worth the striving,
 And all were in the race.

James King Duffy.



THE CHINESE QUARTER OF NEW YORK.

By Warren Taylor.

THE New Yorker who by chance or choice passed through the lower end of Mott Street on the 29th of last January probably emerged from that thoroughfare with a strengthened conviction of the gulf that is fixed between the civilization of the Flowery Kingdom and ours. The metropolis has not, like San Francisco, a Chinese quarter that is a veritable oriental town thrust into the crowded midst of an American city; but the little region just east of the Five Points is the headquarters of a pig tailed population that numbers several thousands, and affords abundant opportunities for the study of Celestial peculiarities. These peculiarities are brought into especial prominence when upon some day of festival Mott Street puts on its best silken gar-

ments and prepares to receive a throng of almond eyed visitors.

Why nineteen Chinamen out of twenty in the Eastern cities, if not ninety nine out of a hundred, should be engaged in one particular vocation, is a sociological problem difficult of solution. The washing of clothes is hardly the work that would be selected *a priori* as the Celestial's most congenial labor, or as that in which he would suffer least from Caucasian prejudices. Mere chance, perhaps, led the pioneer immigrants to take it up and establish a precedent for subsequent arrivals, who flocked into a field where they saw their fellow countrymen successfully established. However this may be, Chinese laundries have flourished and multiplied until there are now six or seven hundred of them in New York, and several hundred more in the adjacent cities and villages. From all these establishments, scattered from the Oranges on the west to the suburbs of Brooklyn on the east, the Celestials look to Mott Street as the focus of social intercourse, of commerce, and of religion, as well as of their favorite peccadilloes of opium smoking and gambling. They may, as is commonly supposed to be the case, work day and night throughout the week, but on Sunday they don spotless raiment and congregate at their chosen rendezvous, attracted, it is to be feared, rather by the fan tan tables than by the shrines of the joss houses.

But Mott Street's ordinary Sunday afternoon dress parade is far outshone by the celebration of the great holiday of the Chinese New Year. The Celestial calendar is as utterly different from that of western nations



A MARKETING EXPEDITION.



THE MASONIC LODGE, NO. 4 MOTT STREET.

as are almost all other products of the Flowery Kingdom. Its months are lunar months of twenty eight days apiece, and its years are of varying length, beginning somewhere in our January or February. With the beginning of each Emperor's reign, a new chronological era is initiated. As the present head of the Pekin dynasty ascended the throne in 1873, the current year, which began on the 29th of January, is reckoned as the twentieth, although just forty two centuries and a half have passed since the beginning of Chinese history under Yao, the imperial sage.

Travelers in China say that indifference to religious matters is a prominent trait of the great mass of the people. It is natural that the same characteristic should be noticeable among the Mott Street colonists. Like the emigrants of other nations, they are drawn mainly from the lower classes of their country, and their Buddhistic faith, which is at best of a degenerate and pagan

order, is hardly likely to be strengthened by long absence from the temples of their fathers. The Chinese population of New York can hardly be called devout. There are but two religious establishments in Mott Street—the old joss house on the top floor of No. 16 and its new rival, opened a little more than a year ago, at No. 4, and known as the Chinese Masonic Lodge. Their shrines are seldom or never besieged by throngs of worshipers, nor are they jealously guarded from the intrusion of unbelieving Caucasians. On the contrary, their sole occupants are usually two or three priests, corpulent and indolent, whose chief purpose in life appears to be the extraction of twenty five cent pieces from the pockets of inquisitive visitors in exchange for small packages of "joss sticks" or pastilles, sold elsewhere for about one fifth of the price.

The one religious principle that is universally strong among the dwellers of the Flowery Kingdom—



A STREET GROUP IN CHINATOWN.

their reverent care for the graves of their ancestors—seems to have at least partially lost its force on this side of the world. The most unkempt corner in Evergreens Cemetery is the space known as Celestial Hill, and set apart for the burial of Chinamen, permanent or temporary—for many of their dead are disinterred and sent back to rest finally in their native soil.

Ceremonies of worship form little part of a Chinese holiday. The new year is indeed ushered in with volleys of firecrackers, intended to frighten away such evil spirits as have not been driven out of the neighborhood by the oft passing elevated trains of Chatham Square; but after this function, dictated by superstition rather than piety, this chief of Celestial festivals takes on a strictly secular character. The celebrants devote their energies to "making happy" after a manner that bears a very faint resemblance to an American holiday. Naturally temperate in the consumption of all intoxicants save opium, they replace the copious libations with which the Caucasian of corresponding social standing

is wont to greet a new year, with occasional sips from wicker covered bottles of sam shu—a spirit distilled from rice. Visiting, once a feature of the day among New Yorkers, is also a Chinese custom. At such a house as that of the Chinese consul—which is not in Mott Street, but in West Ninth, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues—there is deposited a prodigious pile of visiting cards—not the insignificant slips of white pasteboard that we are accustomed to leave on our friends, but goodly sheets of pink paper, eight inches to a foot in length and half as much in width, and bearing the owner's name in hieroglyphics of his own designing.

Every one knows the Chinaman's ordinary garb. His unwillingness to discard his black blouse, quaint footwear, and carefully braided cue has been regarded by some of his critics as chief of the barriers that stand between him and western civilization. The converse of this theory might perhaps be upheld. Herr Teufelsdröckh, in his lucubrations on the philosophy of clothes, might perhaps maintain that the Celestial's loose garments are at least as comfortable to comfort, common sense, and the requirements of the climate as are the tight fitting suit, the rigid collar and the illogical headgear of our own fashions. Such speculations may, however, safely be left to Carlyle's imaginary professor.



IN A MOTT STREET RESTAURANT.



AT THE SHRINE OF JOSS.

Practically, the wearer of a cue can never be other, to the popular eye, than a "heathen."

The garments that come forth from his wardrobe on special occasions are still more diversified and striking. Silk is the favorite fabric for these holiday vestments; red, purple, and especially blue, are the predominating hues. His blouse may be scarcely distinguishable from that worn every day, but his trousers and his stockings are of gaudy silk—the former of extra amplitude, and tied in around the ankle. Mott Street at the New Year festival is bright with

colors that contrast markedly with the dingy surroundings of the narrow and dirty thoroughfare. Herein is exemplified another trait of Chinese character—its utter failure to appreciate the virtue of cleanliness, ranked by a Caucasian proverb as next to godliness. In China the poorest classes never change or cleanse a garment—they wear it as some of the Arabs of the Sahara wear their enveloping burnous, until it drops into decay. Such is hardly the case among our Celestial colonists, who do not suffer from the degrading poverty common in their native land.



A MOTT STREET HOUSE.

But their ideas on the subject are certainly peculiar. The uncleanness of their environment seems to give them no concern. They wear their gorgeous silks amid squalor as great as any in the slums of the metropolis. A similar lack of congruity is apparent in the decoration of their joss houses. Visit the old building at No. 16 Mott Street, to find this peculiarity strongly exemplified. Climb the rickety stairway, after noting the coating of red prayer papers plastered about the

entrance of the house. The lower stories are occupied by a restaurant of eminently unattractive appearance, within which may be seen a few stray Celestials, devouring bowls of boiled rice. Chinese etiquette does not forbid them to hold their bowls close to their lips, and shovel the contents into their mouths with a rapidity that bespeaks wonderful skill in the handling of their chopsticks. On the top floor is the temple of Joss, with its curious mixture of decorations. Beside Chinese banners and halberds that are really curious and interesting is a dirty and decrepit mirror of Bowery manufacture that would hardly be tolerated in a Cherry Street tenement. Close to a great shrine of gilded teak wood, whose quaint and elaborate carving would delight the heart of a collector of oriental bricabrac, stand two or three broken down kitchen chairs that were dear at seventy five cents when new. The shrine, it may be added in passing, cannot claim to be a Chinese antiquity. It was carved in Mott Street, and only a few years ago, by Jim Lee, who has since constructed another elaborate altar for the Masonic Lodge.

Mott Street has no architectural peculiarities, unless the term can be applied to the external decoration of some of its buildings with colored lanterns and strange signs. There are perhaps a dozen establishments that deal in Chinese merchandise, whose proprietors are in many cases wealthy and civilized members of the community. The passer by sees in their windows no display of shark fins, starfish, edible seaweed, and other oriental delicacies which they import from the Flowery Kingdom.



PADEREWSKI.

By Morris Bacheller.

DURING the past twenty years Northern Europe has deluged this financially fertile country with *virtuosi* of the piano, who, with the notable exceptions of Rubinstein, Von Bülow, d'Albert and Pachmann, have been the possessors of little more than respectable expertness, painted by fulsome advertising with all the varied colors of genius.

For this reason musical critics have learned to contemplate the advent of each newly discovered star with a certain reserve, flavored with the proverbial *granum salis*; and it was to such a welcome that the latest prodigy, Paderewski, was compelled to bow on the occasion of his first appearance in America, on November 17, 1891—a date that proved to be noteworthy in musical annals. In accordance with what his friends affirm to be his habit—or was it nervousness?—the performer began with an exhibition that little more than reached the high plane of execution that nowadays divides the remarkable from the ordinary; but at the end of the evening there was among the critics a unanimity of admiration that was truly extraordinary, and which subsequent observation has served only to increase.

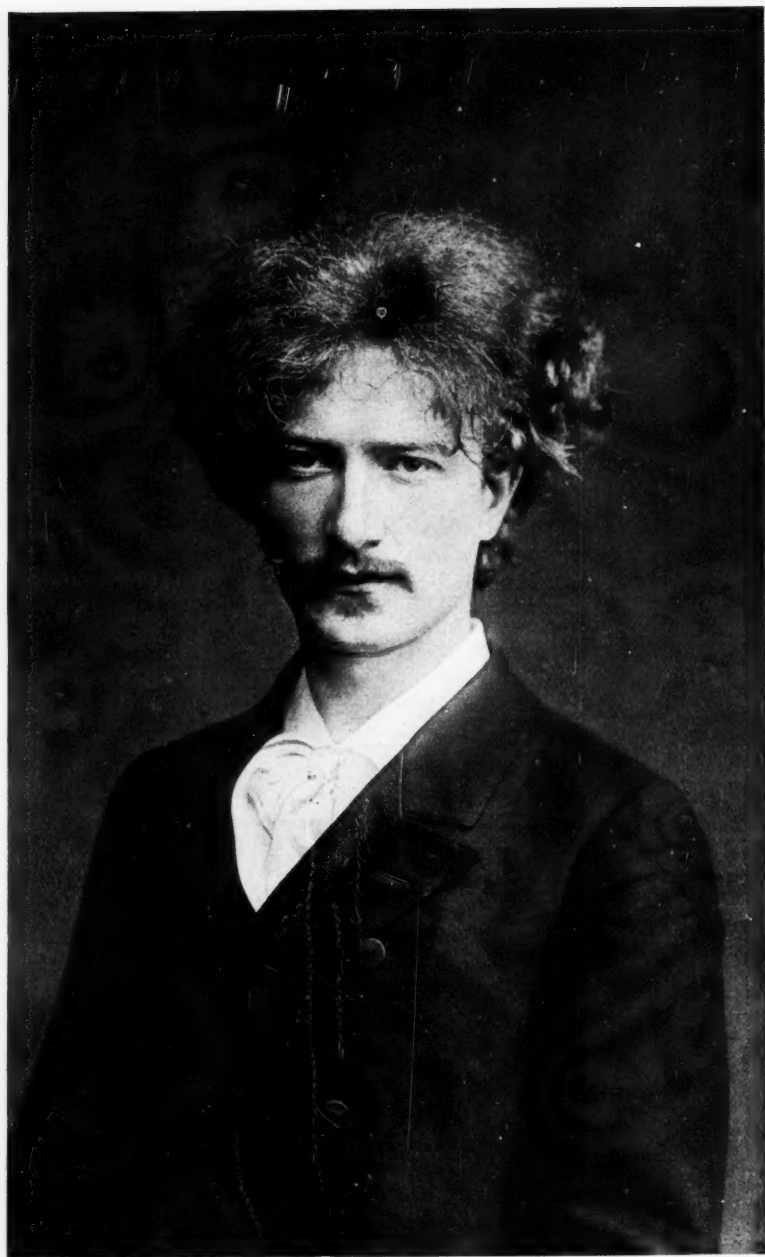
His moderate beginning supplemented a personal appearance as peculiar as unconvincing. He presented the figure of a young man of average height, slim, a trifle awkward, and with a colorless face that was made to appear very small by an amazing growth of light hair of a yellowish shading, which seemed as if under the repulsive influence of negative electricity. The almost weird effect of his *ensemble* was heightened by the wearing of a low, wide collar that added to the apparent

length of a swan-like neck. But later any external eccentricity found a ready pardon as the concomitant of true genius.

Ignace Jan Paderewski was born in Russian Poland on November 6, 1860. He began to play the piano at the age of three, and pursued his studies under various well known masters until, when about twelve years old, he launched upon his first concert tour, during which he played nothing but his own compositions. At eighteen he was a professor of music at the Warsaw Conservatory, where he found an opportunity to improve his general education, until then much neglected. In 1884, during a later professorship at the Conservatory of Music in Strasburg he resolved to adopt the career of a public performer, and accordingly gave up teaching to be further taught. Three years' training under the hand of the celebrated Leschetizky prepared him for his mature *début* at Vienna in 1887, which made him famous at one bound.

Technique is today a matter of course—the elementary test of all art. Yet even in this common accomplishment, Paderewski so far surpasses the generality of performers, and attains so closely to perfection, that the usual criticism of trivial defects must be replaced by the enumeration of his superior excellences.

Enormous, irresistible power—perfectly controlled, and daintiest, yet crystalline, delicacy—these are the extremes of his touch. Between these he is master of a tone that has been aptly described as golden, making a simple melody verily glow with a rich luminosity; or in some double note figure high in the upper



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

register, it brings to mind the silvery shimmer of water touched with moonlight. His force is simply overwhelming in, for instance, such furious work as double octave passages, in which tremendous wrist power divides admiration with absolute surety and correctness and an entire absence of brutality. The dazzling brilliancy of his finger work is baffling in the extreme—so marvelous, indeed, as to incite comparisons with the departed Liszt, the wonder of all time, and this without detriment to the living. The best side of this technical accomplishment—best because fine and delicate—is perhaps most conspicuously exemplified in his interpretation of Chopin. Here he easily equals, if not surpasses, that brilliant Chopinist, Pachmann, as a master of finesse not alone in technique, but also in the expression of sentiment.

And this leads to the higher, the artistic, aspect of the Pole's genius. His musical intelligence not only seizes with a comprehensive grasp on all the true meanings and shadings of the composer's thought, but it goes at times even beyond, to adorn the work with a more suggestive expressiveness or an added romance. Sometimes it will even transfigure a simple musical idea.

The true artist is apparent in his poetic feeling and imagination, which breathe with moving truth through the whole gamut of the emotions, from the tenderly sentimental to the heights of passionate fire and the depths of pathos and sorrow. All this is accomplished with a sweeping breadth of style, a perfect repose of manner, an ease and unerring accuracy of execution, without a trace of mannerism or striving for effect. No greater compliment could be paid him than was implied in the summary criticism of a connoisseur—that Paderewski was "an infallible Rubinstein."

His repose and absorption at the piano during long periods of time possess a pointed significance for those who are acquainted with his abnormal nervous development. The

typical feverish excitement of the artistic temperament is in Paderewski exaggerated to a degree truly terrible. One of its manifestations appears in the weird spectacle of a lone figure seated in a dark and empty building from midnight until morn, lost to the world, and living only in the wonderful music that springs from his flying fingers, to make the bare walls vibrate from cellar to roof. This is a frequent proceeding with Paderewski, when circumstances permit, and it is at such unseemly times that he obtains his six hours of daily practice, retiring at about eight in the morning to rise at pleasure in the afternoon.

The reason for this habit lies in the insomnia of which he is a tormented victim. Often during sleepless nights, when practicing is not permissible, he awakens his secretary to pass the night at the pool table—where he is an expert—or in any occupation that will furnish companionship and give relief to his palpitating nerves. His susceptibility is also the reason for the custom, invariably observed at his public recitals, of keeping all doors closed to entrance during the progress of a number. Seated upon the stage of a large hall, and amidst the sounds evoked from the instrument before him, he has said that every cautious opening of the door at the further end of the hall has caused a noise that seemed to pierce every portion of his frame.

One of the results of this unhealthy nervous state—perhaps one of its intensifying influences—is his passion for cigarettes. He is devoted to this habit with a constancy and a fury almost unprecedented; but he is very nice, withal, in his discrimination here, for he will smoke nothing but a special brand of Russian cigarettes, and a regular home exportation must needs be forwarded to follow his footsteps. His readiness to meet the advances that society showers upon him is also due to this vital need of stimulus and excitement. Contrary to the rule with excessively nervous persons,

this state does not manifest itself in a disagreeable manner. It seems to induce a certain virile magnetism, which unites with a perfect manner and an intellectual sparkle to render him a species of metaphysical curiosity.

The peculiar head of hair of which he is the fond possessor furnishes an objective illustration of his temperament. He has been known to say in all seriousness that he feels the life current passing through its disordered meshes; and this pseudo electrical influence, on the authority of countless anecdotes, would appear to communicate itself with an almost irresistible magnetic force to those who enjoy the peculiar privilege of meeting him. He seems thus to exert an extraordinary fascination over individuals—not alone kindred musical people—and especially over women. From his feminine admirers, indeed, he finds it at times impossible to escape. Nine tenths of the audience at an afternoon recital will invariably be of the fair sex. Hundreds of them will swarm around him when the performance is ended, each extending a photograph of himself and struggling for an autographic trophy. Anecdotes of Liszt are constantly paralleled in concert hall and drawing room, and there can be no doubt that the fascination this man exerts is far removed from that of the mere successful lion *per se*, but is the direct outcome of an undefined subtle force.

Slender and frail as he appears, he has other leonine characteristics apart from the bushy mane and his ceaseless unrest of spirit. In the twinkling of an eye he can become

inflamed with a furious rage that thrills his whole frame, so overpowering as to blind him for a time to all expediency and reason. The retransition is never far off; he cools quickly, submits readily to persuasive argument, and, be it noted, is prompt with the *amende*.

To revert, how significant, in view of all these fiery elements, are his perfect repose, patience, and concentration, as he continues by the hour to charm eloquent music from his instrument; and how remarkable the spectacle of a nature so wild and erratic submitting willingly to the years of iron discipline that have developed his manual skill to such an unsurpassed degree. The secret of the apparent paradox is no doubt that he finds in music the only adequate medium of artistic expression for an organization that is intensely imaginative and emotional.

Paderewski's musical genius does not stop with his powers over the hardest and most irresponsible of solo instruments. Besides some eighty vocal compositions in Polish, German and French, he has written many compositions for the piano-forte, marked in some instances by much loftiness of style, in many by musicianly originality. The list includes solos, orchestral suites, and piano and violin concertos.

Paderewski, the youthful prodigy, married at the age of nineteen, but is now a widower with a young son. He is a fluent master of five languages, and is said to possess so vast a memory as to remember without book a truly marvelous range of compositions.



THE MALONEY CONSERVATORY.

By Tudor Jenks.

CONSTANCE MALONEY was a pale, slender girl of some eighteen New York City summers. She was engaged in the æsthetic occupation of manufacturing "pants exclusively" for a New York firm well known in the synagogues of that city fenced about with spars. She did not live in one of the most exclusive quarters of the city, but her family were joint tenants with about a hundred others, and occupied a suite of two rooms in a desirable tenement house.

One memorable morning Constance found herself the happy possessor of ten cents over and above the most pressing demands upon her slender store of some three or four dollars a week, and with a hectic flush of determination sallied forth to a neighboring florist. Entering the shop she gazed shyly, but courageously, about, and seeing a thriving geranium bush in one corner, asked modestly:

"How much fer wan of thim?"

"Two nickels will fetch it," replied the urbane proprietor, tying a tired and almost stemless rose to a toothpick, and casting it into a pile marked "Long Stemmed Boston Roses."

"I'll take it along," replied Miss Maloney, laying a dime upon the counter.

As the proprietor made no objection, the geranium nodded its way along to the Maloney tenement, and, notwithstanding a few casual jeers on the part of some of the hard working loungers around the doorway, was soon proudly installed upon the window sill of Miss Maloney's apartment just above the front door.

So bravely did it flaunt its scarlet flowers that it was far from blushing unseen. Timothy Terrigan saw it

the very first day, and mentally constructed several stinging epigrams upon the "Maloney Conservatory." In fact Tim was only too glad of the chance. Thrice had the haughty Constance rejected his suit, and though not cast down by the spurning, Tim was only too glad to "git one on thim Maloneys." But no matter how keen his wit, nor how biting his sarcasm, Constance went her weary way with her delicate nostrils expanded, and her well poised head tossed high, never minding Timothy's jibes or flings. Cheated of his intellectual sport, Timothy plotted a dire revenge.

One day Constance was received at her door by a young German girl, whose agitation was very evident.

"Sure, what's the matter wid yer?" inquired Constance, more from curiosity than any foreboding of disaster.

"Dat Derrigan busted der geranium with ein brick!" was the brief but terrible message.

A brutal laugh from the dimly lighted doorway caused the iron to enter Miss Maloney's soul. It was the degraded Timothy gloating over the ruin he had wrought. Giving him one glance of Hibernian scorn, Constance ascended the creaking stairway, and ere long was bending over what remained of her loved flower—the one bit of brightness which had cheered her dull life.

It was only too evident that the brick had done its fell work. The Maloney Conservatory was a thing of the past. Yet Constance picked up the remnant of the flower pot and set it in its accustomed place upon the sill, while an unbidden tear sought in vain to lend some moisture to the stricken plant.

"Faith, why don't yez fire the thing into the street?" said the head of the family as he saw his daughter bending sadly and silently over her treasure.

"Not yet," said Constance, in a low voice, "I don't want to throw it out yet. Let me kape it here for a day or two; it'll not be a bother to yez."

"Kape it for ten days or ten dollars," said her unsympathetic father, "and nixt time ye have a nickel to spare, buy a cabbage wid it."

Miss Maloney made no reply to this unkind thrust.

Several days passed away, and several other days took it up; but still the plant remained on the window sill. Often during the long summer evenings Constance would steal to the window and lean gently out over her treasure.

The soul of Mr. Maloney was vexed at this weakness of his eldest born. No other of his daughters had given a thought to the loss of the trifle.

"Constance," said he, crossly, as the pale girl rose from her work for the third time that evening and stood leaning out of the window, "are ye niver goin' to chuck that thing into the street?"

"Father," began the girl, in an appealing voice—then suddenly her mood seemed to change. She raised the little flower pot in her hand, and holding it forth for a moment, suddenly let it go.

"There she goes, father!" said Miss Maloney.

At this moment a crash was heard in the court below, and something

which, some years ago, might have been called a dull thud, followed.

Constance said nothing more, but resumed her work. There was a glitter in her eye and her breast heaved gently, but she seemed herself again.

For several long minutes nothing was said. Suddenly there was heard the ringing of a bell, and the clatter of a cart. Excited voices came from below. Maloney went to the window.

"What's the racket?" he called.

"The ambulance," was the answer.

"And for what?" asked the Maloney.

"Tim Terrigan—he's laid out wid a knock on de head."

A terrible suspicion entered the ingenious mind of the Maloney.

He turned and met the eloquent eye of Constance. The telltale blush upon her cheek was sufficient answer to his unspoken inquiry.

"Come to me arms, me dear!" said Mr. Maloney tenderly. "Sure, I did ye wrong—I thought you'd gone soft!"

The girl burst into happy tears. Her heart was light again. The little flower had performed its mission.

* * * * *

Some weeks later comment was caused by the fact that the bride at the Maloney-Terrigan wedding carried a bouquet of geraniums, but few of the guests ever learned the tender symbolism of Timothy's first gift to his blushing bride.

Alderman and Mrs. Terrigan to this very day smile significantly whenever they see geraniums in bloom.

THE MAN, THE BOY.

GREAT scientists will trace a heaven's chart

Upon a board while factions are at war,

While future statesmen practice at their art

With marbles in the mud and knees a-scar.

Hinton Tyler.



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

A MORNING WITH THE POPE.

By W. H. W. Campbell.

EVERY day, at six o'clock in the morning, the chief *valet de chambre* enters the bedroom of Leo XIII to receive his orders. The walls of this rather narrow chamber are hung with yellow stuffs, and the room is divided into two by a portière concealed by which is a bed draped with white and a prayer chair. While the Pope is dressing, the altar in the private chapel of the apartment is put in order. Then, with only the assistance of his personal attendant, he says the mass.

Occasionally the Pope leaves his

private chapel for the oratory which opens upon the hall of the guards. This is a modest little chapel, simple and contemplative. Over the altar is an admirable Nativity, painted by Romanelli, which is lighted up by six massive candles. A select few of the faithful, members of the Roman aristocracy, or strangers of distinction, are permitted to attend this service. It is very brief, a mere half hour in duration; no discourse, no presentations; but it affords almost the only opportunity of approaching the Pope closely. Hence the privil-



THE VATICAN.

edge of attendance at the chapel is highly prized.

In repeating the mass the Pope pronounces the sacred words very distinctly, but with occasional accentuations that betray fatigue in his respiration. He ascends and descends the altar steps with difficulty, sustained by two acolytes, but as the service

reaches its solemn climax the celebrant straightens up, his eyes gleam, and his features become animated. His faith seems to lift him up.

Except at this private mass, it is almost impossible to approach the Pope, for he does not grant audiences except for some precise object; something of immediate utility;

not to those who demand information, or are prompted merely by curiosity or devotion. It is part of the function of the Master of the Chamber to keep pilgrims aloof, and to parry indiscreet demands. When visitors come with too high recommendations to be rebuffed, they are invited to be present at the private mass, but further than that nothing is promised. Time is needed, a great deal of time; for the day's procedure depends greatly upon the "disposition"—it is not etiquette to mention "health"—of the Holy Father. Sometimes, indeed, on a prescribed day, the pilgrims arrive at a very early hour only to find a cardinal delegated to say mass in the oratory. Then all that remains for the unlucky pilgrims is to kiss the *fauldistorio*, a sort of prayer chair used by the cardinals who assist at the private mass.



THE VATICAN—THE SCALA REGIA, BUILT BY POPE PAUL III.



THE VATICAN—GALLERY OF STATUES.

Immediately after the mass said by himself, which is followed by a charity mass recited by a chaplain, the Pope takes his first repast. This consists of bread and coffee with milk. While breakfasting, he reads the journals, opens urgent dispatches, and receives his private secretaries. The meal concluded, he goes to work at once.

His method of work when an encyclical or an important diplomatic paper is to be prepared shows most careful reflection and attention. After having read what of greatest weight has been written on the subject to be treated, he begins by scratching brief notes upon large sheets of official paper—very condensed, for he writes with difficulty and is compelled to make use of a little apparatus to sustain his hand. These notes serve as the outline sketch, jotted down phrase by phrase, idea by idea, on the carefully numbered pages. These are locked up in a drawer, the key of which is

never trusted out of his hands. This is true also of the keys of his private apartments, and is a matter of precaution against the curiosity and the greed of indiscreet valets. Under Pius IX there was a scandalous traffic in this sort of memorabilia.

When the Pope judges the time ripe for the completion of his document, he summons one of his secretaries in whom he has special confidence, such as Monsignor Angeli, who bears the title of "secret chaplain," or Monsignor della Volpinè, who is the official secretary of Latin letters. To him is dictated the prepared outline.

It is the duty of the secretary, in this first Italian version, simply to smoothe out the phrases while preserving the chosen expressions of his master. Subsequently there is a fresh revision by the Pope, a new overhauling by the secretary, and so on *ad infinitum*, till the document is satisfactorily decked out in its Italian garb. Then the work is be-



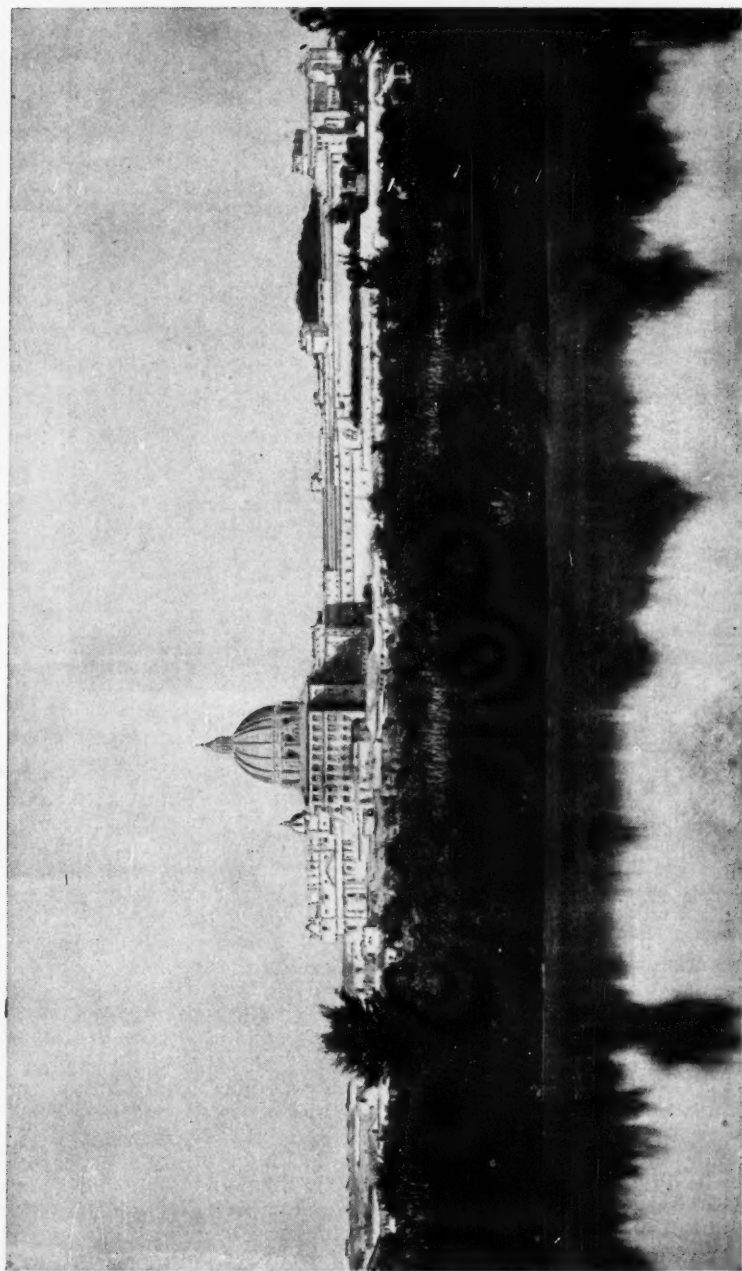
THE VATICAN—CHIARAMONTI MUSEUM.

gun over again in Latin. It is not merely a translation, for Leo XIII prides himself on his ability to write pure Latin. Not only are the ideas to be preserved in the new version, but infinite patience is bestowed upon the turn of the phrases, that the result may be, if not Ciceronian, at least classic Latin worthy of a learned scholar. When this is gone over and over to the complete satisfaction of His Holiness, it is locked up in his private drawer, there to attend in eternal patience the possibility of its being wanted.

All this literary labor is carried on in the library, a vast hall of which half is concealed by a great portière. On every side are shelves of books and superb pictures. Behind the curtain is a perpetual chorus of canary birds. Pope Leo loves these little creatures, interests himself in and helps care for them, while their constant chirping amuses and does not distract him.

At a quarter after ten the audi-

ences begin. For these the Pope passes into a smaller apartment hung with red damask, and, red upon red, with pontifical ensigns. This silk damask, apparently of Lyons fabrication, is to be found in all the official apartments of the Vatican; it dates back to the time of Gregory XVI. There are no pictures, and scarcely any furniture, except the arm chair in which the Pope is seated, and, upon a table loaded with documents, several portable clocks of ancient style. Hardly ever—ordinary and extraordinary audiences included—are more than eight or ten persons admitted each day to see the Pope in his private apartments. Nothing of what is said in these transpires. The Cardinals find out very quickly that the Pope does not tolerate indiscretions in talk. The diplomats have too much to lose to furnish their several courts with unauthorized news; and the hungry journalists only publish what they are desired to reveal. To the un-



THE VATICAN AND ST. PETER'S, FROM THE TIBER.



THE VATICAN—LOGGIA OF RAFFAELLE.

initiated the discourses of the Pope must seem dull and tame, so conservative is he in his expressions. He prefers, when anything is to be said of importance, suddenly to launch upon the world one of the carefully studied documents from his private drawer. Therefore his conversation is often found to be disconnected and apparently meaningless. Perhaps one exception may be made. In respect to art, painting, and literature, the Pope talks freely. Once a year, on his birthday, the members of the pontifical court are received in the library, and the utmost freedom is then permitted, even to the extent of contradiction of the Pope's theories of art, which are often paradoxical in appearance. This, however, is done for once, and is never repeated.

As soon as the last caller has gone in to the Pope, there begins to be a stir in the antechambers. The body

guard prepares for the morning promenade. The valet in chief moves about everywhere, seeing to it that all is in readiness. The hat, the great red mantle, and the cane of Leo XIII are arranged upon the bench at the door of the secret antechamber. The guards form ranks, and at the bottom of the apartment of the Palatine guards the great door swings open and the portable chair is brought in by bearers in red uniform. A bell sounds, Monsignor della Volpinè hastens to the secret door, whence the last visitor has just emerged. He enters; he comes out again; a moment of silence, and again the door swings back, and the Pope appears, giving his benediction to the kneeling attendants of the first antechamber. "Be it well with you!" he almost always says, with the air of a man who is satisfied with his morning's work. "The day is fair; is it not so? We are going for a bit

of air." The person addressed makes his best bow. In the other antechamber may be heard commands given in low tones.

Scattering his benedictions as he moves along, the Pope advances to his portable chair, seats himself therein and gives his final blessing to the servitors. "Forward," cries the chief of the grooms, and the little procession sets itself in motion. At the head of the column go two Swiss with halberds on shoulder; two "gardes nobles" follow, and then the chair borne by six grooms. Other gardes nobles follow after, and another pair of Swiss bring up the rear. The corridors are traversed at a rather rapid pace, and the procession descends the grand stairway from the museum to the garden.

At the garden gate the Pope enters his carriage with one attendant. Two horsemen parade with the carriage as escort, the others remaining at the gateway. The Vatican gardens are so extensive that a carriage moving at a trot takes twenty

minutes to make the circuit around them. At the hour of the Holy Father's promenade they assume the air of a state of siege. On every hand the gendarmes are drawn up with revolver in belt, watching the high walls, which on several occasions have been exposed to attempts at scaling. The carriage drive occupies an hour. Nearly always the vehicle may be found at the same spot on the same stroke of the bell as on the day previous, or the day before that. The Pope, you know, or rather he knows, is a prisoner, and the gardens are not all the world. He might go outside, to be sure, if he wished, but what are "motives of state" good for? Whether the drive is monotonous or not, it makes little difference to Leo XIII, for he is absorbed in his breviary all the time, while his attendant shelters him from the sun with a parasol.

He does, however, halt to talk with the gardener, for he is fond of flowers. He chats with this func-



THE VATICAN—SALON OF THE MUSES.

tionary in quite a familiar way, about the rose bushes, the orchids, the tube roses, the damages by frost or sun. And next he has a word for the fruits, the favorite vine, the rare olives, and a few pet apple trees. Then, how does the bird lime work with some fruit eating feathered sinners?

To enjoy this solitary diversion the Pope has dismounted. But the promenade hour soon slips away; His Holiness remounts his carriage. The garden gate closes upon him, and the "Prisoner of the Vatican" is soon absorbed again in his studies and his prayers.



THE DAWN OF LOVE.

I HAD been sleeping—dreaming : I awoke !
 E'en as the sun's gay heralds put to flight
 With golden spears the misty ghosts of night,
 And from the shrouding gloom, with every stroke
 Of magic wands, a thousand charms evoke,
 For me a growing splendor seemed to light
 To view a world in unguessed beauty dight.
 It seemed a new and glorious morn had broke ;
 The vale appeared a rose embower'd shrine,
 Each flower, a swaying censer. To my knee
 I sank and worshiped, as before mine eyne
 A veil was swept away and I could see
 A newer truth in nature—the Divine—
 I was in love ! In love, dear heart, with thee.

Judson Newman Smith.

A FANCY OF HERS.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

I.

THE stage rumbled along the main street of Granville, and drew up in front of the only hotel of which the village could boast. The driver descended from his throne, and coming round to the side opened the door and addressed the only passenger remaining within.

"Where do you want to go, miss?"

A girl's face looked out inquiringly. "Is this the hotel?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"I will get out here," she said quietly.

There were a few loungers on the piazza, which extended along the whole front of the building. As she descended with a light and springy step, disregarding the proffered aid of the driver, they eyed her curiously.

"Who is she, Abner?" asked Timothy Varnum of the driver, as the stranger entered the house.

"I reckon she's the new school teacher," said Abner; "I heard Squire Hadley say she was expected today."

"Where does she come from?"

"York State, somewhere. I don't justly know where."

"Looks like a city gal."

"Mebbe, though I don't think it would pay a city gal to come to Granville to teach."

Unconscious of the curiosity which her appearance had excited, the girl entered the open entry and paused. A middle aged woman, evidently the landlady of the inn, speedily made her appearance.

"Good afternoon, miss," she said.

"Shall I show you to a room?"

"Thank you," said the stranger, gratefully. "I shall be very glad if you will. The ride has been warm

and dusty. My trunks are on the stage——"

"All right, miss, I'll have them sent up. If you'll follow me up stairs, I'll give you a room."

She led the way into a front room, very plainly furnished, but with a pleasant view of the village from the windows. "I think you will find everything you require," she said, preparing to go. "Supper will be ready in half an hour, but you can have it later if you wish."

"I shall be ready, thank you."

Left alone, the stranger sank into a wooden rocking chair, and gazed thoughtfully from the window.

"Well, I have taken the decisive step," she said to herself. "It may be a mad freak, but I must not draw back now. Instead of going to Newport or to Europe, I have deliberately agreed to teach the grammar school in this out of the way country place. I am wholly unknown here, and it is hardly likely that any of my friends will find me out. For the first time in my life I shall make myself useful—perhaps. Or will my experiment end in failure? That is a question which time alone can solve."

She rose, and removing her traveling wraps, prepared for the table.

The new comer's two trunks were being removed from the stage when Mrs. Slocum passed, on her way to the store. Being naturally of a watchful and observant turn of mind, this worthy old lady made it her business to find out all that was going on in the village.

"Whose trunks are them, Abner?" she asked, in a voice high pitched even to shrillness.

"They belong to the young lady

that's stoppin' in the hotel. She came in on the stage."

"Who's she?"

"I don't know any more'n you do," said Abner, who knew Mrs. Slocum's failing, and was not anxious to gratify it.

"There's her name on a card," said the old lady triumphantly, pointing to one of the trunks. "I hain't got my glasses with me. Just read it off, will you?"

Probably Abner had a little curiosity of his own. At all events he complied with the old lady's request, and read aloud:

"MISS MABEL FROST,
Granville, N. H."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mrs. Slocum, in a tone of interest. "Why, it's the new school teacher! What sort of a looking woman is she?"

"I didn't notice her, partic'lar. She looked quite like a lady."

"Are both them trunks hern'?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What on airth does she want with two trunks?" said Mrs. Slocum, disapprovingly. "Must be fond of dress. I hope she ain't goin' to larn our gals to put on finery."

"Mebbe she's got her books in one of 'em," suggested Abner.

"A whole trunkful of books! Land sakes! You must be crazy. Nobody but a minister would want so many books as that. An' it's a clear waste for the parson to buy so many as he does. If he didn't spend so much money that way, his wife could dress a little more decent. Why, the man's got at least two or three hundred books already, and yet he's always wantin' to buy more."

"I guess his wife wouldn't want the trunks for her clothes," suggested Abner.

"You are right," said Mrs. Slocum, nodding. "I declare I'm sick and tired of that old bombazine she's worn to church the last three years. A stranger might think we stinted the minister."

"Precisely, Mrs. Slocum," said a voice behind her. "That's my opinion."

"Oh, Dr. Titus, is that you?" said the old lady, turning.

"What is left of me. I've been making calls all the afternoon, and I'm used up. So you think we are stinting the minister?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Slocum, indignantly. "I think we pay him handsome. Five hundred dollars a year and a donation party is more'n some of us get."

"Deliver me from the donation party!" said the doctor hastily. "I look upon that as one of the minister's trials."

"I s'pose you will have your joke, doctor," said Mrs. Slocum, not very well pleased. "I tell you a donation party is a great help where there's a family."

"Perhaps it is; but I am glad it isn't the fashion to help doctors in that way."

Dr. Titus was a free spoken man, and always had been. His practice was only moderately lucrative but it was well known that he possessed a competency, and could live comfortably if all his patients deserted him; so no one took offense when he expressed heretical notions. He had a hearty sympathy for Mr. Wilson, the Congregational minister, who offended some of his parishioners by an outward aspect of poverty in spite of his munificent salary of five hundred dollars a year.

"The doctor's got queer notions," muttered Mrs. Slocum. "If he talks that way, mebbe the minister will get discontented. But as I say to Deacon Slocum, there's more to be had, and younger men, too. I sometimes think the minister's outlived his usefulness here. A young man might kinder stir up the people more, and make 'em feel more convicted of sin. But I must go and tell the folks about the new school teacher. I'd like to see what sort she is."

Mrs. Slocum's curiosity was gratified. On her way back from the store she saw Miss Frost sitting at the open window of her chamber in the hotel.

"Looks as if she might be proud," muttered the old lady. "Fond of

dress, too. I don't believe she'll do for Granville."

Although Mrs. Slocum was in a hurry to get home she could not resist the temptation to call at Squire Hadley's and let him know that the school teacher had arrived. Squire Benjamin Hadley was the chairman of the School Committee. Either of the two Granville ministers would have been better fitted for the office, but the Methodists were unwilling to elect the Congregational minister, and the Methodist minister was opposed by members of the other parish. So Squire Hadley was appointed as the compromise candidate, although he was a man who would probably have found it extremely difficult to pass the most lenient examination himself. He had left school at twelve years of age, and circumstances had prevented his repairing the defects of early instruction. There were times when he was troubled by a secret sense of incompetence—notably when he was called upon to examine teachers. He had managed to meet this emergency rather cleverly, as he thought, having persuaded Mr. Wilson to draw up for him a series of questions in the different branches, together with the correct answers. With this assistance he was able to acquit himself creditably.

"Can't stay a minute, Squire," said Mrs. Slocum, standing on the broad, flat door stone. "I thought I'd jest stop an' tell ye the school teacher has come."

"Where is she?" asked the Squire, in a tone of interest.

"She put up at the hotel. I was there jest now, and saw her two trunks. Rather high toned for a school teacher, I think. We don't need two trunks for *our* clothes, Mrs. Hadley."

"Young people are terrible extravagant nowadays," said Mrs. Hadley, a tall woman, with a thin, hatchet-like face, and a sharp nose. "It wasn't so when I was young."

"That's a good while ago, Lucretia," said the Squire, jokingly.

"You're older than I am," said the

lady tartly. "It don't become you to sneer at my age."

"I didn't mean anything, Lucretia," said her husband in an apologetic tone.

"Did you see the woman, Mrs. Slocum?" asked Mrs. Hadley, condescending to let the matter drop.

"I jest saw her looking out of the window," said Mrs. Slocum. "Looks like a vain, conceited sort."

"Very likely she is. Mr. Hadley engaged her 'without knowin' anythin' about her."

"You know, Lucretia, she was highly recommended by Mary Bridgman in the letter I received from her," the Squire mildly protested.

"Mary Bridgman, indeed!" his wife retorted with scorn. "What does she know of who's fit to teach school?"

"Well, we must give her a fair show. I'll call round to the hotel after tea, and see her."

"It's her place to call here, I should say," said the Squire's wife, influenced by a desire to see and judge the stranger for herself.

"I will tell her to call here tomorrow morning to be examined," said the Squire.

"What hour do you think you'll app'int?" asked Mrs. Slocum, with a vague idea of being present on that occasion.

The Squire fathomed her design, and answered diplomatically, "I shall have to find out when it'll be most convenient for Miss Frost."

"Her convenience, indeed!" ejaculated his wife. "I should say that the School Committee's convenience was more important than hers. Like as not she knows more about dress than she does about what you've engaged her to teach."

"Where is she going to board?" asked Mrs. Slocum, with unabated interest in the important topic of discussion.

"I can't tell yet."

"I s'pose she'd like to live in style at the hotel, so she can show off her dresses."

"It would take all her wages to pay for board there," said the Squire.

"Mebbe I might take her," said Mrs. Slocum. "I could give her the back room over the shed."

"I will mention it to her, Mrs. Slocum," said the Squire diplomatically, and Mrs. Slocum hurried home.

"You don't really intend to recommend Mrs. Slocum's as a boarding place, Benjamin?" interrogated his wife. "I don't think much of the teacher you've hired, but she'd roast to death in that stived up back room. Besides, Mrs. Slocum is the worst cook in town. Her bread is abominable, and I don't wonder her folks are always ailing."

"Don't be uneasy about that, Lucretia," said the Squire. "If Miss Frost goes to Mrs. Slocum's to board, it'll have to be on somebody else's recommendation."

The new school teacher was sitting at the window in her room, supper being over, when the landlady came up to inform her that Squire Hadley had called to see her.

"He is the chairman of the School Committee, isn't he?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, miss."

"Then will you be kind enough to tell him that I will be down directly?"

Squire Hadley was sitting in a rocking chair in the stiff hotel parlor, when Miss Frost entered, and said composedly, "Mr. Hadley, I believe?"

She exhibited more self possession than might have been expected of one in her position, in the presence of official importance. There was not the slightest trace of nervousness in her manner, though she was aware that the portly person before her was to examine into her qualifications for the post she sought.

"I apprehend," said Squire Hadley, in a tone of dignity which he always put on when he addressed teachers, "I apprehend that you are Miss Mabel Frost."

"You are quite right, sir. I apprehend," she added, with a slight smile, "that you are the chairman of the School Committee."

"You apprehend correctly, Miss Frost. It affords me great pleasure to welcome you to Granville."

"You are very kind," said Mabel Frost demurely.

"It is a responsible office—ahem!—that of instructor of youth," said the Squire, with labored gravity.

"I hope I appreciate it."

"Have you ever—ahem!—taught before?"

"This will be my first school."

"This—ahem!—is against you, but I trust you may succeed."

"I trust so, sir."

"You will have to pass an examination in the studies you are to teach—before me," said the Squire.

"I hope you may find me competent," said Mabel modestly.

"I hope so, Miss Frost; my examination will be searching. I feel it my duty to the town to be very strict."

"Would you like to examine me now, Mr. Hadley?"

"No," said the Squire hastily, "no, no—I haven't my papers with me. I will trouble you to come to my house tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock, if convenient."

"Certainly, sir. May I ask where your house is?"

"My boy shall call for you in the morning."

"Thank you."

Mabel spoke as if this terminated the colloquy, but Squire Hadley had something more to say.

"I think we have said nothing about your wages, Miss Frost," he remarked.

"You can pay me whatever is usual," said Mabel, with apparent indifference.

"We have usually paid seven dollars a week."

"That will be quite satisfactory, sir."

Soon after Squire Hadley had left the hotel Mabel Frost went slowly up to her room.

"So I am to earn seven dollars a week," she said to herself. "This is wealth indeed!"

II.

IT is time to explain that the new school teacher's name was not Mabel Frost, but Mabel Frost Fair-

fax, and that she had sought a situation at Granville not from necessity but from choice—indeed from something very much like a whim. Hers was a decidedly curious case. She had all the advantages of wealth. She had youth, beauty, and refinement. She had the entrée to the magic inner circle of metropolitan society. And yet there was in her an ever present sense of something lacking. She had grown weary of the slavery of fashion. Young as she was, she had begun to know its hollowness, its utter insufficiency as the object of existence. She sought some truer interest in life. She had failed to secure happiness, she reasoned, because thus far she had lived only for herself. Why should she not live, in part at least, for others? Why not take her share of the world's work? She was an orphan, and had almost no family ties. The experiment that she contemplated might be an original and unconventional one, but she determined to try it.

But what could she do?

It was natural, perhaps, that she should think of teaching. She had been fortunate enough to graduate at a school where the useful as well as the ornamental received its share of attention, and her natural gifts, as well as studious habits, had given her the first place among her schoolmates.

The suggestion that the opportunity she sought might be found in Granville came from the Mary Bridgman to whom Squire Hadley referred. Mary was a dressmaker, born and reared in Granville, who had come to New York to establish herself there in her line of business. Mabel Fairfax had for years been one of her customers, and—as sometimes happens with society girls and their dressmakers—had made her a confidante. And so it happened that Mary was the first person to whom Miss Fairfax told her resolution to do something useful.

"But tell me," she added, "what shall I do? You are practical. You know me well. What am I fit for?"

"I hardly know what to say, Miss

Fairfax," said the dressmaker. "Your training would interfere with many things you are capable of doing. I can do but one thing."

"And that you do well."

"I think I do," said Mary, with no false modesty. "I have found my path in life. It would be too humble for you."

"Not too humble. I don't think I have any pride of that kind; but I never could tolerate the needle. I haven't the patience, I suppose."

"Would you like teaching?"

"I have thought of that. That is what I am, perhaps, best fitted for; but I don't know how to go about it."

"Would you be willing to go into the country?"

"I should prefer it. I wish to go somewhere where I am not known."

"Then it might do," said Mary, musingly.

"What might do?"

"Let me tell you. I was born away up in the northern part of New Hampshire, in a small country town, with no particular attractions except that it lies not far from the mountains. It has never had more than a very few summer visitors. Only yesterday I had a letter from Granville, and they mentioned that the committee were looking out for a teacher for the grammar school, which was to begin in two weeks."

"The very thing," said Mabel quickly. "Do you think I could obtain the place?"

"I don't think any one has been engaged. I will write if you wish me to, and see what can be done."

"I wish you would," said Mabel promptly.

"Do you think, Miss Fairfax, you could be content to pass the summer in such a place, working hard, and perhaps without appreciation?"

"I should, at all events, be at work; I should feel, for the first time in my life, that I was of use to somebody."

"There is no doubt of that. You would find a good deal to be done; too much, perhaps."

"Better too much than too little."

"If that is your feeling I will write at once. Have you any directions to give me?"

"Say as little as possible about me. I wish to be judged on my own merits."

"Shall I give your name?"

"Only in part. Let me be Mabel Frost."

Thus was the way opened for Mabel's appearance in Granville. Mary Bridgman's recommendation proved effectual. "She was educated here; she knows what we want," said Squire Hadley; and he authorized the engagement.

When the matter was decided, a practical difficulty arose. Though Mabel had an abundant wardrobe, she had little that was suited for the school mistress of Granville.

"If you were to wear your last season's dresses—those you took to Newport," said Mary Bridgman, "you would frighten everybody at Granville. There would be no end of gossip."

"No doubt you are right," said Mabel. "I put myself in your hands. Make me half a dozen dresses such as you think I ought to have. There is only a week, but you can hire extra help."

The dresses were ready in time. They were plain for the heiress, but there was still reason to think that Miss Frost would be better dressed than any of her predecessors in office, partly because they were cut in the style of the day, and partly because Mabel had a graceful figure, which all styles became. Though Mary Bridgman, who knew Granville and its inhabitants, had some misgivings, it never occurred to Mabel that she might be considered overdressed, and the two trunks, which led Mrs. Slocum to pronounce her a "vain, conceited sort," really seemed to her very moderate.

At half past eight in the morning after Miss Frost's arrival in Granville Ben Hadley called at the hotel and inquired for the new school teacher.

"I guess you mean Miss Frost," said the landlord.

"I don't know what her name is,"

said Ben. "Dad wants her to come round and be examined."

Ben was a stout boy, with large capacities for mischief. He was bright enough, if he could only make up his mind to study, but appeared to consider time spent over his books as practically wasted. Physically and in temperament he resembled his father more than his mother, and this was fortunate. Mrs. Hadley was thin lipped and acid, with a large measure of selfishness and meanness. Her husband was pompous, and overestimated his own importance, but his wife's faults were foreign to his nature. He was liked by most of his neighbors; and Ben, in his turn, in spite of his mischievous tendencies, was a popular boy. In one respect he was unlike his father. He was thoroughly democratic, and never put on airs.

Ben surveyed Miss Frost, whom he saw for the first time, with approval, not unmingled with surprise. She was not the average type of teacher. Ben rather expected to meet an elderly female, tall and willowy in form, and wearing long ringlets. Such had been Miss Jerusha Colebrook, who had wielded the ferule the year before.

"Are you the school teacher?" asked Ben dubiously, as they left the hotel.

Mabel smiled. "I suppose," said she, "that depends on whether I pass the examination."

"I guess you'll pass," said Ben.

"What makes you think so?" asked Mabel, amused.

"You look as if you know a lot," answered Ben bluntly.

"I hope appearances won't prove deceptive," said Mabel. "Are you to be one of my scholars?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"You look bright and quick."

"Do I?" said Ben. "You can't always tell by looks," he added, parodying her own words.

"Don't you like to study?" Mabel inquired.

"Well, I don't hanker after it. The fact is," said Ben in a burst of confidence, "I'm a pretty hard case."

"You say so because you are modest."

"No, I don't; the last teacher said so. Why, she couldn't do nothing with me."

"You begin to alarm me," said Mabel. "Are there many hard cases among the scholars?"

"I'm about the worst," said Ben candidly.

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Why?" asked Ben, puzzled.

"Because," said Mabel, "I don't expect to have any trouble with you."

"You don't?" said Ben, surprised.

"No, I like your face. You may be mischievous, but I am sure you are not bad."

Ben was rather pleased with the compliment. Boy as he was, he was not insensible to the grace and beauty of the new teacher, and he felt a thrill of pleasure at words which would scarcely have affected him if they had proceeded from Jerusha Colebrook.

"Do you feel interested in study?" Mabel continued.

"Not much," Ben admitted.

"You don't want to grow up ignorant, do you?"

"Of course I want to know something," said Ben.

"If you improve your time you may some time be chairman of the School Committee, like your father."

Ben chuckled. "That don't take much larnin'," he said.

"Doesn't it? I should think it would require a good scholar."

Ben laughed again. "Perhaps you think my father knows a good deal?" he said interrogatively.

Ben seemed on the brink of a dangerous confidence, and Mabel felt embarrassed.

"Certainly," said she.

"He don't," said Ben. "Don't you ever tell, and I'll tell you something. He got the minister to write out the questions he asks the teachers."

"I suppose the minister was more used to it," said Mabel, feeling obliged to proffer some explanation.

"That ain't it," said Ben. "Dad

never went to school after he was twelve. I could cipher him out of his boots, and he ain't much on spelling, either. The other day he spelled straight s-t-r-a-t-e."

"You mustn't tell me all this," said Mabel gravely. "Your father wouldn't like it."

"You won't tell him?" said Ben apprehensively, for he knew that his father would resent these indiscreet revelations.

"No, certainly not. When does school commence, Ben?"

"Tomorrow morning. I say, Miss Frost, I hope you'll give a good long recess."

"How long have you generally had?"

"Well, Miss Colebrook only gave us five minutes. She was a regular old poke, and got along so slow that she cut us short on recess to make it up."

"How long do you think you ought to have?" asked Mabel.

"Half an hour'd be about right," said Ben.

"Don't you think an hour would be better?" asked Mabel, smiling.

"May be that would be too long," Ben admitted.

"So I think. On the other hand I consider five minutes too short. I will consult your father about that."

"Here's our house," said Ben suddenly. "Dad's inside waiting for you."

Squire Hadley received Mabel with an impressive air of official dignity. He felt his importance on such occasions. "I am glad to see you, Miss Frost," he said.

"Are there any other teachers to be examined?" asked Mabel, finding herself alone.

"The others have all been examined. We held a general examination a week ago. You need not feel nervous, Miss Frost. I shall give you plenty of time."

"You are very considerate, Squire Hadley," said Mabel.

"I will first examine you in arithmetic. Arithmetic," here the Squire cleared his throat, "is, as you are aware, the science of numbers. We

regard it as of primary—yes, *primary* importance.”

“It is certainly very important.”

“I will—ahem—ask you a few questions, and then give you some sums to cipher out. What is a fraction, Miss Frost?”

Squire Hadley leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes prudently on that page of the arithmetic which contained the answer to the question he had asked. Mabel answered correctly.

“You have the correct idea,” said the Squire patronizingly, “though you ain’t quite got the phraseology of the book.”

“Definitions vary in different arithmetics,” said Mabel.

“I suppose they do,” said the Squire, to whom this was news. To him arithmetic was arithmetic, and it had never occurred to him that there was more than one way of expressing the same thing.

Slender as was his own stock of scholarship, Squire Hadley knew enough to perceive, before going very far into the text book, that the new school teacher was well up in rudimentary mathematics. When he came to geography, however, he made an awkward discovery. He had lost the list of questions which the minister had prepared for him. Search was unavailing, and the Squire was flustered.

“I have lost my list of questions in geography,” he said, hesitatingly.

“You might think of a few questions to ask me,” suggested Mabel.

“So I can,” said the Squire, who felt that he must keep up appearances. “Where is China?”

“In Asia,” answered Mabel, rather astonished at the simple character of the question.

“Quite right,” said the Squire, in a tone which seemed to indicate surprise that his question had been correctly answered. “Where is the Lake of Gibraltar?”

“I suppose you mean the Straits of Gibraltar?”

“To be sure,” said the Squire rather uneasily. “I was—ahem! thinking of another question.”

Mabel answered correctly.

“Where is the River Amazon?”

“In South America.”

Squire Hadley had an impression that the Amazon was not in South America, but he was too uncertain to question the correctness of Mabel’s answer.

“Where is the city of New York situated?” he asked.

Mabel answered.

“And now,” said the Squire, with the air of one who was asking a poser, “can you tell me where Lake Erie is located?”

Even this did not overtask the knowledge of the applicant.

“Which is farther north, New York or Boston?” next asked the erudite Squire.

“Boston,” said Mabel.

“Very well,” said the Squire approvingly. “I see you are well up in geography. I am quite satisfied that you are competent to teach our grammar school. I will write you a certificate accordingly.”

This the Squire did; and Mabel felt that she was one step nearer the responsible office which she had elected to fill.

“School will begin tomorrow at nine,” said the Squire. “I will call round and go to school with you, and introduce you to the scholars. I’ll have to see about a boarding place for you.”

“Thank you,” said Mabel, “but I won’t trouble you to do that. I will stay at the hotel for a week, till I am a little better acquainted. During that time I may hear of some place that I shall like.”

Squire Hadley was surprised at this display of independence.

“I apprehend,” he objected, “that you will find the price at the hotel too high for you. We only pay seven dollars a week, and you would have to pay all of that for board.”

“It will be for only one week, Squire Hadley,” said Mabel, “and I should prefer it.”

“Just as you say,” said the Squire, not altogether satisfied. “You will be the first teacher that ever boarded at the hotel. You wouldn’t have to

pay more'n three dollars at a private house."

"Of course that is a consideration," said Mabel guardedly.

As she left the Squire's house and emerged into the road she heard steps behind her. Turning, she saw Ben Hadley.

"I say, Miss Frost, was you examined in geography?" he asked.

"Yes, Ben."

"Did dad ask you questions off a paper?"

"No; he couldn't find the paper."

"I thought so," said Ben grinning.

"Do you know what became of it?" asked Mabel, with sudden suspicion.

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," answered Ben, non-committally. "What sort of questions did dad ask you?"

"Wait till school opens," answered Mabel, smiling; "I will ask you some of them there."

"Did he really and truly examine you in geography out of his own head?" asked Ben.

"Yes, Ben; he didn't even open a book."

"Good for dad!" said Ben. "I didn't think he could do it."

"It is quite possible that your father knows more than you give him credit for," said Mabel.

"Guess he must have remembered some of the questions," thought Ben.

In the course of the day the list of geographical questions found its way back to Squire Hadley's desk.

"Strange I overlooked it," he said.

Perhaps Ben might have given him some information on the subject.

III.

THE Granville schoolhouse was not far from the center of the village. It was wholly without architectural ornament. The people of Granville, it must be admitted, were severely practical, and were not willing to spend a dollar in the interest of beauty. Their money was the result of hard labor, and frugality

was not to be wondered at. In a commercial community architecture receives more attention.

The schoolhouse was two stories in height, and contained two schools. The primary school, for children under eight, was kept in the lower room. The grammar school, for more advanced scholars, which Mabel Frost had undertaken to teach, occupied the upper portion of the building.

As Mabel approached the schoolhouse, escorted by Squire Hadley, she noticed, a few rods in advance, a tall, slender woman, with long ringlets falling over a pair of narrow shoulders.

"That lady is your colleague, Miss Frost," said the Squire.

"My colleague?" repeated Mabel, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes; she keeps the primary school."

"Indeed! Then there is another school besides mine!"

"To be sure. Miss Clarissa Bassett teaches the youngest children."

"Is she—does she live here?"

"Yes; she has taught the same school for fifteen years. All your scholars began with her."

"Then she isn't a very young lady?"

"Clarissa," replied the Squire, with that familiarity which is common in small villages, "must be thirty five, though she only owns up to twenty five," added he, chuckling. "Might spile her matrimonial prospects if she confessed her real age."

"Fifteen years a teacher!" said Mabel enthusiastically. "Miss Bassett ought to feel proud of such a term of service. How much good she has done!"

"Well, I dunno," said Squire Hadley, whose practical mind conceived of no other motive for teaching than the emolument to be derived from it. "Clarissa wanted to teach the grammar school—the same that you're a goin' to teach; but we didn't think she was qualified to teach advanced scholars."

"And you preferred me before a teacher of fifteen years' experience!"

said Mabel, with unaffected humility. "I am afraid, Squire Hadley, you will find that you have made a mistake."

"You are a better scholar than Clarissa, Miss Frost. She knows enough to teach the little ones, but——"

"She has fifteen years' experience, and I have none," interrupted Mabel.

"You wouldn't be willing to change schools with her?" suggested the Squire, with mild satire.

"Yes, I would," said Mabel promptly.

"She don't get but six dollars a week—a dollar less than you."

"I don't care for that."

"The deestrickt wouldn't be satisfied," said the Squire, in a decided tone. Mabel was an enigma to him. "They wouldn't be willing to have Clarissa teach the older pupils," he repeated.

By this time they had reached the schoolhouse. Some twenty pupils were outside, most of them Mabel's future scholars. Miss Bassett had passed in the entry, and awaited the arrival of Squire Hadley and her fellow teacher. She had a thin face, and that prim expression regarded as the typical characteristic of an old maid. It had been her lot to see the companions of her early days sail off, one after another, on the matrimonial sea, while she had been left neglected on the shore. She had even seen some of her pupils—mere chits, as she called them—marry, while their teacher, with all her experience of life, was unappropriated.

"Miss Frost," said Squire Hadley, with a wave of his hand toward Clarissa, "let me make you acquainted with Miss Bassett, who has kept our primary school for fifteen years with general acceptance and success."

"You ought to be regarded as a public benefactor, Miss Bassett," said Mabel cordially.

"I was *very* young when I commenced teaching," said Miss Bassett, rather uneasy at the allusion to her term of service.

"I am a beginner," said Mabel. "I shall be glad to have an experi-

enced teacher so near to me, to whom I can refer in cases of difficulty."

Clarissa, who had been prejudiced against Mabel, because, although so much younger, she had been placed over the other's head, was flattered by this acknowledgment of inferiority.

"I shall be very glad to give you any help in my power, Miss Frost," she said. "You will excuse me now; I must go in and look after my young pupils."

Miss Frost followed Squire Hadley up stairs to the scene of her future labors.

The room itself was an average country schoolroom. It had accommodations for about fifty scholars. The desks, on the boys' side, were covered with ink spots of all shapes and sizes, and further decorated with an extensive series of jackknife carvings. Mabel's neatness was rather offended by these things, which she took in in her first general survey. It was not much like any school that she had ever attended; but a private academy for girls differs essentially from a country schoolroom for both sexes.

"I see most of the scholars are here," said Squire Hadley.

Mabel looked around the room. Between forty and fifty scholars, varying in age from eight to sixteen, were seated at the desks. At her entrance, they had taken seats previously selected. For the most part she liked their appearance. Several looked mischievous, but even they were bright eyed and good natured. All eyes were fixed upon her. She felt that she was being critically weighed in the balance by these country boys and girls.

"I wonder what are their impressions of me," she thought. "I wonder if they suspect my inexperience!"

The children did not pronounce judgment at once. Their first impressions were favorable. They were surprised by the sight of so attractive a teacher. Mabel did not look like a school mistress—certainly not like Clarissa Bassett. Ben Hadley had told his friends something of her,

and had even spoken in enthusiastic terms.

"She's as pretty as a picture," he had told them. "I bet she won't be an old maid."

The boys, in particular, had their curiosity excited to see her and judge for themselves. Now that they saw her they fully coincided with Ben's opinion. They were still regarding their new teacher when Squire Hadley broke the silence.

"Scholars," he said, clearing his throat, and assuming the attitude of an orator, "I have great pleasure in introducing to you your new teacher, Miss Frost. I have examined Miss Frost," he proceeded, in a tone of importance, "and I find that she is thoroughly competent to lead you in the flowery paths of learning." (This was a figure on which the Squire rather prided himself.) "She comes to us highly recommended, and I have no doubt you will all like her. As chairman of the committee," (here the Squire's breast expanded with official pride), "I have tried to obtain for you teachers of the highest talent, without regard to expense." (Had the Squire forgotten that Mabel was to receive only seven dollars a week?) "I trust—the town trusts—that you will appreciate what we are doin' for you. We want you to attend to your studies, and work hard to secure the blessing of a good education, which is the birthright of every citizen. I will now leave you in charge of your teacher, and I hope you will study to please her."

The Squire sat down, and drawing an ample red handkerchief from his pocket wiped his brow with some complacency. He felt that his speech was a success. He had not stumbled, as he sometimes did. He felt that he had done credit to his position.

"Now I must go down to Miss Bassett's school," he added, rising to go. "I must say a few words to her scholars. Miss Frost, I wish you success in your—ahem!—very responsible task."

"Thank you, sir."

The ample form of the Squire vanished through the closing door,

and Mabel was left face to face with her new responsibilities. For a moment she was nervous. She knew little of the routine of a country school, and felt like a civilian who without a particle of military training finds himself suddenly in command of a regiment.

"I wonder what I ought to do first," she thought, in some perplexity. She would have consulted Squire Hadley on this point had she not hesitated to reveal her utter lack of experience.

While glancing about the room in an undecided way she detected Ben Hadley slyly preparing to insert a pin into the anatomy of the boy next him. This gave her an idea.

"Ben Hadley, please come to the desk," she said quietly.

Ben started guiltily. He decided that the school teacher had seen him, and was about to call him to account. His face wore a half defiant look as he marched up to the desk, the observed of all observers. All the scholars were on the *qui vive* to learn the policy of the new administration. This summons seemed rather a bold move, for Ben was generally regarded as the head of the opposition. Not from malice, but from roguery, he gave successive teachers more trouble than any other scholar. Had the new school mistress found this out, and was she about to arraign the rebel as her first act of power? Such was Ben's suspicion, as, with his head erect, he marched up to the teacher's desk.

To his surprise Miss Frost met him with a friendly smile.

"Ben," said she pleasantly, "you are one of the oldest scholars, and the only one whom I know. Are you willing to help me organize the school?"

Ben was astonished. That such a proposal should be made to him, the arch rebel, was most unexpected.

"Guess she don't know me," he thought. But yet he felt flattered; evidently he was a person of some consequence in the eyes of the new teacher.

"I'll help you all I can, Miss Frost," he said heartily.

"Thank you, Ben, I felt sure you would," said Mabel, with quiet confidence. "I suppose the first thing will be to take the names of the scholars."

"Yes, Miss Frost; and then you sort 'em into classes."

"To be sure. How many classes are there generally?"

"Well, there are three classes in reading, and two in arithmetic, and two in geography."

"That is just the information I want. Now, Ben, I will ask you to go about with me, and tell me the names of the scholars."

But before entering upon this formality, Mabel, for the first time in her life, made a speech.

"Scholars," she said, "I am a stranger to you, but I hope you will come to regard me as your friend. I am here to help you acquire an education. I am sure you all wish to learn. There is a great satisfaction in knowledge, and it will help you, both boys and girls, to become useful men and women, and acquit yourselves creditably in any positions which you may be called upon to fill. I am not so well acquainted with the method of carrying on a country grammar school as most of my predecessors, having myself been educated in the city. I have, therefore, asked Ben Hadley to assist me in organizing the school, and preparing for work."

The scholars received the announcement with surprise. It presented Ben to them in a novel character. They waited with interest to see how he would acquit himself in his new office.

Ben accompanied Miss Frost from desk to desk, and greatly facilitated her task by his suggestions. At length the names of all the scholars were taken.

"Now I must arrange the classes," said Mabel, with increased confidence. "Have you any advice to give, Ben?"

"You'd better ask the first class to come up," suggested her young as-

sistant. "Then you'll know exactly who belong to it."

"That will be the best plan," said Mabel; and she followed his advice.

Ben left her side and took his place in the class. He scanned the class, and then said: "Miss Frost, there's one boy here who belongs in the second class."

At this revelation a boy standing next but one to Ben showed signs of perturbation.

"Who is it?" asked the teacher.

"John Cotton."

"Do you belong to this class, John?"

"I ought to; I know enough," said he sullenly.

"Today you will oblige me by taking your place in the second class. In a few days I can decide whether you are able to go with this class."

John retired, discontented, but hopeful.

"I shall be glad when any of you are fit for promotion," proceeded Mabel. "At first it will be best for the classes to remain as they were during the last session."

So the organization continued. By noon the school was ready for work; lessons had been assigned in grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and the first class had read.

"I think we have done a good morning's work," said Miss Mabel Frost as the clock struck twelve. "I believe our afternoon session commences at one. I should like to have you all punctual."

In leaving the schoolroom to go to dinner, Mabel passed Ben Hadley. "You have been of great service to me, Ben," said she with a smile. "I really don't know how I should have got along without you."

Ben blushed with gratification. It was long since he had felt so proud and well pleased with himself.

"How do you like your new teacher, Ben?" asked his father at the dinner table.

"She's a trump, father," said Ben, warmly.

"Then you like her?" asked the Squire in some astonishment, for he understood perfectly well Ben's

school reputation. Indeed, more than one teacher had come to him to complain of his son and heir's mischievous conduct, and he had had misgivings that Miss Frost would have occasion to do the same thing.

"Yes, I do," said Ben, emphatically. "She knows how to treat a feller."

"Then there was no disturbance?"

"Not a speck."

The Squire was greatly surprised.

"I helped organize the school," proceeded Ben proudly.

"You!" exclaimed the Squire, in small capitals.

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?"

"I apprehend that you might need organizing yourself," said the Squire, smiling at what he considered a witty remark.

"Maybe I do, sometimes," said Ben, "but I like Miss Frost, and I mean to help her."

"I didn't see much in her," said Mrs. Hadley, opening her thin lips disapprovingly. "In my opinion she dresses too much for a teacher."

"I don't see why she shouldn't if she can afford it," said Ben, who had constituted himself Mabel's champion.

"She can't afford it on her wages," retorted his mother.

"I guess that's her lookout," said Ben, hitting the nail on the head.

"Ben's taken an uncommon fancy to the school mistress," said Squire Hadley, after Ben had returned to school.

"It won't last," said Mrs. Hadley, shaking her head. "He'll soon be up to his old tricks again, take my word for it. I don't believe she'll suit, either. A new broom sweeps clean. Just wait a while."

"If it does last—I mean Ben's fancy—it will be surprising," said the Squire. "He's been a thorn in the side of most of the teachers."

"It won't last," said Mrs. Hadley decidedly, and there the conversation dropped.

IV.

BEN HADLEY'S conversion had indeed been sudden, and, as in most similar cases, he found some

difficulty in staying converted. While his pride was flattered by the confidence reposed in him by Miss Frost, there were times when his old mischievous propensities almost overcame him. On the third day, as John Cotton was passing Ben's desk, the latter suddenly thrust out his foot into the passageway between the desks, and John tumbled over it, breaking his slate.

"What's the matter?" asked Mabel, looking up from the book from which she was hearing another class.

"Ben Hadley tripped me up," said John, rubbing his shins, and looking ruefully at his broken slate.

"Did you, Ben?" asked Mabel.

Ben was already sorry and ashamed, as he would not have been under any other teacher. With all his faults he was a boy of truth, and he answered "Yes," rather sheepishly.

"You should be careful not to keep your feet in the aisle," said Miss Frost quietly. "I suppose you'll be willing to buy John a new slate."

"Yes," said Ben promptly, glad to have the matter end thus.

"I need a slate now," grumbled John.

"I'll lend you mine," said Ben at once, "and buy you a better one than I broke."

Mabel quite understood that the accident was "done on purpose." She did not want to humiliate Ben, but rather to keep him on his good behavior. So she was as friendly and confidential as ever, and Ben preserved his self respect. He kept his promise, and bought John the most expensive slate he could find in the village store.

Mabel very soon found herself mistress of the situation. Experience goes for a good deal, but it does not always bring with it the power of managing boys and girls. Mabel seemed to possess this instinctively. Before the week was out, all was running smoothly in her department, a little to the disappointment of Miss Clarissa Bassett, who felt that the school should have been hers.

Mabel still boarded at the hotel.

She was quietly on the look out for a more desirable boarding place.

Among her scholars was a little girl of nine, whose cheap dress indicated poverty, but who possessed a natural refinement, which in her was more marked than in any other pupil. Mabel inquired into her circumstances, and learned that her father had been an officer in the army, who had died soon after his marriage. All that he left to his widow was a small cottage, and a pension of twenty dollars a month to which his services entitled her. On this small sum, and a little additional earned by sewing, Mrs. Kent supported her family, which, besides Rose, included a boy two years younger, who was in Miss Bassett's school. One afternoon Mabel walked home with Rose, and introduced herself to Mrs. Kent. She found her a delicate and really refined woman, such as she imagined Rose would grow to be in time. Everything in the house was inexpensive, but there were traces of good taste about the little establishment.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Frost," said Mrs. Kent, with quiet cordiality. "I have heard of you continually from Rose, who is your enthusiastic admirer."

"Rose and I are excellent friends," said Mabel, smiling kindly on the little girl. "She never gives me any trouble."

"I have never heard of any complaints from any of her teachers. One thing that I have heard surprises me, Miss Frost. You have wonderfully changed Ben Hadley, who had been the torment of previous teachers."

Mabel smiled. "I like Ben," she said. "From the first I saw that he had many good points. He was merely mischievous."

"Merely?" repeated Mrs. Kent smiling.

"Mischief may give a good deal of trouble, but the spirit that leads to it may be turned into another channel. This I think I have done with Ben. I find him very bright when he exerts his abilities."

"You understand managing boys, I can see clearly. Yet I hear that this is your first school."

"I have never entered a country school till I commenced teaching here."

"Your success is wonderful."

"Don't compliment me prematurely, Mrs. Kent. Failure may yet be in store for me."

"I think not."

"And I hope not."

"You are living at the hotel, I believe?"

"Only temporarily. I am looking for a pleasant boarding place."

"Mrs. Breck might be willing to take you. She has boarded several teachers before."

Mabel had met Mrs. Breck. She had the reputation of being a good housekeeper, but withal she was a virago, and her husband a long suffering victim of domestic tyranny. She was a thin little woman, with a shrewish face, who was seldom known to speak well of anybody.

"I don't think I should enjoy boarding with Mrs. Breck," said Mabel. "I'm sure I should like your house much better."

"You don't know how plainly we live," said Mrs. Kent. "I should like very much to have you here, but my table doesn't compare with Mrs. Breck's."

"Let me make you a business proposition, Mrs. Kent," said Mabel, straightforwardly. "I don't pretend to be indifferent to a good table, and I know the small amount usually paid for a teacher's board would not justify you in changing your style of living. I propose, if you will be kind enough to receive me, to pay you ten dollars a week as my share of the expenses."

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Kent in utter amazement. "Why, Mrs. Breck only charges three."

"But I would rather pay the difference and board with you."

"Excuse me, Miss Frost, but how can you? Your salary as teacher must be less than that."

"I see that I must tell you a secret, Mrs. Kent. I depend on your

not making it public. I am quite able to live without touching a penny of my salary."

"I am glad of that," said Mrs. Kent, "but it seems so extortionate, my accepting ten dollars a week!"

"Then don't let any one know how much I pay you. It will imperil my secret if you do. Am I to consider myself accepted?"

"I shall be *very* glad of your company, Miss Frost, and I know Rose will be delighted."

"Will you come here, really and truly, Miss Frost?" asked Rose eagerly.

"Since your mother is willing, Rose."

Rose clapped her hands in delight, and showed clearly how acceptable the arrangement was to her.

Mabel's choice of a boarding place excited general surprise in Granville. "I wish the school teacher joy of her boarding place," said Mrs. Breck, tossing her head. "Why, Widder Kent has meat only once or twice a week; and once, when I called about supper time, I noticed what she had on the table. There wasn't nothing but cold bread and butter, a little apple sauce, and tea. It'll be something of a change from the hotel."

"She lives better now," said Mrs. Cotton. (This was several days after Mabel had become an inmate of Mrs. Kent's house.) "I called yesterday on purpose to see what she had for supper, and what do you think? She had cold meat, eggs, preserves, warm bread, and two kinds of pies."

"Then all I can say is, that the woman will be ruined before the summer's out," said Mrs. Breck, solemnly. "What the school teacher pays her won't begin to pay for keepin' such a table as that. It's more'n I provide, myself, and I don't think my table is beat by many in Granville. Mrs. Kent's a fool to pamper a common school teacher in any such way."

"You're right, Mrs. Breck; but, poor woman, I suppose she has to. That Miss Frost probably forces her to it. I declare it's very inconsider-

ate, for she must know the widow's circumstances."

"It's more than inconsiderate—it's sinful," said Mrs. Breck, solemnly.

"Mrs. Kent can't be very prudent to go to such expense," said the other party to this important discussion.

"Miss Frost flatters Rose, and gets around the mother in that way. She's a very artful young woman, in my opinion. The way she pets that Hadley boy, they say, is positively shameful."

"So I think. She wants to keep on the right side of the School Committee, so as to get the school another term."

"Of course. That's clear enough," chimed in Mrs. Breck. "I should like to know, for my part, a little more about the girl. Nobody seems to know who she is or where she came from."

"Squire Hadley engaged her on Mary Bridgman's recommendation, I hear."

Mrs. Breck sniffed. "Mary Bridgman may know how to cut dresses," she remarked, "though it's my opinion there's plenty better; but it's a new thing to engage teachers on dressmakers' recommendations. Besides, there's Clarissa Bassett, one of our own folks, wanted the school, and it's given to a stranger."

Miss Bassett boarded with Mrs. Breck, and this may have warped the good lady's judgment.

"I don't know as I'm in favor of Clarissa," said Mrs. Cotton, "but there's others, no doubt, who would be glad to take it."

"As for Miss Frost, I don't see how she is able to dress so well. That gown she wears to school must have cost two weeks' salary, and I've seen her with two other dresses."

"And all new?"

"Yes, they don't look as if they had had much wear."

"Perhaps she's seen better days, and has saved them dresses from the wreck."

"But you forget that they look new."

"Well, I give it up. It's clear she

puts all her money on her back. A pretty example for our girls!"

Such were the comments of the mothers. Among the children, on the other hand, Mabel grew more and more popular. She succeeded in inspiring an interest in study such as had not been known before. She offered to teach a class in French and one in Latin, though it entailed extra labor.

"She knows an awful lot, father," said Ben Hadley.

"She was my selection," said the Squire complacently. "You predicted she would make a failure of it, Mrs. Hadley. The fact is we have never had a better teacher."

"The school term isn't closed," said Mrs. Hadley oracularly. "Appearances are deceitful."

It is rather singular that Mabel was favorably regarded by the fathers, while the mothers, to a man, were against her. There is something wrong in this sentence, but let it stand.

V.

IN an old fashioned house a little east of the village lived the Rev. Theophilus Wilson, pastor of the Congregational Church in Granville. The house was considerably out of repair, and badly needed painting. It belonged to Squire Hadley, of whom the minister hired it, together with an acre of land adjoining, for seventy five dollars a year. An expenditure of one or two hundred dollars would have improved its appearance and made it a little more habitable, and the Squire, who was not a mean man, would have consented to this outlay but for the strenuous opposition of his wife.

"It's good enough for the minister," she said. "Ministers shouldn't be too particular about their earthly dwellings. I believe in ministers being unworldly, for my part."

"The house does look rather bad," said the Squire. "Mrs. Wilson says the roof leaks, too."

"A few drops won't hurt all the furniture she's got," said Mrs. Hadley contemptuously.

Mrs. Hadley was rather inconsistent. She regarded the minister's poor furniture and his wife's worn dresses with scornful superiority; yet, had either complained, she would have charged them with worldliness.

"One coat of paint won't cost much," said the Squire, watching his wife's countenance for signs of approval or the opposite.

"It will do no good," said she positively. "It won't make the house any warmer, and will only conduce to the vanity of the minister and his wife."

"I never thought either of them vain," expostulated her husband.

"You only look to the surface," said his wife, in a tone of calm superiority. "I go deeper. You think, because Mrs. Wilson can't afford to dress well, that she has no vanity. I can read her better. If she had the means she'd cut a dash, you may depend upon it."

"There's one thing I can't understand, Lucretia," said her husband. "Why are things worldly in them that are not in us?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You like to dress well, and I like my house to look neat. Why doesn't that show a worldly spirit in us?"

"Because you are not a minister nor I a minister's wife."

"What difference does that make?"

"You are very dull this morning, Mr. Hadley," said his wife scornfully.

"Perhaps I may be, but still I should like an explanation."

"Ministers should set their hearts on things above."

"Shouldn't we?"

"Not in the same way. They should be humble and not self seeking. They should set a good example to the parish. Does Mr. Wilson pay his rent regular?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"Tolerable."

"Isn't he in arrears?"

"I can't tell exactly without looking at the books," said the Squire evasively.

"I understand; you don't want to tell me. I dare say he is owing you half a year's rent."

This was quite true, but Squire Hadley neither confirmed nor denied it. He could quite understand that Mr. Wilson, with a wife and three children, found it hard to keep even with the world on his scanty stipend, and he did not feel like pressing him.

"I think it shameful for a minister not to pay his debts," said Mrs. Hadley, in an acid tone.

"Suppose he can't, my dear."

"Don't dear me. I am out of patience with you," said the lady sharply.

"Why?"

"You needn't ask. You encourage the minister in his shiftless course."

"Suppose I had three children, and all our clothing and household expenses had to be paid out of five hundred a year."

"If you was a minister you ought to do it."

"A minister can't make a dollar go any farther than other people."

"He can give up luxuries and vanities."

"Our minister indulges in very few of those," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't know about that. I saw Sarah Wilson in the store the other day buying some granulated sugar, when brown is cheaper and would do equally as well."

"I believe we use granulated sugar, Lucretia," said Squire Hadley, his eyes twinkling.

"You're not a minister."

"And I shouldn't want to be if the sinners are to get all the good things of this life, and the saints have to take up with the poorest."

"Call yourself a sinner if you like, but don't call me one, Mr. Hadley," said his wife with some asperity.

"Ain't you a sinner?"

"We are all sinners, if it comes to that, but I consider myself as good as most people. How much rent did you say the minister was owing you?"

"I didn't say," said the Squire shrewdly.

"Keep it a secret if you please. All I say is that it's a duty you owe your family to collect what is honestly

due you. I would do it if I were a man."

"I think you would, Lucretia. However, to please you, I'll attend to it within a week."

"I am glad you're getting sensible. You allow your good nature to run away with you."

"I am glad you allow me one good quality, Lucretia," said her husband with an attempt at humor.

Mrs. Hadley did not fail to inquire of her husband, a few days afterward, if the rent had been collected, and heard with satisfaction that it had been paid up to the current month.

"I told you he would pay it if you pressed him," she said triumphantly.

Her husband smiled. He thought it best not to relate the circumstances under which it had been paid. He had called at the minister's study the day after the conversation above detailed, and after a few remarks on indifferent topics said:

"By the way, Mr. Wilson, in regard to the rent—"

"I regret being so much in arrears, Squire Hadley," said the minister uncomfortably; "but really it is a very perplexing problem to make my salary cover the necessary expenses of my family. I hope in a few weeks to be able to pay something."

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear sir," said the Squire genially. "You must find it difficult, I am sure. I find, by my books, that you are owing me six months' rent."

"I am afraid it is as much as that," said Mr. Wilson, sighing.

"And I am going to help you to pay it."

The minister looked at his guest in surprise. Squire Hadley took out his pocket book, and drew therefrom four ten dollar bills.

"Mr. Wilson," said he, "I make you a present of this, and now, perhaps, you will be able to pay me the rent due—thirty seven dollars and a half, I think the exact amount is."

"My good friend," said the minister, almost overcome, "how can I thank you for this generosity?"

"By paying me my rent," said the Squire smiling. "I am very par-

ticular to have that paid promptly. If you will furnish me with writing materials I will write you a receipt. Now, Mr. Wilson," he added, as he rose to go, "I am going to ask you a favor."

"Only mention it, my friend."

"Let this little transaction be a secret between us."

"It is hard to promise that; I should like to speak to others of your goodness. If I say nothing about it, it will seem ungrateful."

"If you do mention it, you will get me into hot water."

"How is that?" inquired the minister, in some perplexity.

"The fact is my wife is very frugal, and just a leetle stingy. She can't help it, you understand. Her father was pretty close fisted. She wouldn't approve of my giving away so much money, and might remonstrate."

"Yes, I understand," said the minister, who knew, as all the village did, that Mrs. Hadley was quite as close fisted as her lamented father.

"So we had better say nothing about it."

"I can tell my wife?"

"Yes, you may tell her, for it may relieve her from anxiety. Of course she won't mention it."

"You are a firm friend, Squire Hadley," said Mr. Wilson, grasping the hand of his parishioner cordially. "You are one of those who do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

"No, I ain't," said Squire Hadley bluntly; "I should be perfectly willing to have all my good deeds known if it was not for Mrs. Hadley. And that reminds me, I would willingly paint the house for you if she did not object."

"That is not of so much consequence; but the roof does leak badly, and troubles my wife a good deal."

"That ought to be fixed," said the Squire. "How shall I manage it?"

He reflected a moment, and his face brightened with a new idea.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Wilson, we must use a little strategy. You shall see a carpenter, and have the roof repaired at your own expense."

Mr. Wilson's countenance fell. "I fear—" he commenced.

"But I will repay you whatever it costs. How will that do?"

"How kind you are, Squire Hadley!"

"It is only what I ought to do, and would have done before if I had thought how to manage it. As Mrs. Hadley will wonder how you raised the money, I will say you had a gift from a friend, and that I told you to repair the house at your own expense."

A few days later Mrs. Hadley came home in some excitement. "Mr. Hadley," said she, severely, "I find that the minister's house is being new shingled."

"Is it?" asked her husband indifferently.

"This is the way you waste your money, is it?"

"What have I to do with it? If Mr. Wilson chooses to shingle the house at his own expense, I am perfectly willing."

"Didn't you order it done?" inquired his wife, in amazement.

"Certainly not. The minister spoke of it when he paid the rent, and I told him he could do it at his own expense if he chose to."

"That's just what you ought to have said. But I don't understand where the minister finds the money, if he is so poor as you say he is."

"I understand that he has received a gift of money from a friend," said the diplomatic Squire.

"I didn't know he had any friend likely to give him money. Do you know who it is?"

"He didn't tell me, and I didn't inquire," answered the Squire, pluming himself on his strategy.

"Was it a large sum?"

"I don't think it was."

"I wish his friend had given him enough to pay for painting the house, too."

"Why? The house wouldn't be any warmer for painting," said the Squire slyly.

"It would look better."

"And so minister to his vanity."

"You seem to be very stupid this

morning," said Mrs. Hadley, provoked.

"I am only repeating your own observations, my dear."

"If Mr. Wilson can afford to paint the house, I am in favor of his doing it; but I don't think you have any call to pay for it. The house will be better property if it is newly painted."

"Then don't you think I ought to do it, Lucretia?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Hadley sharply.

"I think myself," said the wily Squire, "considering the low rate at which the minister gets the house, he could afford to put on one coat of paint at his own expense. I have a great mind to hint it to him."

"You'd better do it, Mr. Hadley," said his wife approvingly.

"I will; but perhaps he won't look at it in the same light."

Within a week the painters were at work on the parsonage. The coat of paint improved its appearance very much. I suspect the bill was paid in the same way as the shingling; but this is a secret between the minister and Squire Hadley, whose strategy quite baffled his wife's penetration.

VI.

"PLEASE, Miss Frost, the sewing society is going to meet at our house this afternoon, and mother wants you to come round after school, and stay to supper."

The speaker was Annie Peabody, daughter of Deacon Uriah Peabody, a man who lived in a groove, and judged all men according to his own experience of life, which was very limited. He was an austere, old fashioned Calvinist, who believed that at least nineteen twentieths of his fellow men were elected to perdition. Mr. Wilson's theology was not stern enough to suit him. He characterized the minister's sermons as milk and water.

"What we want, parson, is strong meat," he more than once remarked to the minister. "You're always exhortin' men to do right. I don't take much stock in that kind of talk."

"What shall I preach then, Deacon Peabody?" asked the minister mildly.

"If I were a minister I'd stir up the sinners," said the deacon emphatically.

"How would you do it?"

"I'd describe the lake of fire, and the torments of the damned, an' let 'em understand what is prepared for 'em if they don't fear God and do his commandments."

The minister shuddered a little. He was a man of sensitive organization, upon whom these gloomy suggestions jarred unpleasantly. "I can't paint such lurid pictures, deacon," he answered; "nor do I feel that they would do any good. I don't want to paint our Maker as a cruel tyrant, but as a merciful and considerate Father."

"I'm afeared, parson, that you ain't sound in the doctrines. You know what the Scriptures say, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"We also read, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

"But suppose they don't fear him," said the deacon triumphantly.

"I believe in the punishment of sin," returned Mr. Wilson. "We cannot err without incurring the penalty, but I believe God, in punishing the sinner, does not cease to love him. 'Whom he loveth he chasteneth:' or, as we have a right to say, he loves those that he chastens."

"I don't know about that," said the deacon. "I think that's twistin' Scripture to our own ends. How many do you think are goin' to be saved, Parson Wilson?"

"I cannot hazard a conjecture, deacon. Heaven forbid that I should seek to limit the goodness and mercy of God."

"Do you think a quarter will be saved?" persisted the deacon. "Of course I don't mean the heathen. There ain't no hope for any of them, unless they've been converted by the missionaries. I mean of them that's brought up under Christian institutions."

"A quarter? Most certainly. If I felt that three quarters of the race were destined to be lost, my soul would be weighed down with grief."

"Well, for my part," said the deacon, "I've no idea that as many as a quarter will be saved. About one in twenty is full as high as I calc'late on."

"Good Heavens! Deacon Peabody, you can't be in earnest."

"Yes, I be. Why, Parson Wilson, look at the people as they are," (the deacon pronounced it air)—"ain't they steeped in folly and vice? Ain't they carnally minded? Ain't they livin' for this world without no thought of the other? Air they fit for the mansions of the blest? Tell me that."

The deacon's voice rose in a sort of crescendo, and he put the last question triumphantly.

"We are none of us fit for Heaven," replied the minister, "but we can rely on God's mercy. Your doctrine is simply horrible. If but one in twenty is to be saved, don't you feel anxious about your own soul?"

"Of course I'm a poor, miserable sinner," said the deacon complacently; "but I'm a professin' Christian, and I have faith in Christ. I think I come within the promises."

"Suppose you were sure of your own salvation, doesn't the thought of the millions who are to perish ever give you anguish?"

"Of course I'm sorry for the poor, deluded sinners," said the deacon, who managed nevertheless to maintain a cheerful exterior; "but the peace of God remains in my soul, and I don't allow the folly of others to disturb me."

The minister shook his head.

"If I believed as you do, deacon," he said, "I could not close my eyes at night. I could not rejoice in the bright sunshine and glorious beauty of outward nature. I should put on sackcloth and ashes, and pour out my soul to God in earnest prayer that he would turn his soul from wrath."

"I don't feel like interferin' with God's arrangements. I've no doubt they're for the best."

"You think it best that all heathen and nineteen twentieths of those that live in Christian countries should be damned?" asked the minister with some vehemence.

"If it's the Lord's will," said Deacon Peabody, in a sanctified tone, "I'm resigned to it."

Deacon Peabody should have lived at least fifty years earlier. He found few of his contemporaries to agree with him in his rigid notions. Most of the parish sympathized rather with the milder theology of Mr. Wilson. Had it been otherwise, had the deacon thought it possible to obtain a preacher in harmony with his own stern views, he would have headed a movement to get rid of the minister. As it was, he contented himself with protesting, in public and private, against what he regarded as pernicious and blinding error.

This has been a long digression, but the deacon was a prominent man in Granville, and interesting as the representative of a class numerous in Puritan days.

When Mabel entered the deacon's parlor, after school was over, she found some dozen ladies congregated, including the most prominent matrons of Granville. There were but two other young ladies besides Miss Frost. One of them was Miss Clarissa Bassett, the other a grown up daughter of the deacon—Miss Charity Peabody, who was noted for a lack of that virtue which had been given her as a designation. Mrs. Peabody, in strange contrast to her husband, had a heart overflowing with kindness, and was disposed to look on the best side of everybody.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Frost," said Mrs. Peabody cordially, advancing to meet the school teacher. "I've meant to call, but I couldn't seem to get time. I suppose you know some of these ladies. I'll introduce you to such as you don't know."

So Mabel made the rounds and was generally introduced. Though the society was so unlike that in which she had been accustomed to

mingle, she had a natural grace and tact which carried her through the ordeal easily and naturally. She finally found a seat next to Mrs. Priscilla Pulsifer, an old lady of an inquiring turn of mind, who was a new acquaintance, and promptly seized the opportunity to cross-examine Mabel, as she had long desired to do.

"You're the new school teacher, ain't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"How old be you?" asked the old lady, glaring at her through her glasses.

"Twenty two," answered Mabel, resenting what she considered an impertinent question by a counter inquiry. "How old are you, Mrs. Pulsifer?"

"Seventy one; and I ain't ashamed on't, either," answered the old lady, bridling.

Mabel was already sorry for her question. "Age is not a thing to be ashamed of," she said. "You don't look so old as that."

"So folks say," said Mrs. Pulsifer, quite appeased, and resuming her inquiries: "You're from the city, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Ever taught afore?"

"This is my first school."

"How do you like teachin'?"

"Better than I expected. I feel repaid for my labor by watching the progress of the scholars."

"How much wages do you get?" asked the old lady practically.

"Seven dollars a week."

"That's pooty good pay for a single gal," remarked Mrs. Pulsifer. "You don't have anybody dependent on you?"

"Do you mean a husband, Mrs. Pulsifer?" asked Mabel, her eyes sparkling with fun.

"I didn't know but you might have a mother, or brother an' sister, to support."

"No," said Mabel sadly, "I am alone in the world."

"Sho! I s'pose you calc'late on bein' married some time," said the old lady, with directness.

"Perhaps I may be," said Mabel, amused, "but I can't say I calculate on it."

"I guess you can get somebody to marry you," said the practical old lady. "You're good lookin', and are likely to please the men. Clarissa Bassett's tried hard, but somehow she don't make out."

Miss Bassett was sitting at the other end of the room, and, fortunately, was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Hayden, so that she did not hear this last remark.

"Thank you," said Mabel demurely. "You quite encourage me."

"I was twenty five myself before I was married," continued Mrs. Pulsifer. "Not but what I had offers before. Maybe you've had a chance?" and the old lady scrutinized Mabel's countenance.

"Maybe I have," she answered, wanting to laugh.

"That's a pooty gown you have on," said Mrs. Pulsifer, her attention diverted by Mabel's dress. "Was it made in the city?"

"Yes."

"Looks like nice cloth," continued Mrs. Pulsifer, taking a fold between her thumb and finger.

"I think it is," answered Mabel.

"How much was it a yard?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember," Mabel replied.

The fact is, she had intrusted the purchase of her summer dresses to her dressmaker, who rendered her the bill in a lump. If there were any details she did not remember them.

"That's strange," said the old lady, staring. "I know the price of all the clothes I ever bought."

"You probably have a better memory than I," said Mabel, hoping by this compliment to turn the attack, but in vain.

"Haven't you any idee of the price?" asked the old lady.

"It may have been a dollar a yard."

"How many yards did you get?"

"I—am not sure."

"How much did you pay for that collar?"

"I am really sorry I can't tell you,"

said Mabel, who felt somewhat embarrassed.

"Perhaps you don't like to tell."

"I would tell you with pleasure, if I knew."

"Pears to me you must be a poor manager not to keep more account of your expenses," said Mrs. Pulsifer.

"I am afraid I am," said Mabel.

"How many dresses did you bring with you, Miss Frost?"

The old lady's catechizing was getting annoying, but Mabel understood that she meant no offense and answered patiently, "Six."

"Did they all cost as much as this?"

"I should think so."

"I don't see how you can afford to spend so much on dress," said Mrs. Pulsifer, "considering you have only seven dollars a week salary."

"I shall try to be more prudent hereafter, Mrs. Pulsifer."

"You'd better. The men will be afraid to marry you if they think you're extravagant. I told my son Jotham, 'Jotham,' says I, 'don't you marry a woman that wants to put all her money on her back.' Says I, 'An extravagant wife is a curse to a man that wants to be forehanded.'"

"Did your son follow your advice?"

"Yes; he married a likely girl that makes all her own dresses. Jotham told me only last week that he didn't buy her but one dress all last year."

"You must be pleased with your daughter-in-law, Mrs. Pulsifer."

"Yes; she's pretty good as wives go nowadays, but I don't think she's a good cook."

"That is a pity."

"Can you cook, Miss Frost?"

"I don't know much about cooking."

"Sho! You'll want to know how when you're married."

"When I see any chance of marrying I mean to take lessons," said Mabel.

Just then, to Mabel's relief, supper was reported to be ready, and the members of the sewing society filed out with alacrity to the sitting room, where a long table was bountifully

spread with hot biscuit, preserves, and several kinds of cake and pies. The mistress of the household, rather flushed by the heat of the kitchen, welcomed her guests, and requested them to take seats. Mabel took care not to sit in the neighborhood of Mrs. Pulsifer. The old lady's curiosity had come to be annoying, yet could not well be resented.

She congratulated herself on finding her next neighbor to be Mrs. Wilson, the minister's wife, a small woman, in a well worn silk, ten years old, which had been her only "company dress" during that entire period. There was a look of patient anxiety on the good woman's face which had become habitual. She was sorely perplexed at all times to make both ends meet. Even now she was uncomfortable in mind from this very cause. During the morning Mr. Bennett, the butcher, had called at the parsonage, and urgently requested payment for his "little bill." It amounted to only twenty five dollars, but the minister's stock of ready money was reduced to five dollars, and to pay this on account would have left him penniless. His candid statement of his pecuniary condition was not well received.

"I don't think people ought to buy meat if they can't pay for it," said the butcher bluntly.

"The parish is owing me more than the amount of your bill, Mr. Bennett," said the perplexed minister. "Just as soon as I can collect the money——"

"I need it now," said the butcher coarsely. "I have bills to pay, and I can't pay them unless my customers pay me."

"I wish I could pay you at once," said Mr. Wilson wistfully. "Would you take an order on the parish treasurer?"

"No; he's so slack it wouldn't do me any good. Can't you pay half today, Mr. Wilson?"

"I have but five dollars on hand, Mr. Bennett; I can't pay you the whole of that. I will divide it with you."

"Two dollars and a half! It would be only ten per cent of my bill."

He closed, however, by agreeing to take it; but grumbled as he did so.

"These things try me a good deal," said the minister, with a sigh, after the departure of his creditor. "I sometimes think I will leave the profession, and try to find some business that will pay me better."

"It would be hazardous to change now, Theophilus," said his wife. "You have no business training, and would be as likely to do worse as better."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear. I suppose we must worry along. Do you think we could economize any more than we do?"

"I don't see how we can. I've lain awake many a night thinking whether it would be possible, but I don't see how. We couldn't pinch our table any more without risking health."

"I am afraid you are right."

"Why not call on Mr. Ferry, the treasurer, and see if he cannot collect some more money for you?"

"I will do so; but I fear it will be of no use."

The minister was right. Mr. Ferry handed him two dollars.

"It is all I have been able to collect," he said. "Money is tight, Mr. Wilson, and everybody puts off paying."

This was what made Mrs. Wilson's face a shade more careworn than usual on this particular day. To add to her trouble, Mrs. Bennett, the wife of her husband's creditor, who was also a member of the sewing circle, had treated her with great coolness, and almost turned her back upon her. The minister's wife was sensitive, and she felt the slight. When, however, she found Mabel at her side, she smiled pleasantly.

"I am glad to have a chance to thank you, Miss Frost, for the pains you have taken with my little Henry. He has never learned so fast with any teacher before. You must have a special talent for teaching."

"I am glad if you think so, Mrs.

Wilson. I am a novice, you know. I have succeeded better than I anticipated."

"You have succeeded in winning the children's love. Henry is enthusiastic about you."

"I don't think I should be willing to teach unless I could win the good will of my scholars," said Mabel, earnestly. "With that, it is very pleasant to teach."

"I can quite understand your feelings. Before I married Mr. Wilson, I served an apprenticeship as a teacher. I believe I failed as a disciplinarian," she added, smiling faintly. "The committee thought I wasn't strict enough."

"I am not surprised," said Mabel. "You look too kind to be strict."

"I believe I was too indulgent; but I think I would rather err in that than in the opposite direction."

"I fancy," said Mabel, "that you must find your position as a minister's wife almost as difficult as keeping school."

"It certainly has its hard side," said Mrs. Wilson cautiously; for she did not venture to speak freely before so many of her husband's parishioners.

Just then Mrs. Bennett, the butcher's wife, who sat on the opposite side of the table, interrupted their conversation. She was a large, coarse looking woman, with a red face and a loud voice.

"Miss Frost," she said, in a tone of voice audible to all the guests, "I have a bone to pick with you."

Mabel arched her brows, and met the glance of Mrs. Bennett with quiet haughtiness.

"Indeed!" said she, coldly.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Bennett, provoked by the cool indifference of the school teacher.

"Please explain," said Mabel quietly.

"You promoted two girls in my Flora's class, and let her stay where she was."

"I would have promoted her if she had been competent."

"Why ain't she competent?" Mrs. Bennett went on.

"Of course there can be only one answer to that question, Mrs. Bennett. She is not sufficiently advanced in her studies."

"She knows as much as Julia Fletcher or Mary Ferris, any day," retorted Mrs. Bennett.

"Suppose we defer our discussion till we leave the table," said Mabel, finding it difficult to conceal her disdain for her assailant's unmannerly exhibition.

Mrs. Bennett did not reply, but she remarked audibly to the woman who sat next to her; "The school teacher's rather uppish. 'Pears to me she's carryin' things with a high hand."

"You see a school teacher has her trials, Mrs. Wilson," said Mabel, turning to her neighbor with a rather faint smile.

"I feel for you," said the minister's wife sympathetically.

"Thank you, but don't suppose I mind it at all. I shall exercise my own discretion, subject only to the committee. I am wholly independent."

"I wish I could be," sighed Mrs. Wilson; "but no one can be less so than a minister's wife."

"Is your husband to be here this evening?" asked Mabel.

"He has a bad headache and was unable to come. I shall go home early, as I may be needed."

In fact, about half an hour later, Mrs. Wilson made an apology and took her leave.

"Mrs. Wilson is looking pale and careworn," said Mrs. Kent. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Hadley?"

"She hasn't much energy about her," replied the Squire's wife. "If she had, the minister would get along better."

"I think she's no sort of manager," said Mrs. Bennett. "She runs her husband into debt by her shiftless ways."

"I think you're mistaken," said Mrs. Pratt quietly. "I know her well, and I consider her an admirable manager. She makes a little go as far as she can, and as far as any one else could."

"I only know my husband can't get his bill paid," Mrs. Bennett went on. "He presented it this morning—twenty five dollars—and only got two dollars and a half. Seems to me there must be poor management somewhere."

It would be unfair to the femininity of Granville to say that Mrs. Bennett was a fair specimen of it. Except Mrs. Hadley, there was not one who did not look disgusted at her coarseness and bad breeding.

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Bennett," said Mrs. Kent, "but I don't think that follows, by any means, from what you say."

"Then how do you explain it?" asked the butcher's wife.

"The trouble is that Mr. Wilson's salary is too small."

"He ought to live on five hundred dollars a year, I think," said Mrs. Hadley; "especially when he gets his rent so cheap."

"Is five hundred dollars actually the amount of his salary?" asked Mabel, amazed.

"Yes."

"How do you expect him to support his family on such an amount as that?" she exclaimed almost indignantly.

"It is very small, Miss Frost," said Mrs. Pratt, "but I am afraid we couldn't pay much more. None of us are rich. Still I think something ought to be done to help Mr. Wilson. What do you say, ladies, to a donation visit?"

"It's just the thing," said Clarissa Bassett enthusiastically.

"It may be better than nothing," said Mrs. Kent; "but I am afraid donation visits don't amount to as much as we think they do."

The proposal, however, was generally approved, and before the meeting closed it was decided to give the minister a donation visit a fortnight later.

"Shall you be present, Miss Frost?" asked Mrs. Pratt.

"Oh, yes, I won't fail to attend."

"Your colleague, Miss Bassett, always carries a large pincushion on such occasions. The minister must

have at least five of her manufacture."

"In that case," said Mabel, smiling. "I think I will choose a different gift."

VII.

A FEW evenings later, at Mrs. Pratt's house, Mabel met an individual of whom she had frequently heard since her arrival in Granville. This was Mr. Randolph Chester, a bachelor from New York, who generally passed part of the summer in the village. He was reputed to be rich, and, though his wealth was exaggerated, he actually had enough to support a single man in comfort and even luxury. Though a bachelor, he allowed it to be understood that he was in the matrimonial market, and thus received no little attention from maneuvering mothers, single ladies of uncertain age, and blooming maidens who were willing to overlook disparity in age for the sake of the wealth and position which it was understood Mr. Chester would be able to give them.

Why did Mr. Randolph Chester (he liked to be called by his full name) summer in Granville when he might have gone to Bar Harbor or Newport? Because at these places of resort he would have been nobody, while in a small New Hampshire village he was a great man. In Granville he felt, though in this he was perhaps mistaken, that he could marry any of the village belles to whom he chose to hold out his finger, and this consciousness was flattering.

On his arrival at the hotel, where he had a special room reserved for him summer after summer, he was told of the new school teacher, a young, beautiful, and accomplished girl from New York.

"If I like her looks," thought he to himself, "I may marry her. Of course she's poor, or she wouldn't be teaching here for the paltry wages of a country school mistress, and she'll be glad enough to accept me."

When he was introduced to her

Mabel saw before her a middle aged man, carefully dressed, passably good looking, and evidently very well pleased with himself. On his part, he was somewhat dazzled by the school teacher's attractions.

"Why, the girl has actual style," he said to himself. "Egad, she would appear to advantage in a New York drawing room. I wonder if she's heard about me."

He felt doubtful on this point, for Mabel received him with well bred indifference. He missed the little flutter of gratified vanity which the attentions of such an eligible *parti* usually produced in the young ladies of Granville.

"I believe you are from New York, my own city," he said complacently.

"I have passed some time there."

"You must—ahem!—find a considerable difference between the city and this village."

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Chester. I find it a pleasant relief to be here."

"To be sure. So do I. I enjoy leaving the gay saloons of New York for the green glades of the country."

"I can't say," returned Mabel mischievously, "that I know much about the saloons of New York."

"Of course I mean the saloons of fashion—the shining circles of gay society," said Mr. Chester hastily, half suspecting that she was laughing at him. "Do you know the Livingstons, Miss Frost?"

"There is a baker of that name on Sixth Avenue, I believe," said Mabel innocently. "Do you mean his family?"

"No, certainly not," said Mr. Randolph Chester, quite shocked at the idea. "I haven't the honor of knowing any baker on Sixth Avenue."

Neither had Mabel, but she had fully made up her mind to tease Mr. Randolph Chester, whose self conceit she instinctively divined.

"Then you don't live on Sixth Avenue," she continued. "I wonder where I got that impression!"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Chester, scandalized. "I have apartments on Madison Avenue."

"I know where it is," said Mabel.

"She can't move in any sort of society, and yet where on earth did she get that air of distinction?" Randolph Chester reflected. "Do you like school teaching?" he asked in a patronizing tone.

"I find it pleasant."

"I wonder you do not procure a position in the city, where you could obtain higher wages."

"Do you think I could?" asked Mabel.

"My friend, Mr. Livingston, is one of the School Commissioners," said Mr. Chester. "I can mention your name to him, and you might stand a chance to obtain the next vacancy."

"Thank you, Mr. Chester, you are exceedingly kind, but I don't think that I wish to become a candidate at present."

"But you are really throwing away your talents in a small country village like this."

"I don't think so," said Mabel. "I find many of my scholars pretty intelligent, and it is a real pleasure to guide them."

"Mr. Randolph Chester, you mustn't try to lure away Miss Frost. We can't spare her," said Mrs. Pratt.

"You see, Mr. Chester, that I am appreciated here," said Mabel. "In the city I might not be."

"I think," said the bachelor gallantly, "that you would be appreciated anywhere."

"Thank you, Mr. Chester," returned Mabel, receiving the compliment without seeming at all overpowered by it; "but you see you speak from a very short acquaintance."

Mr. Randolph Chester was piqued. He felt that his attentions were not estimated at their real value. The school mistress could not understand what an eligible *parti* he was.

"Do you propose to remain here after the summer is over, Miss Frost?" he asked.

"My plans are quite undecided," said Mabel.

"I suppose she isn't sure whether she can secure the school for the fall term," thought the bachelor.

There was a piano in the room, recently purchased for Carrie Pratt, Mrs. Pratt's daughter.

"I wonder whether she plays," thought Mr. Chester. "Will you give us some music, Miss Frost?" he asked.

"If you desire it. What is your taste?"

"Do you know any operatic airs?"

"A few," and Mabel began with an air from "La Sonnambula." She played with a dash and execution which Mr. Chester recognized, though he only pretended to like opera because it was fashionable.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands in affected ecstasy. "Really you are an excellent player. I suppose you have attended the opera?"

"Occasionally," said Mabel.

"And you like music? But I need not ask."

"Oh, yes, I like music. It is one of my greatest pleasures."

"You would make a very successful music teacher, I should judge. I should think you would prefer it to teaching a country school."

"I like music too well to teach it. I am afraid that I should find it drudgery to initiate beginners."

"There may be something in that."

"Do you sing, Miss Frost?" asked Mrs. Pratt.

"Sometimes."

"Will you sing something, to oblige me?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Pratt. What would you like?"

"I like ballad music. I am afraid my ear is not sufficiently trained to like operatic airs, such as Mr. Randolph Chester admires."

After a brief prelude Mabel sang an old ballad. Her voice was very flexible, and was not wanting in strength. It was very easy to see that it had been carefully cultivated.

Mr. Chester was more and more surprised and charmed. "That girl is quite out of place here," he said to himself. "Any commonplace girl would do for the Granville school mistress. She deserves a more brilliant position."

He surveyed Mabel critically, but could find no fault with her appearance. She was beautiful, accomplished, and had a distinguished air. Even if she were related to the baker's family on Sixth Avenue, as he thought quite probable, she was fitted to adorn the "saloons of fashion," as he called them.

"I rather think I will marry her," he thought. "I don't believe I can do better. She is poor, to be sure, but I have enough for both, and can raise her to my own position in society."

Fortunately Mabel did not know what was passing through the mind of the antiquated beau, as she regarded him, who amused her by his complacent consciousness of his superiority. When it was ten o'clock, she rose to go.

"It won't do to be dissipated, Mrs. Pratt," she said. "I must be going home."

"Permit me to escort you, Miss Frost," said Mr. Chester, rising with alacrity.

She hesitated, but could think of no reason for declining, and they walked together to Mrs. Kent's. The distance was short—too short, Mr. Chester thought, but there was no way of lengthening it.

"I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again soon, Miss Frost," said the bachelor at parting.

Mabel responded in suitable terms, and Mr. Randolph Chester went back to the hotel in quite a flutter of excitement. The staid bachelor was as nearly in love as such a well regulated person could be.

The next evening Mabel spent in writing a letter to Mary Bridgman, part of which it may be well to quote.

"You," she said, "are the only person in my confidence, the only one who knows of my present whereabouts. You will, I feel sure, be glad to know that my experiment is proving to be a success. I believe I have inspired in my pupils a real and earnest interest in study. It gives me genuine pleasure to see their minds unfolding and expand-

ing, day by day, and to feel that I am doing an important part in guiding them in this intellectual growth. I can assure you that I get more satisfaction and exhilaration from the life I am leading now than I found in my last summer's round of amusements at Newport.

"When will it end? How long will this fit of enthusiasm last? If you ask these questions, I cannot tell you. Let time decide.

"You have heard, I suppose, of Mr. Randolph Chester, the elderly bachelor who favors Granville with his presence every summer. I made his acquaintance yesterday, while calling upon Mrs. Pratt. His air of condescension on being introduced to the school teacher was very amusing. He was evidently disappointed by my indifference, and seemed piqued by it. When I was asked to play I determined to produce an impression upon him, and I did my best. Mr. Chester seemed surprised to find a country school mistress so accomplished. He recommended me to become a music teacher and offered to assist me to obtain a position in the city, professing to regard me worthy of a larger field than Granville affords. He offered his escort home, and I accepted.

"Today Mr. Chester did me the great honor of visiting my school. He professed a great interest in the subject of education, but I learn, on inquiry, that he has never before visited the school. I suggested to him that Miss Bassett would be glad to receive a call; but he shrugged his shoulders and did not welcome the proposal. I felt a malicious satisfaction in introducing him publicly to my scholars as one who took a strong interest in them, and announced that he would address them. My visitor started, blushed, and looked embarrassed, but retreat was impossible. He made a halting speech, chiefly consisting of congratulations to the scholars upon having so accomplished and capable a teacher. On the whole he rather turned the tables upon me.

"It is quite in the line of possibility

that I may have a chance to become Mrs. Randolph Chester before the season is over. If I accept him I shall insist on your being one of my bridesmaids."

VIII.

GRANVILLE was not on the great highway of travel. It was off the track of the ordinary tourist. Yet now and then a pilgrim in search of a quiet nook, where there was nothing to suggest the great Babel of fashion, came to anchor in its modest hostelry, and dreamed away tranquil hours under the shadow of its leafy elms. Occasionally, in her walks to and from school, Mabel noticed a face which seemed less at home in village lanes than in city streets, but none that she had seen before.

"I shall finish my summer experiment without recognition," she said to herself in a tone of gratulation. But she was mistaken.

Within a few rods from the school house, one afternoon, she met a young man armed with a fishing rod. He was of medium height, broad shouldered, wore a brown beard, and had a pleasant, manly face lighted up by clear and expressive eyes. To Mabel's casual glance his features looked strangely familiar, but she could not recall the circumstances under which they had met.

The stranger looked doubtfully in her face for an instant, then his countenance brightened up.

"If I am not mistaken," he said eagerly, "it is Miss Mabel Fairfax."

Mabel, at the sound of her real name, looked around uneasily, but luckily none of her scholars was within hearing.

"Mabel Frost," she said hurriedly.

"I beg pardon," replied the young man, puzzled; "but can I be mistaken?"

"No, you are right; but please forget the name you have called me by. Here I am Mabel Frost, and I teach the village school."

There was a look of wonder, mingled with sympathy, in the young man's face.

"I understand," he said gently. "You have been unfortunate; you have lost your fortune, and you have buried yourself in this out of the way village."

Mabel preferred that he should accept the explanation that he himself had suggested.

"Do not pity me," she said. "I have no cause to complain. I am happy here."

"How well you bear your reverses!" he replied admiringly.

Mabel felt like a humbug; but it was a necessary consequence of the false position in which she had placed herself.

"I do not deserve your praise," she said honestly. "I am sure I ought to know you," she added. "Your face is familiar, but I cannot recall where we have met."

"That is not surprising," he returned. "I am a painter, and you met me at the artists' reception. My name is Allan Thorpe."

"Allan Thorpe!" repeated Mabel with a glow of pleasure. "Yes, I remember, you painted that beautiful 'Sunset in Bethlehem.'"

"Do you remember it?" asked the artist in gratified surprise.

"It was one of the pictures I liked best. I remember you too, Mr. Thorpe."

"I am very glad to hear it, Miss—"

"Frost," prompted Mabel, holding up her finger.

"I will try to remember."

"Are you spending the summer in Granville, Mr. Thorpe?"

"Yes," replied Allan unhesitatingly. He had just made up his mind.

"Are you engaged upon any new work?"

"Not yet. I have been painting busily during the spring, and am idling for a time. You see how profitably I have been employed to-day," and he pointed to his fishing rod. "I hope to get at something by and by. May I ask where you are boarding?"

"At Mrs. Kent's."

"I congratulate you, for I know her. I am at the hotel and am some-

times solitary. May I venture to call upon you?"

"If you call upon your friend, Mrs. Kent, you will probably see me," said Mabel, smiling.

"Then I shall certainly call upon Mrs. Kent," said the young man, lifting his hat respectfully.

"Please bear in mind my change of name, Mr. Thorpe."

"You shall be obeyed."

"How much she is improved by adversity," thought the young man, as he sauntered towards the hotel. "I can hardly realize the change. The society belle has become a staid—no, not staid, but hard working country school mistress, and takes the change gayly and cheerfully. I thought her beautiful when I saw her in New York. Now she is charming."

What were Mabel's reflections?

"He is certainly very handsome and very manly," she said to herself.

"He has genius, too. I remember that painting of his. He thinks me poor, and I felt like a humbug when he was admiring me for my resignation to circumstances. If it were as he thinks, I think I might find a friend in him."

"I just met an old acquaintance, Mrs. Kent," she said on entering the house.

"Is he staying here?" asked the widow.

"Yes, for a time. He tells me he knows you."

"Who can it be?" asked Mrs. Kent with interest.

"A young artist—Allan Thorpe," replied Mabel.

"He is a fine young man," said Mrs. Kent warmly.

"His appearance is in his favor."

"You know, I suppose, that he is Mrs. Wilson's nephew?"

"No," said Mabel with surprise.

"His mother, who died last year, was Mrs. Wilson's sister. He was a good son to her. A year before her death a wealthy friend offered to defray his expenses for twelve months in Italy, but he refused for her sake, though it has always been his dearest wish to go."

"No wonder you praise him. He deserves it," said Mabel warmly.

IX.

THREE months before, a new minister had been appointed to take charge of the Methodist Society in Granville. The Rev. Adoniram Fry, in spite of an unprepossessing name, was a man of liberal mind and genial temper, who could neither originate nor keep up a quarrel. In consequence the relations between the two parishes became much more friendly. Mr. Fry took the initiative in calling upon Mr. Wilson.

"Brother Wilson," he said cordially, "we are both laborers in the Lord's vineyard. Is there any reason why we should stand apart?"

"None whatever, Brother Fry," said the other clergyman, his face lighting up with pleasure. "Let us be friends."

"Agreed. If we set the example we can draw our people together. How is it that they have been estranged in years past?"

"I can hardly tell you. Probably there has been fault on both sides."

The two pastors had a pleasant chat, and walked together down the village street, attracting considerable attention. Some were pleased, others seemed undecided how to regard the new alliance, while Deacon Uriah Peabody openly disapproved.

"I don't believe in countenancing error," said he, shaking his head. "We should be stern and uncompromising in upholding the right."

"Why shouldn't our minister be friendly with the Methodist parson, deacon?" questioned Squire Hadley, who was less bigoted than the deacon. "I've met Mr. Fry, and I think him a whole souled man."

"He may have a whole soul," retorted the deacon, with grim humor; "but it's a question whether he'll save it if he holds to his Methodist doctrines."

"Don't the Methodists and Congregationalists believe very much alike?" asked the Squire.

"How can you ask such a question, Squire?" asked the deacon, scandalized.

"But how do they differ? I wish you'd tell me that."

"The Methodists have bishops."

"That isn't a matter of doctrine."

"Yes, it is; they say it's according to Scripture to have bishops."

"Is that all the difference?"

"It's enough."

"Enough to prevent their being saved?"

"It's an error, and all error is dangerous."

"Then you disapprove of friendship between our people and the Methodists?"

"Yes," said the deacon emphatically.

"Wouldn't you sell a cow to a Methodist if you could get a good profit?"

"That's different," said Deacon Peabody, who was fond of a trade. "Tradin' is one thing and spiritual intercourse is another."

"I can't agree with you, deacon. I like what I've seen of Mr. Fry, and I hope he'll draw us together in friendly feeling without regard to our attendance at different churches."

When Fast Day came Mr. Wilson proposed that there should be a union service in the Methodist church, Mr. Fry to preach the sermon.

"In the two societies," he urged, "there will not be enough people desirous of attending church to make more than a fair sized congregation. Nothing sectarian need be preached. There are doctrines enough in which we jointly believe to afford the preacher all the scope he needs."

Mr. Fry cordially accepted the suggestion, and the union service was held; but Deacon Uriah Peabody was conspicuous by his absence.

"I don't like to lose my gospel privileges," he said; "but I can't consort with Methodists or enter a Methodist church. It's agin' my principles."

Old Mrs. Slocum sympathized with the deacon; but curiosity got the

better of principle, and she attended the service, listening with keen ears and vigilant attention for something with which she could disagree. In this she was disappointed; there was nothing to startle or shock the most exacting Congregationalist.

"What did you think of the sermon?" asked Squire Hadley, as he fell in with the old lady on the way home.

"It sounded well enough," she replied, shaking her head; "but appearances are deceitful."

"Would you have been satisfied if you had heard the same sermon from Mr. Wilson?"

"I would have known it was all right then," said Mrs. Slocum. "You can't never tell about these Methodists."

But Deacon Peabody and Mrs. Slocum were exceptions. Most of the people were satisfied, and the union service led to a more social and harmonious feeling. For the first time in three years Mrs. John Keith, Congregationalist, took tea at the house of Mrs. Henry Keith, Methodist. The two families, though the husbands were brothers, had been kept apart by sectarian differences, each being prominent in his church. The two ministers rejoiced in the more cordial feeling which had grown out of their own pleasant personal relations, and they frequently called upon each other.

One result of the restored harmony between the two religious societies was a union picnic of the Sunday schools connected with each. It became a general affair, and it was understood that not only the children, but the older people, would participate in it. The place selected was a grove on the summit of a little hill sloping down to Thurber's Pond, a sheet of water sometimes designated as a lake, though scarcely a mile in circumference.

From the first, Mr. Randolph Chester intended to invite Mabel to accompany him. The attention would look pointed, he admitted to himself; but he was quite prepared for that. So far as his heart was

capable of being touched Mabel had touched it. He was not the man to entertain a grand passion, and never had been; but his admiration of the new school teacher was such that a refusal would have entailed upon him serious disappointment. Of rivalry—that is, of serious rivalry—Mr. Chester had no apprehension. One afternoon he encountered Allan Thorpe walking with Mabel, and he was not quite pleased, for he had mentally monopolized her. But he would have laughed at the idea of Mabel's preferring Mr. Thorpe. He was handsome, and younger by twenty five years; but he was, to use Mr. Chester's own term, "a beggarly artist."

"If she should marry Thorpe she would have to live on romance and moonshine. Artists rave about the true and the beautiful, but they do not pay cash," Randolph said to himself, rather disdainfully.

Two days before the picnic Mr. Chester called at Mrs. Kent's and inquired, in a tone of some importance, for Miss Frost. Mabel made her appearance in the parlor without unnecessary delay.

"I hope I see you well, Miss Frost," said Mr. Chester, with a smile that was meant to be captivating.

"Thank you, Mr. Chester; I have seldom been better."

"I hope you are enjoying your summer in Granville."

"Indeed I am," answered Mabel heartily.

"Where were you last summer, Miss Frost?"

Mabel hesitated. She did not like to say that she spent the greater part of the season at Newport, since this would probably lead to further questions on the subject, and possibly expose her secret.

"I was in the city part of the time," she answered evasively.

"It must have been very uncomfortable," said Mr. Chester, adding complacently: "I have never passed the summer in New York. I should find it quite intolerable."

"A rich man can consult his own wishes," said Mabel. "If you were

a poor school teacher it would be different."

Randolph Chester always enjoyed allusions to his wealth. It gratified him that Mabel seemed aware of his easy circumstances.

"Quite true, Miss Frost," he answered. "I often feel how fortunate I am in my worldly circumstances. You ought to be rich," he continued. "You have accomplishments which would grace a high social position."

"I am afraid you flatter me, Mr. Chester."

"Upon my word I do not," said the bachelor warmly. He was dangerously near declaring himself, but stopped upon the brink. He did not wish to be precipitate.

"Are you going to the picnic on Saturday, Miss Frost?"

"I believe so. Everybody will go, and I do not want to be out of fashion."

"Permit me to offer my escort," said Randolph Chester gallantly.

"You are too late, Mr. Chester," said Mabel, with a smile. "Some one has already invited me."

"Indeed!" said the bachelor stiffly, and looking offended. "May I inquire who that somebody is?"

"Certainly; it is no secret. I have promised to accompany Mr. Allan Thorpe."

"Oh! The artist!"

The words were few, but the tone spoke volumes. It expressed disdain, and implied that to be an artist was something exceedingly disreputable.

"Yes," said Mabel, not unwilling to tease her elderly admirer, "as you say, he is an artist. He paints very clever pictures. Have you ever seen any of them, Mr. Chester?"

"Can't say I have," answered Mr. Chester shortly.

"He promises to be eminent some day," continued Mabel.

"Does he? A good many promises are unfulfilled. I don't think much of artists."

"How can you say that, Mr. Chester? I thought every man of culture admired the pictures of Titian and Raffaele."

"Of course," said Mr. Chester, suspecting that he had gone too far. "They are the old masters, you know. It's the modern daubers of canvas that I was speaking of."

"But are not some of the artists of the present day to become eminent?" asked Mabel.

"When they have become so I will admire them. I don't think Mr. Thorpe stands much chance of it if he wastes his time in Granville."

"Then you don't know that he is painting a picture here?"

"I know nothing of the young man's movements," said Mr. Randolph Chester loftily. "Then I shall not have the pleasure of escorting you, Miss Frost?"

"I fear not. I hope, however, to meet you there."

"I am not sure that I shall go," returned Mr. Chester discontentedly.

"I believe Miss Bassett is unprovided with an escort, Mr. Chester," suggested Mabel, still bent on teasing him.

"I don't care to escort a Maypole," said the bachelor quickly. "Miss Bassett is not to my taste."

"I am afraid you are very fastidious, Mr. Chester."

"I admit that I am so. I prefer to leave Miss Clarissa to some one who appreciates her more than I do."

Soon after Randolph Chester took his leave. He went from the presence of Mabel in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. His feelings toward the artist were far from cordial.

"Why couldn't he go somewhere else?" soliloquized Mr. Chester. "I am sure nobody wanted him here." But the idea would intrude itself that perhaps Miss Frost wanted him. He would not entertain it. "She is like all the girls," he reflected. "She is trying to bring me to the point. So she is playing off the beggarly artist against me. I wish I could retaliate. If I could find some other girl to take I might make her jealous."

This struck Mr. Chester as a happy thought. But whom could he select? There was Clarissa Bassett; but no girl in her sober senses would think

of being jealous of *her*. Still undecided, Mr. Chester reached the hotel, when, to his satisfaction, he found the Raymonds, of Brooklyn, had arrived to spend a couple of weeks there for recreation.

The Raymonds included Mrs. Raymond and her two daughters. The elder was a girl of twenty four, not pretty, but with plenty of pretension. The younger, ten years younger, was still a school girl. The family was supposed to occupy a very exalted social position. All that was known on the subject in Granville came from themselves, and surely they ought to know. They were constantly making references to their aristocratic acquaintances and connections, and evidently felt that in visiting Granville they were conferring a marked favor on that obscure place.

Randolph Chester had not a particle of admiration for Clementina Raymond, but he hailed her arrival with great satisfaction. She was quite a different person from Clarissa Bassett. He would invite her to the picnic and pay her marked attention. Thus, he did not doubt, he could arouse the jealousy of Mabel, and punish her for accepting the escort of Allan Thorpe.

"I am delighted to see you, Miss Raymond," he said.

Clementina received him very graciously. She understood that he was an eligible *parti*, and she had not found suitors plentiful. The Raymonds encouraged the idea that they were very rich, but it was a fiction. They were, in truth, considerably straitened, and this probably accounted for their selecting, as a summer home, the modest hotel at Granville, where for seven dollars a week they could live better than they allowed themselves to do at home, and keep up their social status by being "out of town." Clementina not only desired to marry, but to marry a man of means, and it was understood that Mr. Randolph Chester was rich. He must be nearly fifty, to be sure, while she was only twenty four; but this would not

prove an insuperable objection to the match.

"How long have you been here, Mr. Chester?" asked Miss Raymond languidly.

"Two weeks or more, Miss Raymond. I began to fear you would overlook Granville this summer."

"We had half a mind to go to Newport," said Clementina. "So many of our set there, you know. But mamma likes quiet, and preferred to come here. The rest of the year, I am *so* gay—I am sure you know what a tyrant society is—that with balls, parties, and receptions, I was really quite run down, and our physician strongly advised some quiet place like this. I was afraid of being bored, but since you are here, Mr. Chester, I feel quite encouraged."

Mr. Chester cared nothing for Miss Raymond, but he did like flattery, and he was pleased with this compliment.

"I am quite at your service, Miss Raymond," he responded cheerfully. "You won't find in Granville the gayety of Brooklyn or New York, but we have our amusements. For instance, day after tomorrow there is to be a union picnic at Thurber's Pond."

"How charming! I shall certainly go; that is, if ladies can go unattended."

"That will be quite *en regle*, but if you will accept my escort, Miss Raymond——"

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Chester, I am sure. May mamma go too?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Chester, but he did not look delighted.

"My dear," said the thoughtful mother, "I hardly feel equal to remaining there all the afternoon. You go with Mr. Chester, since he is so kind as to invite you. I may appear there in the course of the afternoon."

"Since you prefer it, I will, mamma," said Clementina softly. No daughter was more filial and considerate than she—in public.

Mabel was with Allan Thorpe, watching the amusements of the children, when she recognized Mr. Randolph Chester approaching. By

his side walked Miss Clementina, a stately figure, overtopping her escort.

"Who is that lady with Mr. Chester?" she asked, in some curiosity.

"Miss Raymond, of Brooklyn," replied Thorpe. "The Raymonds are at the hotel."

"She seems to be a young lady of some pretension," remarked Mabel, rather amused by Clementina's airs.

"Quite so," said Mr. Thorpe. "She is a person of very considerable importance—in her own eyes."

"You may be in danger, Mr. Thorpe; I believe you are fellow boarders."

"The danger is slight; Miss Clementina regards me as a poor artist, quite unworthy of her attentions. Occasionally she condescends to notice me; but in her eyes, I am an inferior being."

"I fancy I shall be classed in the same category when she learns that I am the village school mistress."

"I suspect you are right. Will it materially detract from your enjoyment, Miss Frost, if this proves to be so?"

Mabel laughed merrily.

"I have considerable fortitude," she replied, "and I hope to bear up under it. See, they are coming this way."

Randolph Chester had not failed to notice Mabel, and it caused him a pang of jealousy to see her under the escort of another. He meant that she should see him, and, with Miss Raymond by his side, advanced to where they were standing.

"Oh, this is Miss Frost, the new teacher," he said. "Let me introduce you."

"I believe you are a teacher, Miss Frost," said Clementina, when this formality had been accomplished.

"I teach the grammar school in this village, Miss Raymond," replied Mabel demurely.

"A very useful vocation," remarked Miss Raymond patronizingly. "I really feel ashamed of myself when I compare myself with you. I am afraid we fashionable girls are very useless."

"Not necessarily so. Your means

of usefulness are greater," replied Mabel.

"To be sure. We contribute to charities, and all that, but it isn't like taking part in the work."

It would probably be extremely difficult to discover any charities that were materially assisted by Miss Raymond, but it suited her to convey the impression that she gave liberally.

"I agree with you, Miss Raymond," said Allan Thorpe, speaking for the first time. "It is not enough to give money."

"I plead guilty, Mr. Thorpe," said Clementina, ready to charge herself with any sin that was fashionable; "but really, if you only knew how hard society girls find it to give their time—there are so many claims upon us—parties, receptions, the opera. Oh, I know what you will say. We should sacrifice our inclinations, and steal time to do good. I dare say you think so, Miss Frost."

"It seems to me that it would become a pleasure as well as a duty to do something for others."

"Excuse me, Miss Frost, but you cannot tell till you are placed as I am."

"Possibly not."

All this was very amusing to Mabel. She strongly suspected that Miss Raymond's claims to high social position would not bear examination. It was a novel sensation to be treated as one who had no knowledge of the great world from which she had voluntarily exiled herself, and she had no desire to disturb Miss Raymond in her delusion. Mr. Thorpe also enjoyed the scene. Though he believed her to be in reduced circumstances, he had seen her playing a brilliant part in New York society, and he was equally confident that Miss Raymond was a social humbug.

"Shall we promenade, Mr. Chester?" asked Clementina.

"If you desire it," said her escort, with a show of devotion intended to create uneasiness in Mabel.

"May I come to your school some day, Miss Frost?" asked Miss Ray-

mond. "I should like to visit a country school."

"I shall be glad to see you," said Mabel politely.

"Thank you so much. I will come if I can induce Mr. Randolph Chester to accompany me."

"Mr. Chester has already favored me with a visit," said Mabel, smiling.

Clementina glanced suspiciously at her escort. Was it possible that he felt an interest in the school teacher?

"You will let him come again?" she asked, smiling sweetly.

"Most certainly."

"What do you think of her?" asked Mr. Chester with peculiar interest, after the two couples had separated.

"I rather like her appearance," drawled Clementina slightly, "but you know there is always something plebeian about people of her class, however they may dress."

"I can't quite agree with you, Miss Raymond," said the bachelor, who did not like to hear the future Mrs. Randolph Chester spoken of in such contemptuous terms. "Miss Mabel Frost is from the city of New York, and is a highly accomplished girl. I suspect she has seen better days, though at present reduced to school teaching."

Clementina was quick witted, and saw how the land lay. Having resolved to capture the gentleman at her side, she determined to check his evident admiration for Mabel.

"Mr. Chester," she said, "I don't wonder you are deceived. The girl has a superficial polish, which a gentleman is not likely to see through. I have been a great deal in society, and can at once distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine. This school teacher has probably received more than ordinary advantages; but blood will tell. Rely upon it, she is a plebeian."

Mr. Chester did not think any the better of his companion for this speech. He was too deeply interested in Mabel, and as strong as ever in the determination to make her Mrs. Chester.

"I fancy that this Mr. Thorpe is very devoted to her," continued Clementina.

"I didn't notice it," replied Mr. Chester shortly.

"But the devotion was very marked, and I am quite disposed to think it was mutual. Did you ever think, Mr. Chester, how interesting it is to study love making between people of their class? And really, when you come to think of it," she rattled on, much to the disgust of her escort, "it would be a capital match. He is a poor artist, you know, and they would have to live in a *very* modest style, but she is used to that. I do not suppose she would object to doing her own work, and of course she would be obliged to do so at first. I hope they will invite us to the wedding."

"I don't believe there will be any wedding," said Mr. Chester uncomfortably. "He is only paying her a little ordinary attention. She wouldn't accept him, I am confident."

"Why wouldn't she? She can't expect a husband in *your* position, for instance, Mr. Chester. She probably has low relations, and it wouldn't be suitable or pleasant."

Mr. Chester thought of the baker on Sixth Avenue; but the time had passed when even that could deter him. In spite of all that Miss Raymond could suggest his mind was made up.

X.

THURBER'S POND was of moderate size, probably covering thirty or forty acres. Near the edge it was shallow, but toward the middle the water was of considerable depth. There were two boats moored at the little pier built out at the foot of the picnic grounds, one a sail boat and the other a row boat.

Toward the middle of the afternoon it was proposed to press these boats into the service of some of the older visitors. The children were scattered through the neighboring fields, playing games that interested them. The sail boat proved the more attractive, and was already full be-

fore Mabel, Clementina, and their escorts became aware of the plan proposed.

Clementina was very much annoyed.

"It's so provoking," she complained. "I dote on the water. Isn't there room for me?"

But the sail boat was, if anything, too full already, and nobody offered to get out. Allan Thorpe and Mabel were standing by, both a little disappointed. The artist's eye fell upon the row boat.

"Do you row, Mr. Chester?" he asked.

"A little," was the answer.

"Then suppose, since we are unable to go in the sail boat, we give the ladies a row. Would you like it, Miss Frost?"

"Thank you," said Mabel. "I should enjoy it very much."

"And you, Miss Raymond?"

"It will be better than moping here."

So the four seated themselves in the boat, and the gentlemen took up the oars. Mr. Chester proved to be very awkward, and Allan Thorpe offered to row alone. The bachelor accepted with alacrity, and seated himself next to Mabel, leaving Miss Raymond at the other end of the boat. This did not suit Clementina, who straightway lost her interest in the excursion. She felt herself ill used at this act of desertion on the part of her escort. Mabel read her discontent, and wanted to suggest to Mr. Chester that she could dispense with his company, but this was difficult to do. His face beamed with satisfaction, and Miss Raymond saw it, and was provoked. She even deigned to be jealous of the school mistress.

"You are not very considerate, Mr. Chester," she said sharply, "in leaving Mr. Thorpe to do all the work."

"He likes it," replied Randolph lazily. "Don't you, Mr. Thorpe?"

"I always enjoy rowing," said Allan, who understood very well that Mr. Chester could not manage both oars.

"I would rather look on," continued Chester contentedly. "How are you getting on with your school, Miss Frost?"

"Very well, thank you."

"I wish I was young enough to enroll myself among your scholars," said the bachelor gallantly.

"You would find me very strict, Mr. Chester."

"I should take care not to give you any trouble."

Miss Raymond did not enjoy this badinage, and mentally pronounced Mabel an artful girl, who had designs upon Mr. Chester's affections. She could not resist the temptation to revenge herself on her escort.

"I suppose you can hardly remember your school days, Mr. Chester?" said she.

"Really, Miss Raymond, I am not quite an antediluvian," exclaimed Randolph Chester, somewhat provoked.

"Excuse me, Mr. Chester. I didn't suppose you were sensitive about your age. I really hope you'll excuse me."

"I do not know that I have any reason to be sensitive *as yet*," said Mr. Chester stiffly. "It will be time enough for that when I reach fifty."

He was that already; but this was a secret between himself and the old Bible, which neither of his hearers was likely to have a chance of seeing.

Clementina's purpose was achieved. She had made Mr. Chester uncomfortable, and interrupted his tête-à-tête with Mabel. She followed up her advantage by becoming very sociable with Allan Thorpe.

"Are you at work upon another charming picture, Mr. Thorpe?" she asked graciously.

"You are very kind, Miss Raymond; I am painting another picture. I hope it may deserve the adjective you use."

"I like your paintings *so* much. Have you ever been to Italy?"

"No," said Mr. Thorpe regretfully. "I wish I could go."

"You really ought to do so. I adore art myself. I should like nothing better than to see the grand

Italian galleries, with some one to point out the best pictures—some one like yourself, who understands the subject."

"Have you ever been abroad, Miss Raymond?" asked Mabel.

"No," said Clementina. "Mamma has such a horror of the sea; she is so liable to be seasick. It is such a pity, when one has the means, that there should be a drawback."

This was another of Clementina's little fictions. In plain truth, want of means was the only objection to a European trip on the part of the Raymonds.

"When you are married, Miss Raymond, you will not be dependent on your mother as a companion; then you can gratify your taste."

"So I can," said Clementina with naïve simplicity, as if the idea had just occurred to her. "If I can't go in any other way, I shall be willing to pay the expenses of the tour myself. So you're really at work upon a new picture, Mr. Thorpe?"

"I have not made much progress yet, but I have made a beginning."

"I should like to see it. I couldn't, of course, hope to offer any suggestion, but I can tell whether I like it."

"Thank you. When it is more advanced I shall be glad to ask your opinion of it."

"Do you ever give lessons in painting, Mr. Thorpe?"

"I did at one time, but I found that it interfered with my work."

"Then I cannot hope to secure you as a teacher. It would be so nice to go out in the fields, and take lessons from so competent an instructor."

"You flatter me, Miss Raymond."

"You only say so because of your modesty, Mr. Thorpe. I have a high opinion of your talent, and I shall take every opportunity of mentioning you in my set."

"Thank you."

Allan Thorpe was clear sighted enough to estimate Miss Raymond's sudden interest in him at its right value. He also had a suspicion that her set was not one likely to care much for arts or artists. But it

amused him to watch Clementina's jealousy, and to penetrate her motives in turning her attention to him.

"If I can help her to secure a husband," he thought, "she is quite welcome to make use of me."

It did not seem, however, that she had accomplished much. Mr. Chester was chatting contentedly with Mabel, glad that Clementina was otherwise occupied than in teasing him.

"Then you are not sure that you will remain in Granville after the summer, Miss Frost?" he inquired.

"My plans are quite undecided," answered Mabel.

"I suppose you will continue to teach?"

"Even that is not certain. Perhaps I might obtain a situation as companion to an elderly lady. Do you know of any likely to want my services, Mr. Chester?"

Mr. Chester would have liked to suggest that the position of companion to a gentleman was open to her acceptance; but the occasion was too public.

"I may hear of such a position, Miss Frost," he said; "and if you will leave me your address, in case you do not remain in Granville, I will certainly let you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Chester."

At this point there was a startling interruption. Miss Raymond had been sitting for five minutes silent and incensed. Her little flirtation with Mr. Thorpe had not ruffled Mr. Chester's serenity nor interrupted his devotion to the school mistress. She rose from her seat, lost her balance, and fell against the side of the boat, upsetting it, and precipitating the four who occupied it into the water.

Fortunately they were not far from shore. Still, the water was six feet deep, and of course there was danger. Mr. Chester could swim a little, and, without a thought of his companions, he struck out for the shore. Allan Thorpe could swim also. Fortunately he was cool in the moment of peril. His first thought was for Mabel.

"Cling to me, Mabel," he said, forgetting ceremony at this moment. "I will help you."

Clementina, wild with terror, had grasped him by the coat, and this hampered his movements; but with a great effort, he succeeded in conveying both girls to more shallow water. Had the distance been greater, it is doubtful if he would have succeeded.

"You are out of danger," he said. "The water is not deep here. We can walk ashore."

Randolph Chester, still a little pale, was dripping on the bank when Allan and the two girls joined him.

"I am so glad you are safe, ladies," he said a little sheepishly, for he was conscious that he had not played a heroic part.

"Small thanks to you, Mr. Chester!" retorted Clementina sharply. "We might have drowned, so far as you were concerned."

"I cannot swim much," said Mr. Chester uneasily. "I never regretted it so much as now."

"You could swim well enough to save yourself. Mr. Thorpe, you are my preserver!" exclaimed Clementina gushingly.

"Do not magnify my service, Miss Raymond. We were very near shoal water."

"But you saved my life," persisted Clementina. "I shall *never* forget it."

Mabel said nothing, but she impulsively extended her hand. Allan Thorpe was better pleased than with Miss Raymond's demonstrative expressions of gratitude.

"Now, young ladies," said the artist, "though I am no physician, you must allow me to prescribe an immediate return home. Otherwise you'll run a great risk of catching cold. Mr. Chester, if you will take charge of Miss Raymond, I will accompany Miss Frost. For your own sake, you will find it best to go at once."

Miss Raymond was rather sulky, but, though irritated with her escort, policy prevailed, and she forced herself into a good humor. She had made up her mind to marry Mr. Chester, and he required delicate

management. So she accepted the lame apology he offered for leaving her to her fate, and by the time they reached the hotel they were outwardly on good terms.

On the day after the picnic, Allan Thorpe wrote the following letter to his friend and fellow artist John Fleming, who was spending the summer at Bethlehem:

DEAR JACK—You wonder why I prefer to spend the summer at Granville, and refuse to join you at Bethlehem. Your surprise is natural. I admit that between Granville and Bethlehem there is no comparison. The latter is certainly far more attractive to an artist who has only his art in view. But, Jack, there is another reason. You were always my father confessor—at least you have been since the happy day when our friendship began—and I am willing to confess to you that I have lost my heart. There is a charming school mistress in Granville, to whom I have transferred it wholly and unconditionally.

Not an ordinary school mistress, mind you; Miss Frost is not only charming in person, but thoroughly accomplished. I know you will be incredulous; but when I explain the mystery which environs her you will lose your skepticism. Let me tell you, then, in confidence, that last winter, at an artists' reception in New York, I was introduced to a girl whose name I knew as that of an acknowledged queen of society. A little conversation convinced me that she was more than that; that she had a genuine and discriminating love of art; that she despised the frivolous nothings which are dignified as conversations by the butterflies of fashion, and that she regarded life as something more than a succession of parties and receptions. I was strongly attracted; but I learned that she was the possessor of a large fortune, and this precluded the thought of any intimate friendship with her on the part of a penniless artist.

Well, Jack, on the second day after my arrival in Granville, I met this same girl again. Imagine my astonishment at discovering that she was teaching the grammar school in the village, on the splendid stipend of seven dollars a week. Of course she has lost her fortune—how, I have been unable to learn. She is reticent on this subject; but the loss does not seem to affect her spirits. She is devoting herself earnestly to the work she has chosen, and is succeeding admirably. I declare to you that I yield Miss Frost higher respect now that she is a plain country school teacher than when she was a social leader. That she should give up, uncomplainingly, the gay delights her fortune has procured for her and devote herself to a useful but contracted and per-

haps monotonous routine of work, indicates a nobility of nature of which previously I had no assurance.

You will ask to what all this tends. It means, Jack, that I have made up my mind to win her if possible. Between the struggling artist and the wealthy heiress there was a distance too great to be spanned even by love, but now that her estate is on a level with my own I need not hesitate. The same spirit that has enabled her to meet and conquer adversity will sustain her in the self denial and self sacrifice to which she may be called as the wife of a poor man. I have resolved to put my fortune to the test before the close of her school term calls her from Granville. I have some reason to believe that she esteems me, at least. If I am not too precipitate, I hope that esteem may pave the way for a deeper and warmer sentiment. I hope the time may come when I can ask you to congratulate me, as I am sure you will do most heartily, my dear Jack.

Ever yours,

ALLAN THORPE.

P.S.—Lest you should waste your valuable time in exploring back numbers of the newspapers for some mention of Miss Frost in their society gossip, I may as well tell you that this is not her real name. In giving up her fashionable career she has, for a time at least, left behind the name which was associated with it, and taken a new one with the new vocation she has adopted. This might lead to embarrassment; but that will be obviated if she will only consent to accept my name, which has never had any fashionable associations.

P.S.—There is another girl spending the summer here, a Miss Clementina Raymond, of Brooklyn, who assumes airs and graces enough for two. Perhaps it is well that you are not here, for you might be smitten, and she is after higher game. She has "set her cap" for Mr. Randolph Chester, a wealthy bachelor of fifty or more, also a summer resident; but I suspect that he prefers Miss Frost. I do not give myself any trouble on that score. Miss Frost may reject me, but she certainly will not accept Mr. Chester.

XI.

"THEOPHILUS," said Mrs. Wilson, "the flour is out, and we have but half a pound of sugar left."

The minister looked grave.

"My dear," he answered, "it seems to me that something is always out."

"Then," said his wife, smiling faintly, "I suppose you are out of money also."

"I have a dollar and thirty seven cents in my pocket book, and I do not know when I shall get any more."

"Doesn't the parish owe you something?"

"Yes, but the treasurer told me yesterday, when I spoke to him on the subject, that we must give them time to pay it; that it would create dissatisfaction if I pressed the matter."

"How do they expect us to live?" demanded Mrs. Wilson, as nearly indignant as so meek a woman could be.

"They think we can get along somehow. Besides, the donation party takes place tomorrow. Mr. Stiles told me that I couldn't expect to collect anything till that was over."

"I wish it were over."

"So do I."

"I suppose it will amount to about as much as the others did. People will bring provisions, most of which they will eat themselves. When it is over we'll be the richer by a dozen pincushions, half a dozen pies, a bushel of potatoes, and a few knick-knacks for which we have no earthly use."

"I am afraid, my dear, you are getting satirical."

"There is more truth than satire in it, Theophilus, as you know very well. The worst of it is that we are expected to be grateful for what is only an additional burden."

"Well, my dear, you are certainly right; but perhaps we may be more fortunate tomorrow."

At this point Ralph Wilson, the minister's oldest son, came into the room to recite a lesson in the *Iliad*, and the conversation took a turn.

"I am afraid Ralph will never be able to go to college after all," said his mother.

"I don't see any way at present," said the minister; "but I hope it may be arranged. I wrote last week to my classmate, Professor Ames, of Dartmouth, to inquire what aid Ralph could depend upon from the beneficiary funds."

"Have you had an answer?"

"I received a letter this morning. From what he writes me, I judge that his necessary expenses will be at least four hundred dollars a year—"

"Nearly the amount of your salary."

"And that he can probably procure aid to the amount of two hundred from the beneficiary funds."

"Then it is hopeless. You cannot make up the balance."

"I'm afraid you're right. I think, though, that Ralph should continue his preparation, since, even if he is only prepared to enter, that insures him a good education."

"I might defray a part of my expenses by teaching school in winter," suggested Ralph, who had listened intently to a conversation that so nearly concerned his future.

"You could teach during the junior and senior years," said his father. "I did so myself. During the first two years you would be too young, and it would, besides, be a disadvantage."

Since the donation visit had been decided upon at the sewing circle, it had been a prominent topic of conversation in the village. Though designed to give substantial assistance to the minister's family, it was also to be a festive occasion—a sort of ministerial party—and thus was regarded as a social event.

Fair fingers had been busily at work in the minister's service, and it is safe to say that at least ten pincushions were in process of manufacture. Chief among the fair workers was Clarissa Bassett, who had a just pride in the superior size and more elaborate workmanship of her pincushions, of which four or five were already on exhibition in the Wilson household.

"I suppose you are going to the donation party, Miss Frost," said Miss Bassett complacently, for she had that morning set the last stitch in what she regarded as the handsomest pincushion she had ever made.

"Yes, I intend to go."

"Have you got your gift ready?" asked Miss Bassett, with natural curiosity.

"I hope to have it ready in time," said Mabel.

"I wish you could see my pincushion," said Clarissa, with subdued

enthusiasm. "I think it is the best I ever made."

"Is Mr. Wilson's family in particular need of pincushions?" asked Mabel.

Miss Bassett did not deign to notice the question suggested by Mabel, considering it quite irrelevant.

"I always give pincushions," she said. "People say I have a talent for making them."

Mabel smiled.

"I have no talent at all for that kind of work," she returned. "I should not venture to compete with you. But probably yours will be all that will be required."

"Oh, there are several others who are making them," said Miss Bassett; "but," she added complacently, "I am not afraid to compare mine with any that'll be brought. Old Mrs. Pulsifer showed me hers yesterday—such a looking thing! Made up of odds and ends from her scrap bag. It isn't fit for the kitchen."

"So Mrs. Pulsifer is going to give a pincushion, also?"

"She always does; but if I didn't know how to make one better than she I'd give up altogether."

"Does Mrs. Wilson use a great many pins?" asked Mabel.

Miss Bassett stared.

"I don't know as she uses any more than anybody else," she answered.

"How, then, can she use so many pincushions? Wouldn't some other gift be more acceptable?" Mabel inquired.

"Oh, they'll have other things—cake and pies and such things. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to give anything of that kind."

The next was the eventful day. At four o'clock in the afternoon people began to arrive. The parsonage had just been put in order, and the minister and his wife awaited their visitors.

"Is it necessary for me to be here?" asked Ralph.

"It would hardly look well for you to be away, my son."

"I will stay if you wish it, of course, father; but it always humili-

ates me. It looks as if we were receiving charity."

"I confess I can't quite rid myself of the same impression," said his father; "but it may be a feeling of worldly pride. We must try to look upon it differently."

"Why can't they give you the value of their presents in money, or by adding to your salary, father?" suggested Ralph.

"They would not be willing. We must accept what they choose to give, and in the form in which they choose to give it."

"I hope, father, I shall some time be able to relieve you from such dependence."

"I wish, for your own sake, you might have the ability, my son, even if I did not require it."

The first to arrive was old Mrs. Pulsifer. She carried in her hand a hideous pincushion, answering the description which Miss Bassett had given of it.

"I made it with my own hands, Mrs. Wilson," she said complacently. "As the apostle says, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee.'"

"Thank you, Mrs. Pulsifer," said the minister's wife, trying to look pleased, and failing.

The next visitor was Mrs. Slocum, who brought a couple of dyspeptic looking pies and a loaf of bread.

"I thought you might need 'em for the company," she said.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Slocum," said Mrs. Wilson. She was quite resigned to the immediate use of Mrs. Slocum's gift.

Next came Mrs. Breck. She, too, contributed some pies and cake, but of a better quality than her predecessor. Close upon her followed Clarissa Bassett, bearing aloft the gorgeous pincushion, which she presented with a complacent flourish to Mrs. Wilson.

"It'll do for your best room, Mrs. Wilson," she said. "I see you've got one pincushion already," eying Mrs. Pulsifer's offering disdainfully.

"I expect several more," said Mrs. Wilson, smiling faintly. "We are

generally well remembered in that way."

Next Mrs. and Miss Raymond sailed into the room and made their way to where the minister was.

"Mr. Wilson," said Clementina, with a charming air of patronage, "we do not belong to your flock, but we crave the privilege of participating in this pleasant visit and showing our appreciation of your ministrations. I hope you will accept this small testimonial from my mother and myself."

She left in the minister's hands a bottle of cologne, which she had purchased at the village store that morning for fifty cents.

"Thank you, Miss Raymond," said Mr. Wilson gravely, "quite as much for your words as for your gift."

Was there conscious satire in this speech? If so, neither Miss Raymond nor her mother understood it. They made way for Mr. Randolph Chester, who, indeed, had escorted them to the parsonage.

"Reverend sir," said Mr. Chester with elaborate formality, "I hardly knew what to bring you, but I am sure that books are always welcome to literary men. May I hope that you will give this volume a place in your library?"

As he spoke he handed the minister a small edition of Scott's poems, complete in one volume, and in such fine print as to make it perilous for a person of any except the strongest eyesight to undertake its perusal. Mr. Chester admitted that he was in independent circumstances, and Mr. Wilson had hoped for a present of some real value, but he felt compelled to accept this paltry gift with an appearance of gratitude.

The next half dozen arrivals were laden down with provisions. A committee of ladies took charge of these, and spread a large table, on which all the articles that were cooked were at once placed.

While this was going on, Mrs. Squire Hadley arrived with a dress pattern for Mrs. Wilson. It was a cheap calico of large figure, very repugnant to the taste of the minis-

ter's wife, whose heart sank within her as she accepted it, for she knew that Mrs. Hadley would never forgive her if she did not have it made up. Mrs. Hadley had got it at a bargain at the store, where it had lain on the shelves for several seasons without finding a purchaser.

"Dress goods are always acceptable, Mrs. Wilson," she said with the air of one conferring a favor. "I hope you may find this of service."

And Mrs. Wilson was obliged to thank her.

"Brother Wilson," said the Rev. Adoniram Fry in a cheery voice, "I hope I do not intrude. The fact is, I couldn't keep away. I hope you will not be too proud to accept a small gift from your Methodist brother;" and he placed in the minister's hand a five dollar bill.

"Thank you, Brother Fry," said Mr. Wilson, grasping his hand cordially. "I see you understand what I most need;" this last remark being in a lower voice.

"I ought to, Brother Wilson. I never yet knew a minister who couldn't find a use for a five dollar bill."

Deacon Uriah Peabody entered next.

"I've brought you a bushel of apples, parson," he said. "My boy'll carry 'em round to the kitchen. This is a joyful day for you. Your house will overflow with the bounties of Providence."

Such speeches as these the minister, in spite of his meekness, found it hard to listen to without impatience.

"I hope it may," he said gravely. "I shall be glad to have my daily anxieties lightened."

"They will be," said the deacon. "I calculate you won't have to buy much for a month to come."

The Rev. Theophilus was better informed. He knew that all but a small remnant of the provisions brought in would be consumed before the company dispersed, and that two days more would suffice to dispose of the last of the donations. But he did not venture to say this. It would have given serious offense to

the visitors, who felt that the minister's family could not be grateful enough for their very liberal gifts.

Mrs. Kent and Mabel were late. The former handed Mr. Wilson an envelope containing a ten dollar bill.

"A joint gift from Miss Frost and myself," she said. "Properly it is not a gift, but a small part of what we owe you."

The minister brightened up, not only because he suspected that the envelope contained money, which was the most acceptable form in which a donation could come, but because the words indicated appreciation, and a proper estimate of his relation to the donation visit. They helped him to bear the patronizing manner of Mrs. Bennett, the butcher's wife, who followed with two cheap collars for Mrs. Wilson.

"Things is brightenin' up for you, Mr. Wilson," said she. "Times is hard, but we're doin' what we can to help you along. I'd like to do more myself, but my husband has so many bad bills, and so much trouble in collectin' his money, that we're straitened when we shouldn't be."

The minister was painfully aware that he was one of the debtors who found it hard to pay his bills, and he knew that Mrs. Bennett's speech was meant for a hint.

Supper was by this time ready, and the ladies and gentlemen filed out to the supper table with alacrity. It was, doubtless, the consciousness that they were engaged in a philanthropic action that increased the appetites of the good people. At any rate, there was very little left on the table when the repast was over. All present seemed in excellent spirits. Congratulations poured in upon the minister and his wife, who, it appeared to be thought, were in great luck.

"Guess this'll put you on your feet, parson," said Deacon Peabody, a little huskily, for he had stuffed half of a large doughnut into his mouth. "The people have come for'ard very liberal today."

"Yes," said the minister unenthusiastically.

"Reminds me of the land flowin' with milk an' honey," resumed the deacon.

"If it could only last," thought Mr. Wilson. On ordinary days there was small appearance of plenty on the minister's frugal board, and, as his guests were consuming about all they brought, there seemed small chance of an improvement.

There was a turn in the tide, however. A parcel was brought from the express office, containing a neat cashmere dress, entirely made up, for Mrs. Wilson. This was accompanied by a note from Mary Bridgman, the donor, to this effect:

DEAR MRS. WILSON:—As I still retain your measure, I have made up this dress for you, and trust it may prove a good fit. I hope you will receive it in the same spirit in which it was sent.

Your true friend,

MARY BRIDGMAN.

It was long since the minister's wife had had a new dress, and the prospect of another had seemed remote enough. Nothing, therefore, could be more timely and acceptable, and the little woman, for the first time during the afternoon, seemed actually cheerful.

"I had no idee Mary was doin' so well," said old Mrs. Slocum. "That cashmere dress must have cost a good deal."

"Mary Bridgman was always extravagant," said Mrs. Hadley disapprovingly. "I don't believe she saves a cent."

Mrs. Hadley may perhaps have felt that the dressmaker's handsome gift was a tacit rebuke for her shabby offering.

Thus far the only gifts of any value had been the dress just mentioned and fifteen dollars in money. It spoke poorly for the liberality of an entire parish, especially when it is considered that three out of the four donors—Mr. Fry, Mary Bridgman and Mabel Frost—were outsiders. Mr. Wilson was not much disappointed. If anything, the visit had been more remunerative than he expected. To one of his scanty income fifteen dollars in cash would be a considerable help. He felt that, on

the whole, the donation visit had "paid."

But there was unexpected good fortune in store for him. Ralph came in with a letter from the post-office, postmarked New York.

"I wonder who it can be from, father," he said. "Do you know any one in New York?"

"Only Miss Bridgman, and we have heard from her."

"Better open the letter, parson," said Mrs. Pulsifer, whose curiosity was excited. "We'll all excuse you."

Thus adjured, the minister did so. As he read, his face became luminous with joy, and he fervently ejaculated, "Thank God for all His goodness!"

"What is it, parson?" inquired Deacon Peabody.

"My friends," said the minister, clearing his throat, "I want you all to be partakers of my joy. I will read the letter. It is dated New York."

"REV. MR. WILSON—DEAR SIR:—I have this day deposited the sum of five hundred dollars in the Gotham Trust Company of New York city, in your name, and subject to your draft. Pardon me for not communicating my name. Rest assured that it comes from one who appreciates your services, and hopes to be considered your sincere friend and well wisher."

The reading of the letter produced a sensation. Deacon Peabody asked to see it. He put on his spectacles and examined it intently.

"I guess it's genooine," he said cautiously. "Really, Parson Wilson, it makes you a rich man."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wilson," said Squire Hadley, cordially shaking the minister's hand. "We ain't so liberal as we might be, but I'm glad to find there's somebody that's open handed. Here's ten dollars to add to your five hundred."

"You overwhelm me, Squire Hadley," said the good man. "I feel rebuffed for my want of faith in Providence. This morning I awoke with a heavy heart. Little did I dream that the burden was this day to be rolled away. Now I can start fresh, and henceforth I hope to pay my way."

It seemed odd what a sudden

accession of respect there was for the minister now that he had money in the bank.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, don't you be in a hurry about my husband's little account," said Mrs. Bennett. "He'll know you're good for it, and that'll ease his mind."

"Mrs. Bennett," said the minister gravely, "I am obliged for your offer, but I shall attend to your husband's claim at once. I have always wished to pay my debts promptly. Nothing but lack of ability has prevented."

It was quite in order that conjectures should be hazarded as to the unknown donor of this munificent gift. Who was there in New York likely to feel interested in the minister of Granville? Some one suggested that Mr. Randolph Chester lived in New York, and straightway he was questioned on the subject. He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear madam," said he to old Mrs. Pulsifer, "if I am the person I certainly shall not own it. I prefer to remain silent."

This led to the inference that Mr. Chester really gave the money, though no one had suspected him previously of any tendency to liberality. But there were rival claimants. The Raymonds were from Brooklyn, and generally supposed to be wealthy. Could they be Mr. Wilson's unknown friends? When it was suggested to them they replied evasively, neither admitting nor denying it. So opinion was divided, but it was generally thought that it lay between Mr. Chester and the Raymonds. Of course it was not Mary Bridgman, because she sent the handsome dress for Mrs. Wilson.

The minister, however, did not share in the belief. He was quite baffled in his conjecture; but he felt confident that the deposit was not made by the gentleman who had presented him with Scott's poems nor by the giver of the bottle of cheap cologne.

His good fortune was a nine days' wonder, but the mystery remained

unsolved. Mr. Wilson went out among his people with a new hope and cheerfulness, and several remarked that he looked ten years younger than before the visit. Life looked brighter to all the little family at the parsonage, and Ralph began to hope that a way might be provided for him to go to college, after all. It is a little odd, too, that now, when the minister was comparatively at ease in pecuniary matters, the treasurer of the parish bestirred himself to collect the arrears of his salary, and with such good success that within a week he was able to make Mr. Wilson a payment of seventy five dollars. So true is it that "Unto him that hath shall be given." So the Rev. Theophilus, who had meditated a journey to New York, to draw upon his newly gained wealth, was able to defer the expedition.

It was a pleasant circumstance that no one appeared to rejoice more sincerely than Adoniram Fry, the Methodist minister, at the good luck of his ministerial brother. Indeed, his hearty friendliness drew the two parishes into more cordial relations, such as surely should exist between Christian people working together for a common purpose.

Meanwhile the summer was passing rapidly, and Mabel's school approached the end of its term. The Granville school closed unusually late in the season. Three years before, an elderly man, who had all his life lived as a bachelor, and, not without reason, had been regarded as a miser, astonished everybody by leaving, in his will, the sum of ten thousand dollars to the town as a fund, the interest to be devoted to lengthening the summer schools. The reason assigned was that in the long summer holidays he had been annoyed by the village children entering his orchard and robbing his fruit, which led him to believe that they would be better off if the vacation were abridged and the school prolonged.

It was near the middle of August, therefore, when Mabel's

labors closed. Before the day of examination her experience was marked by two events which call for notice.

Randolph Chester had fully made up his mind to sacrifice his bachelor independence, and wear the fetters of a married man, if Mabel would accept his hand and fortune. That she would do so he did not seriously doubt. He was annoyed by the frequency with which he met Allan Thorpe, but not greatly alarmed.

"A poor artist, like Thorpe, can't marry," he reflected. "Probably he only earns a few hundred dollars a year, and Miss Frost has nothing. Even if he ventured to offer himself she could not seriously hesitate between him and me. I can make her life easy, and, though I am not so young as I once was, I am well preserved."

Mr. Chester surveyed himself in the mirror, and mentally decided that in spite of certain telltale wrinkles about the eyes most persons would not take him for over forty, whereas in reality he would never see fifty again. Do not smile at his delusion. It is a sufficiently common one among people of his age. Indeed, it is natural enough to cling to the semblance of youth. Even philosophers have been known to sigh over the fast coming wrinkles, and express a willingness to resign some of their time earned wisdom for the ruddy bloom of early manhood.

Three days before the school examination Mr. Chester found his opportunity. He called at Mrs. Kent's and found Mabel alone. He felt that the opportunity must be improved.

"I shall attend your examination exercises, Miss Frost," he commenced.

"I shall be glad to see you, Mr. Chester. May I call upon you for a speech?" she added mischievously.

"By no means," said the bachelor hastily. "I am not accustomed to speak on such occasions. Do you intend to leave Granville immediately afterwards?"

"I shall probably remain in the village till the first of September."

"Probably she expects an applica-

tion to keep the fall term of school," thought Mr. Chester. "I am glad to hear you say so, Miss Frost," he added aloud. "We could hardly spare you."

"Thank you, Mr. Chester. I am afraid you have learned to flatter."

"Indeed I have not, Miss Frost," said Mr. Chester, earnestly. "I may add that I, perhaps, should miss you most of all."

Mabel looked at his face quickly. She suspected what was coming.

"I am certainly obliged to you for your appreciation, Mr. Chester," she returned, without betraying any maidenly confusion.

"It is something more than that," said the bachelor quickly, feeling that the moment had come. "Miss Frost—Mabel—I have learned to love you. I place my hand and fortune at your feet."

"You are very kind, Mr. Chester, and I am deeply indebted to you for the compliment you have paid me; but I cannot marry without love, and I do not love you."

"It will come in time," urged Mr. Chester. "All I ask is that you marry me, and I will take the risk of that."

"But I cannot," said Mabel. "We should find too late that we had made a mistake."

In spite of his love, Randolph Chester felt a little irritated at Mabel's indifference to her own interests.

"I am afraid, Miss Frost," he said, "you don't understand how much I offer you. I possess independent means. I can release you from the slavery of the schoolroom, and provide for you a life of ease. We will live in the city during the greater part of the year, and in the summer come to Granville, or any other place you would prefer. It is not an unpleasant life I offer you."

"I don't think we take the same view of marriage, Mr. Chester," said Mabel. "I should not be willing to marry in order to live at ease, or to escape the 'slavery of the schoolroom,' which I have found pleasant. I thank you for the com-

pliment you have paid me, but it is impossible."

She spoke decisively, and Mr. Chester could not escape the conviction that his answer was final. He was not overwhelmed with grief, but he was bitterly angry.

"Of course you can do as you please, Miss Frost," he said sharply. "I hope you won't find out your mistake when it is too late. If you think of marrying that artist fellow, Thorpe, I may as well tell you that he can hardly support himself, much less a wife."

This was more than Mabel could bear. She rose to her feet, and her eyes flashed fire.

"You have no right to say this," she exclaimed. "Mr. Thorpe has never spoken to me of love. As for his circumstances, I have never considered them. I only know that *he* is a gentleman."

She swept out of the room indignantly, leaving Mr. Chester rather bewildered. He took his hat and left the house, sorely disappointed, and still more angry. His vanity had received a severe wound, which would take a longer time to heal than his heart, which had not been so seriously affected.

As he walked towards the hotel he felt very bitter towards Mabel, and scowled fiercely at Allan Thorpe, whom he happened to meet on the way, though, as it was dark, the artist was happily unconscious of it. He thirsted for revenge. He wished to show Mabel that he was not inconsolable. Unhappily for the bachelor, he was in this mood when he reached the hotel and met Miss Clementina Raymond. He did not care a particle for her, but spite against Miss Frost hurried him on to the avowal of a passion that he did not feel. His offer was rather a cool, business-like proposal than an impulsive declaration of affection. But Clementina made up for his lack of sentiment by a bashful confusion, which was very well assumed.

"I am *so* surprised, and *so* embarrassed, Mr. Chester," she said. "How could I dream that you were kind

enough to regard me with such sentiments? I ought, perhaps, to consult mamma."

"If you have any doubt about your answer," said Mr. Chester abruptly, already half regretting his precipitancy, "say so without hesitation."

Evidently the delay would be dangerous, and Clementina decided to settle the matter at once.

"No," she said, "I will not consult mamma. I know her high opinion of you, dear Mr. Chester—let me say Randolph. If you care for this little hand, it is yours," and she timidly laid a large and well developed palm in his. She was rather disappointed that he did not press it to his lips. In all the novels she had taken from the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, that was what enraptured lovers always did when accepted. Mr. Chester just pressed the hand slightly, and, rising, said in a business-like way; "Very well, Miss Raymond, we will consider the matter settled. I will leave you now, as you will probably wish to tell your mother."

This was the way in which Clementina told her mother the news:—

"Mamma, that old goose has proposed, and I have accepted him."

"What old goose?"

"Randolph Chester, of course. He's as old as the hills, but he's got money."

"And you are nearly twenty five, my love."

"Oh, bother, mamma! What's the use of mentioning my age? Somebody might be within hearing. Remember, if he asks how old I am, you are not to answer so impertinent a question."

"Very well, Clementina. Of course, my child, our interests are the same. I am really glad you will have a husband of means. It has been very hard to keep up a genteel appearance on our limited income, and it will be a relief to have some one to provide."

"You are right, mother. Of course I wouldn't think of marrying the old mummy if he hadn't plenty of

money. He thinks we are rich; so you must be careful not to drop any hint of our real situation until after we are married. I wonder if I can't induce him to take me to Europe for our wedding tour."

"That would be a very pleasant arrangement, Clementina. I always wanted to go to Europe."

"Of course you couldn't go, mamma," said the selfish daughter. "I am sure Mr. Chester wouldn't agree to it. I may find it very hard to induce him to take me."

"I should be very lonely if you left me at home," said the disappointed mother.

"I should write you often. That would do almost as well."

Mrs. Raymond did not think so, but she knew her daughter's hard, ingrained selfishness too well to press the matter. She received Mr. Chester on the footing of a son-in-law most graciously, though it did occur to her that it would have been better if *she* could have secured him as a husband instead of Clementina; then she could have made the European tour.

It may be as well, however, to say here that neither to mother nor daughter were revealed the scenic charms of Europe. When Randolph Chester discovered that he had married a genteel pauper he was deeply incensed, and was in no mood to grant favors to the wife who had deceived him. He married in haste, to repent at leisure.

XII.

THE day of examination came, and the small schoolroom was thronged with visitors. The exercises passed off in the most satisfactory manner. Squire Hadley, as chairman of the School Committee, made the first speech. It was not a model of eloquence, but he made it clear that he considered the school a success and took credit to himself for engaging so competent a teacher. Mr. Wilson followed. He, too, expressed hearty approval of the exercises, and tendered his cordial

congratulations to Miss Frost for remarkable success in inspiring the scholars with a love of learning.

He hoped the town would be able to retain the services of so accomplished an instructress. To him succeeded Adoniram Fry, who, in a jocular way, lamented that as a boy it had not been in his power to be a scholar under Miss Frost's instruction. All were complimentary, and Mabel's cheeks were flushed with pleasure.

Randolph Chester was not present at the closing exercises. Neither were the Raymonds. The engagement had leaked out, and therefore their absence did not excite surprise. It was ascertained that they had driven to a neighboring town. It was not discovered, however, till later, what their errand was. They drove at once to the residence of a clergyman, and when they returned Clementina was Mrs. Randolph Chester. Clementina herself had artfully hinted how romantic it would be, and how people would be taken by surprise. Mr. Chester cared nothing for this; but it occurred to him that Mabel would be mortified on learning how quickly he had been consoled for her loss. Poor Mr. Chester! In after years he looked upon this as the most idiotic act of his life.

In the evening Allan Thorpe called and invited Mabel to go out for a walk. It was a beautiful moonlight night. They walked slowly to the pond, which was not far away, and sat down on a rustic seat beneath a wide spreading oak. They had been talking on various things for some time, when a sudden silence came upon both. It was at length broken by the young artist.

"I hope you will forgive me for bringing you here," he said.

"Why should you want forgiveness?" she asked, very much surprised.

"Because I brought you here with a special object in view. Rebuke me if you will, but—Mabel, I love you."

She did not seem much surprised.

"How long has it been so?" she asked in a low voice.

"I began to love you," he answered, "when I first saw you at the artists' reception. But you were so far removed from me that I did not dare to avow it, even to myself. You were a rich social queen, and I was a poor man. I should never have dared to tell you all this if you had not lost your wealth."

"Does this make me any more worthy?" asked Mabel smiling.

"It has brought you nearer to me. When I saw how bravely you met adverse fortune; when I saw a girl brought up to every luxury, as you were, quietly devoting herself to teaching a village school, I rejoiced. I admired you more than ever, and I resolved to win you if possible. Can you give me a hope, Mabel?"

He bent over her with a look of tender affection in his manly face.

"I won't keep you in suspense, Allan," she said with an answering look. "I have not known you long, but long enough to trust my future in your hands."

After a while Allan Thorpe began to discuss his plans and hopes for the future.

"I am beginning to be successful," he said. "I can, even now, support you in a modest way, and with health I feel assured of a larger—I hope a much larger—income in time. I can relieve you from teaching at once."

Mabel smiled.

"But suppose I do not consider it a burden. Suppose I like it."

"Then you can teach me."

"It might become monotonous to have only one pupil."

"I hope not," said Allan earnestly.

When he pressed her to name an early day for their marriage, Mabel said: "Before we go any further, I have a confession to make. I hope it won't be disagreeable to you."

He silently inclined his head to listen.

"Who told you I had lost my property?" she asked.

"No one. I inferred it from finding you here, teaching a village

school for seven dollars a week," replied Allan.

"What! Have you inquired my income so exactly? I fear you are mercenary."

"I can remember the time—not so long since, either—when I earned less than that by my art. But, Mabel, what do you mean by your questions? Of course you have lost your property."

"Then my banker has failed to inform me of it. No, Allan, I am no poorer than I ever was."

"Why, then, did you become a teacher?" asked Allan Thorpe, bewildered.

"Because I wished to be of some service to my kind; because I was tired of the hollow frivolity of the fashionable world. I don't regret my experiment. I never expected to be so richly rewarded."

"And you, as rich as ever, bestow your hand on a poor artist?" he exclaimed almost incredulously.

"Unless the poor artist withdraws his offer," she answered with a smile.

Of the conversation that followed it is needful only to report that it was mutually decided that Mabel's secret was to be kept for the present. She was still to be the poor school teacher in the eyes of Granville. The marriage was to take place in October, Mabel being reconciled to the briefness of the engagement by the representation that October would be a favorable month for a voyage to Europe. They had already decided to spend two years in Italy. Mabel had always longed to see Italy, and it would no doubt be full of delightful opportunities of im-

provement in his art for Allan Thorpe.

Mabel's engagement made a second sensation, Mr. Chester's elopement being the first. Many were the congratulations offered, though these were mingled with regret that so good a teacher should be lost to the village. Mr. Chester heard the news in gloomy silence. His wife remarked patronizingly that it was a very suitable match, for "both are as poor as poverty, goodness knows!"

The wedding took place quietly in October, and in Granville. No one as yet knew that Mabel was other than she seemed, though Mr. Wilson had been informed of her real name. When, however, a check for five hundred dollars was handed to him as his fee for celebrating the marriage, he faltered in amazement, as he inquired, "What does this mean, Allan?"

"It means, my dear uncle, that Mabel is not only rich in every virtue and every accomplishment, but she is also burdened with a large portion of this world's goods. This is my first opportunity for saying what she authorized me to say, that we will gladly defray Ralph's expenses through college whenever you are ready to send him."

"God is indeed good to me and mine!" said the minister, his face beaming with happiness. "My dear child"—this was to Mabel—"may you always be as happy as you have made us."

"You have made us all happy, dear Mabel," said her husband. "It was indeed a blessed day when you came to Granville to teach."



MRS. RAYMOND'S COUSIN.

By Matthew White, Jr.

DR. CADWALADER had been an exile from his native land for eight years. One might imagine, from the joy which possessed him now that the Majestic was bearing him home again with almost the speed of an express train, that this exile had been spent in that dismal spot with which the word invariably associates itself—Siberia. But far from this being the case, his term of banishment had been passed in no more dreary a retreat than Paris, where he had built up for himself a splendid practice in the American colony. Now he had snatched a two months' vacation during the early spring to come back to the United States to be married.

Oh no, he would not have to hunt up a wife after his arrival. Edna Deering had promised to be his bride eight years before, when he, an impatient youth of twenty, had asked the blushing girl of sixteen if she would be content to wait for him.

"Dear Will," she had whispered back, "I will be content to wait all my life for you."

And Cadwalader loved to think of her as she looked then. He carried her photograph away with him, and during all these years of separation had asked for no other.

"Let us think of each other," he wrote, "as we were when we parted, not as time may have changed us and made us seem strange each to the other."

And so Edna in her turn gazed each night the last thing before retiring on the portrait of the handsome, beardless youth from whom she was separated by three thousand miles of sea.

And now Will was coming home to surprise her. He had written that

he would come by the Etruria in April, the month that had been set for the wedding. Thinking that it might be possible for him to get away in March, he had said nothing of it, fearing to disappoint her after all; but when matters finally turned out so that he could leave, he packed up in one night, took the fastest steamer afloat, and was now nearly at his journey's end.

"What delicious fun," he kept telling himself, "to walk in on them—send up some other name, and then see if she knows me!"

He mingled little with the few passengers on board. His happy anticipations were the best of company, he decided. He sometimes chatted on deck with Miss Orton, from Buffalo, who sat next him at table. One morning he was explaining to her how to mark her chart of the ship's speed, and he caught her looking at him with a curious expression as he announced, with a little triumphant ring in his tones, that there remained less than five hundred miles for them to cover.

"You are very anxious to get across, Mr. Cadwalader," she said, lifting her eyes suddenly to look at him.

He blushed in spite of himself, and Miss Orton laughed.

Cadwalader wondered if she had guessed his secret.

But it didn't matter, he told himself. He should probably never see her again.

Long afterward he wondered if things would have turned out differently if he had not seen her again.

There was, of course, nobody to meet him at the pier. He had been an orphan for many years, and the uncle with whom he lived up to the

time of his departure for Europe had since died. So when he reached New York there was nothing to detain him there, for the Deerings had long since moved to Peekskill. And leaving his trunks in temporary storage, Cadwalader started for Peekskill within three hours after the Majestic had landed him at her pier.

The train was due at Peekskill at eight fifteen. He had snatched a little supper before leaving. He would arrive at the house just about the time one might be expected to make an ordinary evening call. What name should he send in, he asked himself? Anderson, he decided, would do. That was his middle name, the same as his cousin, now in Chicago, who had called on Edna sometimes in the old days.

And Edna would be twenty four now! He could not realize it. He found it impossible to make himself think of her in any other light than the fairy-like creature in the earliest spring time of beautiful womanhood. But that he would love her more fondly, if that were possible, in the new environment than in the old, he had no manner of doubt. He was hungering now for a sight of her face, more fiercely, it seemed to him, than at any time since he had gone away, eight years before. The train appeared to go very slowly for an express. Ah, now it had come to a stop!

Cadwalader rose from his comfortable position in the revolving chair and strolled to the rear door. The brakeman was just leaving the platform with his red lantern to signal that the track was blocked.

"What's the matter?" Cadwalader asked him.

But the man hurried off, pretending not to hear. He was well drilled in his duty toward the company. Cadwalader noticed that there was a curve just behind them. He stood watching the swaying light as the flagman carried it away from him, until it had disappeared around this bend. Then a half sigh of relief escaped him.

"It would be too hard to go down

in sight of port," he told himself, with a sort of smile at the idea of such somber thoughts suggesting themselves. Then he turned and walked forward to the other end of the car. Two or three gentlemen were standing by the further door.

"The Tarrytown Accommodation has broken down ahead of us," one of them explained.

Cadwalader chafed at the delay. If it made them over half an hour late, he was afraid he would not be able to get to the Deerings' that night. It would scarcely do, he reflected, to present himself after nine o'clock.

He went out on the platform and thence to the ground. He crossed over the down track, and stood for a moment by the edge of the Hudson.

The waves, raised by the gusty west wind, beat noisily against the stone embankment, and now and then the spray dashed up into his face. He had not yet quite got his "sea legs" off, and decided that it would be safer as well as more comfortable in the car. He had brought a novel with him; now that there was no motion he could read without discomfort to his eyes.

He returned to his seat, and as he settled himself back, with his head resting on the plush, he thought with a sense of security that he was glad he had seen that brakeman go back with his lantern.

He opened his book and began to read. The story, which he had picked up hap hazard on the news stand in the waiting room at the Grand Central, seemed singularly appropriate. It opened with the return of the lover after a year's absence. He rings the bell at the home of the betrothed, inquires for her, and the servant looks blank.

"She has——"

Cadwalader never read any further than that. A crash sounded in his ears, and then he was conscious of no other sensation until he heard a canary bird singing.

He held his eyes closed for an instant longer to take in to the fullest extent the exquisite melody. Then

the song suddenly ceased, and the young man looked about him.

All was strange. He was in bed, but where he knew not. And what was stranger still, this ignorance seemed to cause him no concern. He lay there blissfully enjoying the comfort of the couch, and watching, with the interest of a child, the flickering sunshine as it came through the bowed shutters and disappeared itself in fantastic shapes on the wall paper.

He heard the murmur of voices in another room. They were very soft, sweet voices. He wondered if it could be his mother and Cousin Kate talking. He remembered now what had happened to him to give him this sort of stunned sensation in the back of his head. The great bob sled he and his chum Harry Clark had built had run into Alonzo Peterman's farm wagon, and he, Will, must have been pretty badly hurt. But this house didn't seem like home. Perhaps, though, the doctors had thought it dangerous to have him moved far, and he had been carried into a neighbor's.

He had just arrived at this conclusion when the murmur of voices in the other room ceased, and some one came into the apartment where he lay. He kept his eyes fastened on her as she approached the bed. He thought she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. And yet she was a stranger to him. He wrinkled his brow in a frown, trying to place her.

She noticed the movement and hurried forward with the question, "Are you in pain?"

He shook his head and looked up into her face with a smile on his own. "You are looking much better to-day," she said. "Won't you let me feel your pulse?"

He drew his left hand out from under the bed clothes. A thrill went through him when she took his wrist between her dainty fingers.

"Yes, very encouraging," she responded.

She relaxed the clasp, and in his weak state his hand dropped, chanc-

ing to brush close by his face. In doing so he felt something strange. He lifted his hand again and passed it across his upper lip, covered by his blond mustache.

A look of perplexity, of horror almost, came into his eyes. He gave a sort of groan, dropped his hand, and great beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. His poor brain, twisted all askew by the blow on the head he had received in the collision, was at sea again. He thought he had placed himself right in putting himself back in boyhood. He could remember nothing beyond that point. Had he lost his own identity entirely, and was he not Will Cadwalader at all?

He made a mighty effort of mind to comprehend the mystery, but it was too deep for him. He raised himself in the bed for an instant, gave a look around the room, then an agonized, pleading one into the face of her who stood by his side, and fell back on the pillow again in a swoon.

He was conscious that tender hands administered to him, that the soft, sweet voice he had already heard spoke of him as "poor fellow! I wish that we might help him," and then he slept, to wake again with a light burning in the room and a young man sitting by the bedside and looking fixedly at him.

"Good," exclaimed the latter, as Cadwalader opened his eyes. "You look bright and cheerful. How do you feel?"

"Where am I?" was the other's only response to this. He knitted his brow thoughtfully and gazed fixedly at his questioner.

"In my house, Dr. Raymond's, in Tarrytown."

"Tarrytown?" repeated Cadwalader, the look of perplexity deepening on his face.

"Yes, don't you remember the railroad accident? You were hurt; very badly. For days you were quite unconscious. I had you brought straight here; the hospital was full, and—besides, I was much interested in your case. I am a physician,

you know. You remember now, do you not?"

"A railroad accident?" repeated the other. "Ah, perhaps you thought it was the cars that did it. We ran into Alonzo's wagon near the track. And Harry? Tell me, was he hurt as badly as I was?"

Then, before the other could answer, he went on, the wild look coming into his eyes: "But you said that this was Tarrytown. And—and there is this"—he drew his finger swiftly across his mustache, then put up his other hand to feel the week's growth of beard upon his chin—"I can't understand it. Merciful Heaven, I know not who I am!"

"There, be calm, my dear boy. It will all come back to you in time. I will turn down the light now and go out that you may get some sleep."

But Cadwalader did not sleep for hours after that. He seemed like one who, while yet having a body endowed with breath and all the functions for living, was yet without a soul—that inner consciousness that tells a man who he is, and gives him a place in the community. For now even the memory of his own name had gone from him.

Again and again he tried to recall the railroad accident of which he had been told; but the only recollection he had of the cars was when he and Harry Clark had gone to the Adirondacks one summer and camped out. If he could only see Harry, perhaps all would come straight again. But Tarrytown!

That place was miles from home, down by New York, a city in which he had never been. Oh, it was all a horrible mystery, a nightmare. Perhaps if he waited, as the other had said, the mist would clear away.

It was towards morning when he finally fell asleep; and when he woke again, it was to hear once more that bird singing and see the golden shafts of the sun stealing into the room.

"You will have some breakfast now, I am sure."

Cadwalader turned his head at the sound of the voice whose sweetness he had already remarked. She was

arranging a tempting repast on a little table by the bedside.

"Arthur says you may eat civilized food now," she went on with a little laugh, "and give up gruels and all that."

"Who is Arthur?" asked Cadwalader as he took the napkin she handed him.

"Why, my cousin, the doctor," was the answer. "You feel a great deal better today, don't you?"

"Yes, I think I do, now that I've decided to wait patiently as your cousin advised, till memory comes back to me. You can't tell me anything about Harry Clark, can you?"

The pretty head was shaken, while a brief look of anxiety came into the hazel eyes.

"Here is some honey, made by Arthur's own bees. I am sure you will like it."

"I believe you are a little afraid of me," Cadwalader began a moment or two later. "But really, I can't blame you," he added. "If a man doesn't know his own name, other people have a right to be a little shy of him. By the way, is there a hand mirror about here? Perhaps if I took a look at myself, it might help me. You won't think me conceited, will you?"

"Oh, very," she laughed, and went off to get the glass.

Cadwalader looked long and earnestly at his own reflection. The sensation was the strangest he had ever experienced—that of looking at his own countenance and finding it as the face of one whom he had never seen before.

"Tell me something about myself," he said as he handed the mirror back. "Don't you know who I am?"

"Not yet," replied the girl, with her ready smile. "Somebody had robbed you while you lay helpless there in the wreck. Arthur does not even know what station your ticket called for. The conductor was killed, you know."

"No, I don't know," Cadwalader rejoined softly. "Tell me about it,

won't you please? Were any of the passengers killed, too?"

"Yes, eight or nine of them. The brakeman got talking and let the train he was to signal go by. Oh, it was a dreadful thing."

"But it was very good in—in your cousin to bring me here—to his home. What made him do it? Just think what obligations he puts me under to him, and how am I ever to pay him back? I seem as helpless as an infant."

"Oh, you mustn't worry about that," broke in the other, noting that the patient's forehead was beginning to wrinkle. "The accident happened right at the foot of our garden here, it was thought unsafe to carry you far, and Arthur already has his reward in your speedy recovery. No, no, you mustn't try to think so hard who you are. It will all come back to you very soon now."

"Hasn't anybody inquired after me?" asked Cadwalader. "I ought to send a telegram to my mother. Will you write one for me?"

"Yes, indeed," responded the fair nurse, and she seated herself at the escritoire in the corner. "What shall I say? Mrs——"

She held the pencil poised and looked over toward the bed questioningly.

"I can't remember her name, nor the town. I only recall Harry Clark and Alonzo Peterman." Cadwalader spoke very soberly. Then, noting his seriousness reflected in the face of his companion, he added more cheerfully, "but I will pin my faith to your cousin's opinion and wait."

And in spite of all, these days of waiting were very pleasant ones. Dr. Raymond was a charming fellow. He would not permit his patient to worry for one instant about his strange position in the household.

"You have already repaid me to the full," he would say. "Why, there are hundreds of physicians in the country who would give thousands of dollars to have the opportunity I enjoy of studying at first hand a case as peculiar as yours."

With this assurance to make his

mind easy, Cadwalader gave himself up entirely to the task of getting well as speedily as possible. Dr. Raymond provided him with clothing as soon as he was able to get up, and though he was still very weak—for his entire body had been subjected to a severe strain—he could walk about the house from room to room, and after a day or two came down stairs to his meals.

The doctor's wife, he learned now, had been called away by the serious illness of her mother, who lived at Syracuse. Her cousin was keeping house for him—"Cousin," the doctor called her, and Cadwalader found himself more and more dependent upon her. When she was out in the morning to market he was restless until she came back, and when one morning he entered the breakfast room and found her place vacant he inquired of the doctor with great concern if his cousin was ill.

"No, she has gone home up the river," was the reply.

"And isn't she coming back?" went on Cadwalader anxiously.

"Yes, but not just now. My wife returns tonight," and the doctor's face beamed.

Cadwalader said but little during the remainder of the meal. He was thinking of how much he would miss "Cousin."

It was a charming day—the first really warm one of the opening spring. When Dr. Raymond started off to make his morning calls, Cadwalader went out into the garden and strolled reflectively up and down the garden paths. His eyes had a serious look in them, and the lines across his forehead showed dissatisfaction with something or somebody.

"What a life this is to lead," he was saying to himself. "Who am I and where do I belong? Perhaps I have a wife and children somewhere——"

As this thought occurred to him he was conscious of a sharp twinge. He recollected her who had ministered to him so sweetly during the past week. Could he feel drawn so closely to another as he was now to

her? But he might not be married. The chances were all against it, it seemed to him. He was now more eager than ever to regain full control of his mind. The very fact that he was beginning to feel the strangeness, the ignominy of his position so keenly gave him hope.

A robin, alighting on a branch just over his head, began to sing rapturously. Cadwalader halted and attempted to recall where he had heard just such bird song before. But his memory would carry him no further back than the canary at the Raymonds', whose notes were the first sounds that seemed ever to have fallen on his ear.

"It's no use," he muttered wearily, as he moved on again, and his limbs, which had appeared to be stronger when he first came out, now gave signs of weakness.

There was a bench at the lower end of the garden. He tottered to this and flung himself upon it. Just then a whistle sounded close at hand. The railroad, as has been said, ran past the foot of the Raymond garden. A train from New York had just come in. There was some delay on the track ahead. It slowed up and came to a standstill with one of the parlor cars just the other side of the hedge.

Cadwalader raised his head and looked, languidly at first, at the passengers gazing from the windows. All at once the languor left him; a strange, inexplicable expression flashed into his face. He rose to his feet and began to move toward the hedge, his eyes still fixed on a face at one of the car windows.

Now she saw and recognized him. It was Miss Orton. She was bowing and smiling, trying to raise the heavy sash.

With a rush everything came back to Cadwalader. As if growing out of her face, the heavy, saltish air of the sea seemed to be in his nostrils, the trembling of the mighty ship under his feet. He remembered all now. He had come back to America from Paris, his name was—

"Oh, Mr. Cadwalader!" A gentle-

man had raised the window for Miss Orton, and she had called out the young doctor's name just as he thought it was possible he would recollect it himself.

He raised his hat and was about to speak when the train moved on, and the next second was out of sight. Cadwalader stood there in the same position, looking after it. It seemed to him as if he had just been born again after death. Every fact connected with his last conscious moment, as Will Cadwalader came up distinctly in his mind—even to the point where he left off in the novel he had been reading.

And Edna!

But with the thought of her the look of happiness left his face. The image that kept coming up in his brain when he pictured his betrothed was always that of her whom he had first looked upon when returning consciousness came to him. He wished that he might see her now, so that he could tell her who he was, and that—

But no, no. He must never see her again; he was afraid he could not even bring himself to talk about her with Edna.

He went back into the house and waited impatiently for Dr. Raymond's return, but at noon a message came from him stating that he had been called a long distance out into the country and would not be home for dinner.

Cadwalader determined not to wait for him. He felt now that every hour he remained in this house estranged him further from Edna. He wrote a note to the doctor, explaining how memory had returned to him and announcing that he had gone to Peekskill, but would be back in a day or two to return the clothes, and so forth. Then he went off to the station and telegraphed to New York for his trunks. He thought of sending a message to Edna, but recollecting that she could not have expected him yet, decided that he would surprise her. But when he tried to imagine what form of expression this surprise would take on her face, it

was always the face of Mrs. Raymond's cousin he saw.

And during the entire ride to Peekskill this same face kept itself steadily before his mental vision. In vain he argued with himself on the absurdity of being in love with a woman whose name he did not know. By the time he reached his destination he was utterly miserable—desperate almost.

Mechanically he inquired of the station master how to reach the Deering residence; then he went out and made his way into the town.

He had not far to go. He saw Mrs. Deering looking at him from an upper window as he lifted the latch and entered the gateway. He thought it was strange she did not throw up her hands with an exclamation of surprise on seeing him and hurry down to meet him. Then it came over him that of course she did not recognize him with his mustache.

"And Edna?" he thought then. "Will her love inform her who it is?"

Again came the vision of that other face between. Must he always be tortured like this?

But now the servant had opened the door, and he asked if Miss Deering was in. No, she was not.

"Mrs. Deering then," Cadwalader went on.

He was ushered into the parlor and sent up his name. As he took his seat by the window, he looked out

and saw Dr. Raymond's cousin coming in at the gate. She saw him, too, and a strange look came into her face as she hurried forward. She opened the door and came into the parlor.

"You are a friend of Miss Deering's, then?" he said.

She had put out her hand and he had taken it with an eagerness he hoped she did not notice.

At that instant Mrs. Deering entered the room.

"Will, my dear boy!" she exclaimed, and placed both arms about his neck.

There was a half stifled cry and "Dr. Raymond's cousin" clutched Cadwalader's coat just in time to save herself from falling.

"Edna!" he gasped, as he caught her in his arms.

* * * * *

"Can you ever forgive me, dear, for falling in love with you, believing you to be somebody else?"

Cadwalader put the question an hour later, after the major part of the explanations had been gone over with.

"Can you do the same with me, Will?" was the softly whispered reply. "Have you not guessed yet the reason I left Arthur's so suddenly?"

And in the ecstasy of that moment Cadwalader felt that he was the happiest man on earth.

LOVE'S CHAINS.

OF what are Love's chains formed?

Ah, he a smile can take

By lips of ruby warmed,

And fetters for you make.

A strand of golden hair

Will weave a mighty chain

You would be glad to wear

And not be free again.

A single sidelong glance

Will bind you fast and sure—

Love weaves his chains by chance

But makes them to endure.

Flavel Scott Mines.

ETCHINGS.

JUST AS OF OLD.

In the crowded hall we met, and she placed
her hand in mine
With a charming ease and grace, with a
smile—ah! half divine;
Seemed we both serene and calm though we
had not met in years;
Time had dulled, not killed my pain—time,
more kind, had dried her tears.

When the whirling waltz was o'er lingered I
beside her still;
Random commonplaces passed, thus our share
of talk to fill,
Till a madd'ning impulse rent every bond and
spoke at last—
Words that were as sparks that burst from a
dying, smold'ring past.

"Does our meeting not recall something of
the past?" I said,
"No sweet odor, no faint breath, fragrant
of the days long dead?"
Oh! the smile that wreathed her face—smile
divine that graced the dance!
Oh! that look—it gleamed again—soul de-
stroying, mystic glance!

"Yes, I caught it when we met—through the
air on wings it roves;
Haunts you still that odor rare—as of old,
you're eating cloves."

* * * * *
Thus she spoke—at last I knew what lay hid
in thought so long—
Thus the promised romance fled, leaving
but a jester's song.

CHOATE'S FIRST FEE.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, the brilliant leader of
the New York bar, began his practical ap-
prenticeship to his profession in a lawyer's
office in Salem, Massachusetts. He had been
in the office but a few weeks when a farmer
from one of the neighboring towns came in
to secure the lawyer to appear for him in a
case in which he was interested.

"Mr. — is out of town," said Choate.

"When will he be back?"

"Not till tomorrow."

"My case comes on today," said the dis-
appointed farmer. "Ain't you a lawyer?
Can't you appear for me?"

Young Choate considered briefly. It

would be his first case, but all things must
have a beginning.

"What is your case?" he inquired.

The farmer explained. It was a very
simple matter. Choate felt that he possessed
sufficient legal knowledge to undertake it.
He went over to the court room with his first
client and without much difficulty won the
case.

"What's your bill?" asked his rural client.

Young Choate hesitated, for his experience
was so limited that he didn't know what would
be a suitable charge.

"I think it ought to be worth two dollars,"
he said finally.

"Make it one fifty and I'll pay you cash
down," said the farmer, drawing a shot bag
full of silver coins from his pocket.

"Very well! That will be satisfactory."

The farmer placed in his hand a Mexican
dollar and a silver half dollar, and young
Choate pocketed his first fee. It is generally
understood that he charges more now in im-
portant cases.

A RONDEAU OF REMORSE.

Two dear young maids I've long adored;
Two dear young maids I can't afford.

E'en in this holy time of Lent

My purse is quite incompetent—
A situation quite deplored.

In truth, I am completely floored!
'Tis plain *one* must go by the board.

Now this is scarce a compliment
To dear young maids.

My feelings are in ill accord.

I love them both, and have implored

My muse to make a settlement.

Would that my heart had been content
Ere I had thrown my glances toward
Too dear young maids!

A CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

A BRIEF item in the daily papers recorded,
a few weeks ago, the death at the age of
eighty two of one Jacob Leese, described as
"the first white settler of San Francisco."
This latter clause might be interpreted as an
insult to the Spanish monks who in 1776
founded the mission of San Francisco de
Asis on ground now forming part of the me-

tropolis of the Pacific Coast. But the settlement referred to as that of which Leese was a pioneer is doubtless the village of Yerba Buena, which in 1835, after the decay of the mission, sprang up near the present site of the San Francisco municipal building, and was the real nucleus of the California city.

This same Jacob Leese is memorable as having been a central figure in one of the most famous lawsuits of *ante bellum* times, now probably almost forgotten. The interests at stake in this case are said to have been the largest on record at that time. The plaintiffs were an English firm who had extensive business connections in Mexico, and in the region ceded to us by Mexico a few years before. The defendant was the United States of America, and the bone of contention was the title to the rich mines of New Almaden. The plaintiffs' counsel were Judah P. Benjamin, afterward famous as the Confederate Secretary of State, and the no less celebrated Reverdy Johnson. But in spite of all the forensic ability of these great lawyers, the verdict went against them, the case mainly hinging upon the evidence given by Jacob Leese. Of the old pioneer's testimony the government's advocate declared that "all the lighting of Mr. Benjamin's eloquence played about it in vain, and failed to shake it."

A BOSTON WOOING.

A DAINTY maid of Beacon Street
He loved with honest passion,
And bowing humbly at her feet
He spake in lover fashion:
"Thou art my soul, my star, my light,
Thy grace all else surpasses;"
And like a dew drop gleaming bright
A tear fell on her glasses.

She answered not a single word,
The scene was too affecting,
But he divined that she had heard
And there was no rejecting.
'Twas as when through the depth of night
A brilliant comet passes,
He saw the tear, a jewel bright,
That glistened on her glasses.

HENRY CLAY IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: The following story about Henry Clay may have been in print before, but it will doubtless be new to most readers of the present day.

The Kentucky statesman was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue one day when he saw two boys struggling with a belligerent ram who seemed likely to prove too much for his youthful antagonists. Now Mr. Clay was

the soul of chivalry, and like a true gentleman was just as courteous and attentive to a child as to a Judge of the Supreme Court.

"I see you are in trouble, boys," he said. "I'll help you."

He seized the animal and by main force got him down, but found it hard to keep him down. He looked up in perplexity to the two boys, whom he had got out of a tight place, and asked anxiously, "What shall I do next, boys?"

"Well, Mr. Clay," said one of the boys, setting the example, "*you'd better let go and run like blazes!*"

Probably the Senator from Kentucky saw the wisdom of this advice, and followed it.

A RETROSPECT.

I WAS as poor as a beggar—she knew it,
But proud as a king through it all;
Though it cost me two dollars to do it
I took little Meg to the ball.

Mere calico served her for satin,
My broadcloth was made of blue jeans;
Without crest or a motto in Latin,
Meg's style was as grand as a queen's.

And we were in dreamland all through it,
And I do not regret it at all;
Though it cost me two dollars to do it,
I took little Meg to the ball.

SEEING AND KNOWING.

In a right of way case tried some years ago in an English court, one of the witnesses was a voluble old farmer, who proceeded to tell the jury that he had "knowed the path for sixty year, and my grandfeyther tould, as I ha' heard my feyther say—"

At this point the judge interrupted him with "Stop! Such hearsay evidence has no value."

"It hasn't, eh?" the farmer retorted. "How dōst know who thy feyther was, except by hearsay?"

When the laughter had subsided the good natured judge went on to explain: "In courts of law you can only testify to what you have seen with your own eyes."

"Come now," returned the old farmer, unabashed, "I've got a bile on the back o' my neck, an' I never seed it, but I be prepared to swear it's there, dang it!"

This second argumentative triumph of the witness let in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the disputed path. The judge told the jury that it was testimony of no value, but nevertheless it won the case for the old farmer's side.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

THE FIRST MILESTONE.

WITH this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE the first volume is completed. The five volumes that preceded it were issued in weekly form, under the title of MUNSEY'S WEEKLY. Now that the MAGAZINE has reached its first milestone it is perhaps a fitting opportunity to reprint in these columns a few of the many good things said of it—enough to indicate the reception accorded it by the public. A more hearty indorsement could not well be written than one recently published in the cleverest of Maine papers—the *Lewiston Journal*. It says: "One's admiration for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE increases with each number. Without any loss of dignity or merit it is in better touch with the intellectual and artistic wants and sympathies of the great reading public than most of our older magazines. Its illustrated articles are especially taking, and its pictures are *pictured* for the people, not anatomized for art students."

Naturally such an appreciative recognition of our efforts made glad the editorial heart, but the patriotic sentiment in our breasts was also set ablaze, when, in speaking of MUNSEY'S as being "one of the brightest and most readable monthlies published," the *Plainfield* (N. J.) *Press* added that "one of its chief beauties is that it is distinctly American."

Very comprehensive is the praise of the *New York Mail and Express*, which asserts that "the subjects treated are timely and interesting, are capitally handled, and the illustrations are admirable." Nor is the cultured Hub behindhand in a frank avowal of its satisfaction with the new candidate for magazine honors, for says the *Boston Traveller*, "the magazine fully deserves the success it is achieving."

Recognition of our determination to adhere to the time worn motto of which Longfellow sang comes from the Quaker City, in the words of the *Philadelphia Star*, which declares that "MUNSEY'S is

steadily growing in popular favor because each new number of the magazine is better than the preceding one."

So much for the past; as to the future, let our performance in the present be a guarantee that at any rate there shall no backward step be taken. We thank our contemporaries for their kindly words of greeting; we appreciate fully the ready support extended to us by the purchasing public; we promise on our part to keep on comparing the adjective "good" into "better" and "better," and ask in return that when opportunity offers our friends will mention what they think of MUNSEY'S to *their* friends.

THE NEW FRENCH TARIFF LAW.

THE cause of international free trade has received another stunning blow from the recent action of the French republic. Its adherents, who may have gathered a few crumbs of comfort from the commercial treaties negotiated by Germany with several other powers, are once more bewailing the triumph of tendencies they believe to be narrow and unenlightened. For France, who has hitherto been—next to England—the most liberal of all the great nations in her tariff policy, has become at a stroke of the legislative pen the most highly protected country of Europe.

It is certainly both interesting and significant that a country which admittedly stands in the forefront of civilization should follow so closely in the footsteps of our own fiscal policy. France has copied American protective legislation in spite of her neighbors' impressive warnings of the folly of such a course. England views the affair with a fine mingling of sorrow at the blow dealt to her favorite gospel of free commerce, and of chagrin at the damage done to her trade with her customers on the other side of the Channel. Her newspapers remind the French statesmen that they have for twenty years complained of the isolation forced upon their country by

the alleged ill will of other European powers. They declare that France has now banished herself to a Coventry of her own manufacture. Business intercourse, they point out, is nowadays the surest and strongest bond between nations. Commercial ties beget political ties; commercial restrictions bring about political friendlessness. The advantage of geographical position and extent of territory render the United States independent of considerations that France, lying side by side with powerful rivals, cannot afford to overlook.

Even if the new tariff measure proves to be a stimulus to home industries to the extent promised by its promoters, France is assured by her English critics that it will bring her losses more than enough to counterbalance its benefits. She has hitherto held a supremacy in the trade of most of the countries that surround her. Paris has been recognized as the railroad center, the financial focus, and the commercial capital of Continental Europe. The scepter must now, the prophets tell her, pass into the hands of the alliance of Central European powers, and Berlin must inherit the crown that Paris has hitherto worn. Moreover, the building of tariff walls is a game at which two—or more than two—can play. French exporters will never know when to expect retaliatory blows from foreign governments. Their trade with Italy and Spain has already been almost cut off. Each of those countries has in consequence lost a valuable market; but France has lost two.

And yet, in spite of all these gloomy predictions, our sister republic has deliberately abandoned its former policy of moderate or nominal duties, and adopted a complete and elaborate system of protection. The experiment will certainly be instructive, and its results will be watched with universal interest.

IMMIGRATION AND DISEASE.

THE threatened plague of typhus in New York—which, it is sincerely to be hoped, may be no longer threatened when this appears—points out very clearly the necessity of a stricter inspection of immigrants arriving here from European ports. It also makes it doubtful whether our comparative immunity from imported epidemics in the

past has been due to our quarantine system or to good luck. It is barely possible that when the plague ship *Massilia* reached New York there was among her infected passengers none in whom the disease was sufficiently developed to be detected—for typhus requires from twelve to twenty days to incubate. But surely in a vessel that contained somewhere about a hundred victims of so fearful a disease as typhus, even in its earliest stages, there must have been something to arouse the suspicions of a vigilant medical inspector. It is very fortunate for New York that the Board of Health displayed a promptness and energy that presents a gratifying contrast to the apparent laxity of the quarantine authorities.

The story of these unfortunate immigrants of the *Massilia* is one that points a moral. Some time in last October fifteen hundred Hebrew refugees gathered on board a steamer that left Odessa for Constantinople. They were mainly fugitives from the famine stricken districts of Russia. To all of them the realm of the Czar had been a place of hunger and hardship. Their passage to Constantinople had been paid by that wonderful charity, the Baron Hirsch fund, but on reaching the Sultan's capital the Turkish government refused to permit the motley and penniless company to land. The same reception awaited them at Smyrna, whither they were next carried. Under these circumstances a few of the refugees, physically exhausted beyond the possibility of further travel, were left at Odessa. The rest were forwarded on a French steamer to Marseilles, whence most of the fifteen hundred sailed for the Argentine Republic. Nearly three hundred were transferred to the *Massilia*, a vessel of the Fabre line, bound to New York via Naples.

At Naples it was found that suffering and fatigue had caused an outbreak of typhoid fever on board of the *Massilia*. The most serious cases were sent ashore to the Neapolitan hospitals. The remainder of the passengers, together with four hundred and fifty Italian emigrants, continued their voyage to New York. The crossing of the Atlantic was unusually stormy and tedious, and the inevitable horrors of the steerage were shockingly intensified. Amid its disease breeding squalor

three of the refugees died of what the ship's doctor diagnosed as typhoid, and were buried at sea. Ten others were helpless from typhoid or pneumonia when the *Massilia* reached this port on the 30th of January, and were consigned to the immigrant hospital. The rest were passed through the quarantine inspection and landed in the metropolis. The Russian refugees—now numbering two hundred and sixty seven—were scattered through a score of boarding houses on the east side, whence they were shipped to widely distant points as fast as employment could be found for them by the United Hebrew Charities.

On the 10th of February a doctor, called to visit one of the Hebrews, who lay sick at a lodging house where more than eighty of them were quartered, discovered that his patient's disease was typhus—one of the most deadly and dangerous scourges of humanity. Further search revealed fourteen other incipient cases in the same house. The health department was notified on the morning of the 11th; and by midnight fifty seven victims had been found in eight different lodging houses, and all of them carried off to North Brother Island, while the houses were disinfected and quarantined. To these prompt precautions New York may owe immunity from a malignant pestilence.

That the oppressed and unfortunate of every race should find shelter and succor beneath the star spangled banner is a sentiment that possesses an undeniable nobility of sound. But the converse side of the picture, which shows refugees excluded from Constantinople and Smyrna—a veritable ship load of destitution and disease—allowed to land in America and scatter the seeds of pestilence through the crowded metropolis—this is hardly a pleasant spectacle.

SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

THE history of Brazil since the expulsion of Dom Pedro is hardly encouraging to the

friends of democracy in South America. When the rule of Da Fonseca resulted in widespread rebellion, it was hoped that the downfall of the dictator would remove all existing causes of discontent. But the hope that the accession of President Peixotto would mark the beginning of an era of permanent tranquillity for the United States of Brazil has already proved futile. It is freely prophesied that Portuguese America, which has hitherto boasted of its cohesion under a single flag, will before long follow the example of the Spanish colonies and dissolve into separate and perhaps mutually hostile states.

Without losing sight for a moment of the principle that the true form of government is the republican, it may seriously be doubted whether there are in this nineteenth century more than a dozen nations capable of maintaining a successful system of self government. The Latin races, always lacking in political stability, have established some fifteen republics on the American continent, and among the fifteen there is not one whose public affairs are satisfactorily administered. Of not one of them can it truthfully be said that the securities it affords to life and property are adequate, that its elections are free and fair, and that its constituted authorities rest upon a stable basis of popular will.

Nor do recent developments give much evidence of advance in the arts of good government among the countries south of us. Brazil, long the most tranquil though not the most enlightened of South American states, has apparently become infected with a fever of turbulence and disorder. Chili, which has shown more promise of future greatness than any of her neighbors, has just emerged, weakened and convulsed, from a desperate civil war. Even in Mexico, whose latter day progress has been loudly vaunted, there is no lack of disquieting signs. Diaz, its ruler, owes his position to revolution and holds it by the authorization of pretended elections that are in reality little more than farces.



